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BRUYERE.

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JUL

THE

WORKS

OF

M. DE LA BRUYERE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

To which is added the

CHARACTERS

OF

THEOPHRASTUS.

ALSO

THE MANNER OF LIVING WITH GREAT MEN;

WRITTEN AFTER THE MANNER OF BRUYERE,

By N. Rowe, Esq.

Admonere voluimus, non mordere: prodesse non lædere: consulere moribus hominum, non officere. ERASM.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

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M.DCC.LXXVI.

30
JUL

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY EARL OF LINCOLN,
AUDITOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,
KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER
OF THE GARTER, *&c. &c.*
EQUALLY GREAT
BY HIS DESCENT AND AFFINITY;
A NOBLEMAN
WHOSE
VIRTUES AND AMIABLE QUALITES
ADD A LUSTRE TO HIS HONOURS,
AND DIFFUSE HAPPINESS
AMONG ALL
WITHIN THEIR INFLUENCE,
THIS TRANSLATION
OF
LA BRUYERE'S WORKS
IS,
WITH REAL AND PROFOUND RESPECT,
DEDICATED BY HIS LORDSHIP'S
MOST HUMBLE AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,
THE TRANSLATOR.

ACCOUNT

OF

M. LA BRUYERE.

AS our Author was very far from an intriguing diſpoſition, and the courſe of his life uniform, it affords no ample ſubject for Biography.

His father was very active in the League under the Duke of Guiſe, for the ſupport of Catholiciſm, 1584, which carried all before it, till the famous battle of Yvry, 1590, proved a deciſive blow to it, and Henry IV. to improve this ſucceſs, laid ſiege to Paris, where above 1200 Eccleſiaſtics and Religious marched through the ſtreets, armed in a military manner, with a large ſtandard, on which a crucifix and the Virgin were repreſented, in order to animate the Pariſians with a perſuaſion that their religion lay at ſtake; and accordingly their reſiſtance was ſo obſtinate, that the King was obliged to draw off.

However, amidſt the combuſtions of his country, our Author's father took ſuch care of his domeſtic concerns, that, beſides the charges of a very extraordinary education, he left him a conſiderable ſum of money, great part of which young *La Bruyere* laid out in the purchaſe of the office of Treaſurer of France at Caen.

But ſoon after he was poſted more ſuitably to his talents and inclination, being, by the great Boſſuet, Biſhop of Meaux, appointed Hiſtory-teacher to the Dauphin, near which excellent prince he paſſed the remainder of his life, with a penſion of 2000 crowns, as *a Man of Letters*; an eſtabliſhment, perhaps, never ſeen in the Civil Liſt of any ſovereign but Lewis XIV. This promotion was ſoon ſucceeded by a ſeat in the French Academy, which is eſteemed ſuch a diſtinguiſhing honour as to be called *the Blue Ribbon of the Geniuſes*.

Philoſophic leiſure was with him the moſt deſirable ingredient in life; he loved to give himſelf alternately to his books and friends, in both which he had a very juſt taſte, if not a little too delicate. He never promoted diverſion, but

alſo never declined it, when in decency unavoidable, and always acquitted himſelf with a good grace; for the goodneſs of his life maintained in him a conſtant flow of modeſt cheerfulneſs. His converſation was polite, ſolid, and virtuous: ſo cautious was he of affecting any ſuperiority, or ſhowing any ambition, that the vivacity of his wit, and the extent of his knowledge, never gave any umbrage, not even to thoſe who valued themſelves on theſe qualities.

If his *Characters* are not writ in the ſimplicity of Theophraſtus, it muſt be conſidered that the Athenian adapted his ſtyle to the plain manners of the City, in which the Frenchman has imitated him in deſcribing the more artful and diverſified manners of his nation.

His death was attended with a circumſtance ſomething ſingular, being ſuddenly ſeized with a total deafneſs, yet free from any ſenſation in the leaſt painful, in this condition he remained four days, when an apoplexy carried him off in a quarter of an hour.

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30
JUL

THE

CHARACTERS,

OR,

MANNERS OF THE AGE.

THE ſubject of the following ſheets being borrowed off the Public, it is but juſtice to make reſtitution to it of the whole Work, ſuch as it is, throughout which the utmoſt regard has been paid to truth. The World may view its picture drawn from life, and if conſcious of any of the defects which I have delineated, let it correct them. This only a man ought to propoſe to himſelf in writing; but ſuch a ſucceſs is little to be expected. However, as men do not forſake vice, we are not to give over reproaching them: the probability of their growing worſe, without cenſure and reproof, makes writing and preaching of abſolute neceſſity. The orator and writer cannot ſtifle the joy they feel when they are applauded, whereas, let them bluſh if they aim at nothing more than praiſe in their diſcourſes or

writings. Beſides, that the moſt genuine and honourable approbation is a virtuous change of manners in their readers or hearers, we ſhould neither write nor ſpeak but for inſtruction, yet may rejoice, if, at the ſame time, we pleaſe, we inſtruct, and gain truth a more penetrating introducement. When any thoughts or reflections ſlide into a book, which have neither the ſpirit, ſolidity, turn, nor vivacity agreeable to the reſt, though they ſeem to be admitted as a relaxation to the mind, to render it more attentive to the ſucceeding part, unleſs they are proper, ſenſible, familiar, inſtructive, and accommodated to the capacity of the people, (whom we muſt by no means neglect) the reader ſhould reject, or rather the author expunge, them. This is one rule; there is another which my particular intereſt obliges me to requeſt may not be forgot, that is, Always to have my title in view, and to bear in mind that I deſcribe *The Characters, or, Manners of the Age:* for though I frequently take them from the Court of France, and men of my own nation, yet they cannot be confined to any one court or country, without greatly contracting and impairing the compaſs and utility of my Book, and deſtroying the deſign of the Work, which is to paint mankind in general as the order of the Chapters, and an inſenſible connexion betwixt the reflections that compoſe them, do plainly demonſtrate. After this ſo neceſſary precaution, the conſequences of which are obvious, I may proteſt againſt all reſentment,

complaint, malicious interpretation, falſe application and cenſure, againſt inſipid railers, and ill-meaning readers. Men ought to know how to read, and then hold their tongues, unleſs able to relate what they have read, and nothing more or leſs than what they have read; which, if they ſometimes can, it is not enough, unleſs they are alſo willing. Without theſe conditions, which a correct author has a right to require of ſome people, as the only recompenſe of his labour, I queſtion whether he ought to continue writing, at leaſt if he prefers his private ſatisfaction to the public good, and a zeal for truth. I confeſs that from the year 1690, and before the publiſhing the 5th Edition, I was divided between an impatience to caſt my Book into another mould by new Characters, and a fear leſt ſome people ſhould ſay, Will there never be an end of theſe Characters? Shall we never ſee any thing elſe from this Author? On one ſide, ſeveral men of good ſenſe told me the matter is ſolid, uſeful, pleaſant, inexhauſtible; long may you live, and purſue it without interruption as long as you live: what can you do better? The follies of mankind inſure you a volume every year. Others, again, with a great deal of reaſon, urged the capriciouſneſs of the multitude, and the levity of the people, (with whom, however, I have good cauſe to be content.) Theſe were always ſuggeſting to me that, for theſe thirty years paſt, few have read with any other intent than for the ſake of reading; and that, to al-

lure the World, there ought to be new Chapters, and a new Title; that this humour of indifference had filled the ſhops, and deluged the age with dull and tedious books, without ſtyle or ſenſe, rules or order, contrary to decency and morality; written in haſte, read with precipitation, and only read for their novelty. They added farther, that if to enlarge a ſenſible book was all I could do, I had beſt ſit ſtill and do nothing. I, in ſome meaſure, took both their advices, as oppoſite as they ſeemed to be, and obſerved a medium which claſhes with neither. I did not ſcruple to add ſome New Remarks to thoſe which already had doubled the bulk of the firſt Edition of my Book; but that the public might not be obliged to read over what was done before, to come at what has been added ſince, and that they might immediately find what they would read, I took care to diſtinguiſh the ſecond Additions by a greater Mark, and the firſt by a leſs, as well to ſhow the progreſs of my *Characters*, as to guide the reader in the choice he might be willing to make. And, leſt he ſhould be afraid that I ſhould never have done with Additions, I ſincerely promiſed to venture on nothing more of this kind. If any one accuſes me with breaking my word, by adding in the three enſuing Editions a great many new Remarks, he may perceive, by mingling new with old, without any mark of diſtinction, I did not ſo much endeavour to entertain the World with novelties, as to deliver to poſterity *a Book of Morals* more

pure, regular, and complete. To conclude, what I have written is not deſigned for *Maxims*; they are like laws in morality; and I have neither genius nor authority for a legiſlator. I know well enough I ſhould have offended againſt the uſe of Maxims, which requires ſhort and conciſe terms, like oracles. Some of my Remarks are of this kind, others are more diffuſe. We think of things differently, and we expreſs them in a turn altogether as different; by a ſentence, an argument, a metaphor, a ſimile, or ſome other figure; by a ſtory at length, or a ſingle paſſage; by a deſcription, or a picture; from whence proceeds the length or ſhortneſs of my *Reflections*. They who write Maxims ſet up for infallibility; on the contrary, I allow any body to ſay my *Remarks* are not always juſt, provided he will himſelf make better.

OF WORKS OF GENIUS.

WE are come too late, by ſeveral thouſand years, to ſay any thing new in Morality. The fineſt and moſt beautiful thoughts concerning Manners have been carried away before our times, and nothing is left for us but to glean after the Ancients, and the moſt ingenious of the Moderns.

We muſt only endeavour to think and ſpeak juſtly ourſelves, without aiming to bring others over to our taſte and ſentiments; that would be too great an enterpriſe.

To make a book is no leſs a trade than to make a clock; ſomething more than wit is neceſſary to form an author. A certain magiſtrate was advancing by his merits to the firſt dignities of the long robe; he was a man of addreſs and experience, but muſt print a treatiſe of Morality, which had a quick ſale only for its ridiculouſneſs.

To raiſe a reputation by a good work is not ſo eaſy as to make an indifferent one valued by a reputation already acquired.

A ſatire or a libel, handed about privately in manuſcript, with a charge of ſecrecy, though but mean in itſelf, paſſes for a maſterpiece; the printing is what ruins it.

Take away from moſt of our moral diſcourſes the Advertiſement to the Reader, the Epiſtle Dedicatory, the Preface, the Table, and the Commendatory Verſes, there will ſeldom be enough left to deſerve the name of a Book.

Some things won't bear a mediocrity, as Poetry, Muſic, Painting, and Oratory.

What a cruel torture is it to hear a dull declamation delivered with pomp and ſolemnity? or bad verſes rehearſed with the emphaſis of a wretched poet!

Some poets, in their dramatic pieces, are fond of ſeſquipedalian words and ſonorous verſes, which ſeem ſtrong, elevated, and ſublime; the people ſtare, gape, and hear them greedily; they are tranſported at what they fancy is rare, and where they underſtand leaſt, are ſure to admire moſt; they ſcarce allow themſelves time

to breathe, and are loth to be interrupted by claps or applauſes. When I was young, I imagined theſe paſſages were clear and intelligible to the actors, the pit, boxes, and galleries; that the authors underſtood themſelves, and that I muſt be very dull to know nothing of the matter after much attention. But I am now undeceived.

There hardly was ever ſeen any piece excellent in its kind, which was the joint * labour of ſeveral men. Homer writ his *Iliads*, Virgil his *Æneids*, Livy his *Decades*, and Cicero his *Orations*.

As there is in Nature, ſo there is in Art, a point of perfection. He who diſcovers it, and is touched with it, has a good taſte: he who is not ſenſible of it, but loves what is below or above that point, underſtands neither Art nor Nature. Since, then, there is a good and bad taſte, we may with reaſon diſpute the difference.

Men have generally more fire than judgment; or, to ſpeak properly, there are few whoſe wit is attended with a juſt taſte and a judicious criticiſm.

The lives of heroes have enriched Hiſtory, and Hiſtory has adorned the actions of heroes: ſo that it is difficult to tell who are moſt indebted, the hiſtorians to thoſe who furniſh them with ſuch noble materials, or the great men to their immortaliſing hiſtorians.

* On the *Academy's Dictionary*, which has at laſt appeared in 1694, after being expected above forty years.

'Tis a ſorry commendation that is made up of a heap of epithets. Actions alone, and the manner of relating them, ſpeak a man's praiſe.

The chief art of an author conſiſts in deſigning and painting well. The excellence of * Moſes, Homer, Plato, Virgil, and Horace, above other writers, lyes wholly in their expreſſions and images. Truth is the beſt guide to make a man write forcibly, naturally, and delicately.

We ſhould have done by ſtyle as by architecture; we have entirely baniſhed the *Gothic* order, which the Barbarians introduced in their palaces and temples, and have recalled the *Doric*, *Ionic*, and *Corinthian*. That which was only to be ſeen in the ruins of antique Rome and Greece now decorates our modern porticos and columnades; ſo in writing, we can never arrive at perfection, or ſurpaſs the Ancients, if ſuch a thing is poſſible, but by imitating them.

How many ages were paſt before men could retrieve the taſte of the Ancients in arts and ſciences, and at length countenance the ſimple and natural.

We nouriſh ourſelves from the Ancients and ingenious Moderns; we ſqueeze, we drain them as much as we poſſibly can; we ſtuff our works with wretched imitations and plagiariſm; and when at laſt become profeſſed Authors, we conceit we can walk without help: we decry our benefactors, like rugged children, who,

* *Moſes*, if conſidered only as an author.

grown pert and ſtrong from a ſucculent milk, are for beating their nurſes.

A modern wit * makes it his buſineſs to prove the Ancients inferior to us by two ways, reaſon and example. The reaſon is his particular opinion, and the examples his own writings.

He confeſſes the Ancients, unequal and incorrect as they are, have ſome fine lines; he cites them, and ſo fine they are, that for the ſake of theſe only his criticiſms are read.

Some learned men † declare in favour of the Ancients againſt the Moderns; but we apprehend they judge in their own cauſe, their Works being ſo exactly modelled after Antiquity, we except againſt their authority.

An author ſhould be fond of reading his Works to thoſe who know how to correct and eſteem them.

He that will not be corrected or adviſed in his writings is a-kin to a pedant.

An author ought to receive with equal modeſty the praiſes and the criticiſms which are paſt on his productions.

Amongſt all the different expreſſions which can render any one of our thoughts, there is

* Charles Perrault, who has employed three volumes 12mo to prove that the Moderns excelled the Ancients. He was warmly oppoſed by Boileau, who, however, carried his admiration of Mr Addiſon, a celebrated Engliſh poet, ſo far as to tell him, that had he formerly ſeen his Works, he would have allowed the Ancients to have been equalled by one Modern.

† Meſſieurs Racine and Deſpreaux.

but one good; we are not always ſo fortunate as to hit upon it in writing or ſpeaking. However, that there is ſuch a one is certain, and that all the reſt are weak, and will not ſatisfy a man of ſenſe who would expreſs his full meaning.

A good author, who writes with care, often finds that the expreſſion he has ſearched after for ſome time, without knowing it, proves at laſt to be the moſt ſimple and the moſt natural, and which ought to have preſented itſelf to him at firſt, without ranſacking his memory.

Thoſe who write by humour are ſubject frequently to reviſe their works, and give them new touches; and as their humours are never fixed, but vary on every ſlight occaſion, they no longer admire thoſe expreſſions and terms they were ſo charmed with at firſt.

The ſame true ſenſe which makes an author write a great many good things, makes him apprehend that they are not good enough to deſerve reading.

A ſhallow wit thinks his writings *divine:* a man of good ſenſe judges that he writes *tolerably.*

I was, ſays Ariſtus, prevailed upon to read my Book to Zoilus. I read it; he was ſatisfied; and before he had leiſure to diſlike it, he commended it coldly in my preſence; ſince that he has not ſaid a word in its favour: however, I excuſe him, I deſire no more of an author, and even pity him for the vexation of hearing ſo many fine things which were not his own.

Such whom their circumſtances place above the jealouſies of an author, have other cares and paſſions to diſtract them, and create an indifference towards another man's conceptions. It is difficult to find a perſon who, in his mind, inclination, and fortune, is diſpoſed to a quick reliſh of all the pleaſure that a complete piece can give him.

The pleaſure of criticiſing takes away from us the pleaſure of being ſenſibly charmed with the fineſt things.

Many who perceive the merit of a manuſcript, when they hear it read, will not declare themſelves in its favour till they ſee what ſucceſs it has in the world when printed, and what is its Character among the ingenious. They will not hazard their votes before its fortune is decided, and then they are carried away with the multitude. Then they are very forward to ſay that they firſt approved the Work, and that the World is of their opinion.

Theſe men loſe many a fair opportunity to convince us that they are perſons of capacity and taſte, that they can make a true judgment of good and better. A fine piece falls into their hands; it is the Author's firſt Work, before he has got any name; there are as yet no preposſeſſions in his behalf; an applauſe of it is no compliment to the great; it is not required of you, Zelotes, that you ſhould cry out, "This "is a maſterpiece; human wit never reached "ſo far; we will judge of no body's ſenſe but "by his thoughts of this Book." Extravagant

and offenfive expreſſions, which ſmell of the Penſion, or the Abbey, and are injurious to what is really commendable. But why did you not ſo much as ſay, it is a good Book? It is true, at laſt you ſay ſo, when the whole kingdom has approved it; when foreigners, as well as your own countrymen, are fond of it; when it is printed all over Europe, tranſlated into all languages; but then it is too late.

Some having read a book, quote certain paſſages which they don't thoroughly underſtand, and debaſe them by ſome mixture of their own: and theſe paſſages, ſo mutilated and disfigured, they expoſe to cenſure, maintain them to be paltry ſtuff; and as they cite, the World, indeed, readily agrees with them: but the real paſſage they pretend to quote is never the worſe for their injuſtice.

Well, ſays one, What is your opinion of Hermedorus's Book? A moſt wretched one, replies Anthymus. Wretched! what do you mean, Sir? That it is ſo, continues he; it is not a book, or, at leaſt, it does not deſerve to be taken notice of. Have you read it? No, ſays Anthymus. Why does he not add, Fulvia and Melania have condemned it without reading, and Fulvia and Melania are my favourites?

Arſenes *, from the ſummit of Self-conceit, contemplates mankind, and, at the diſtance from whence he beholds them, ſeems affrighted at their littleneſs. Commended and extolled

* Treville.

to the ſkies by a knot of perſons who have reciprocally covenanted to admire one another, full of what little merit he has, he fancies he has as much as can be in man, and more than ever he will have: poſſeſſed with ſwelling ideas, he ſcarcely finds time to pronounce ſome certain oracles: elevated by his character above human judgments, he leaves to vulgar ſouls to trudge on in an uniform life, being anſwerable for his inconſiſtency to none but that cabal who have reſolved to idolize him: they alone judge or think aright: they alone write, and alone ought to write. There is no work, tho' never ſo well received in the world, or univerſally liked by men of ſenſe, which he does approve, nay, which he would condeſcend to read; he is incapable of being corrected by this picture, were it to be ſeen by him.

Theocrines * is very well acquainted with what is trivial and unprofitable; he is very ſingular in all his ſentiments; and always leſs ſolid than dogmatical. He makes no uſe of any thing but his memory; is reſerved, arrogant, and ſeems continually laughing to himſelf at ſuch whom he thinks his inferiors. I once happened to read him ſomething of mine; he heard it out with impatience, then preſently ran on about his own. But what ſaid he of your's? ſay you. I have told you already, he talked to me only of his own.

The moſt accompliſhed piece which the age

* L' Abbe de Dangeau.

has produced would be reduced to nothing under the hands of critics and cenſors, if the author would hearken to all their objections, and allow every one to throw out the paſſage he was pleaſed to cenſure.

Experience tells us, if there are ten perſons who would ſtrike a thought or an expreſſion out of a book, there are a like number who would reſtore it. Theſe will allege, why would you ſuppreſs that thought? it is new, fine, and delicately expreſſed. The other party affirm it ſhould be omitted, at leaſt they would have given it another turn. In your Work, ſays one, there is a very happy phraſe, it points out your meaning moſt naturally. Methinks, ſays another, there is a word too bold, and yet does not ſignify ſo much as you would have it. 'Tis the ſame word, and the ſame lines, theſe critics differ ſo much about; and yet they are all judges, or paſs for ſuch. What then ſhall an author do in ſuch a contrariety? Let him dare to follow the advice of thoſe who approve the paſſage.

A ſerious* author is not obliged to trouble his head with all the malignant cenſures thrown at him, or to be concerned at the impertinent conſtructions which a ſort of men may make on ſome paſſages of his writing, much leſs ought he to ſuppreſs them. He cannot but be convinced, that let a man be never ſo exact in his compoſitions, the dull

* Alluſion to the various applications of theſe *Characters*.

raillery and wretched buffoonry of certain worthleſs people are unavoidable, and that the beſt things are their peculiar ridicule.

What a prodigious difference is there between a fine piece, and one that's regular and perfect? I queſtion whether there is a ſingle one of the laſt kind, it being, perhaps, leſs difficult for a fine genius to hit upon the great and ſublime, than to avoid all errors. The *Cid*, at its firſt appearance, was univerſally admired. It roſe in ſpite of Policy or Power*, which attempted in vain to cruſh it. The Quality and Cits, tho' always divided in their ſentiments, united in favour of this Tragedy; both learn it by heart, both paſſionately anticipated the actors in repeating it. The *Cid*, in ſhort, is one of the fineſt poems; yet one of the beſt criticiſms is that on the *Cid*.

Capys†, who ſets up for a judge of ſtyle, and fancies he writes like Bouhours or Rabutin, oppoſes the voice of the people, and is the only perſon who ſays Damis‡ is not a good author. Damis, again, follows the crowd, and, with the public, ingeniouſly ſays that Capys is a dull writer.

When any piece ſtrongly affects you, and raiſes brave exalted ſentiments, never go about to examine it by the rules of compoſition; thoſe emotions are the beſt proofs that it comes from a maſterly hand.

* Cardinal Richlieu envied Corneille this piece, and in a manner compelled the French Academy to criticize it.

† Bourſaut. ‡ Boileau.

'Tis the buſineſs of the newſmonger to inform us when a book is publiſhed, for whom it is printed, in what character, how bound, and on what paper; he ought to know ſo much as the bookſeller's ſign. His folly is to pretend to criticiſm.

The higheſt reach of a newſwriter is a viſionary deſcant on policy, and vain predictions of the conſequences of public meaſures.

The philoſopher * waſtes his life in obſerving men, and expoſing vice and folly. If at any time he gives a turn to a ſentence, it is not ſo much from the vanity of an author, as to ſet ſome truth he has found out in a proper light, that it may make the deſigned impreſſion. Yet ſome readers think they do very well by him, if they ſay, with a magiſterial air, they have read his Book, and that there is ſome ſenſe in it; but he returns them their praiſes, as no ways the ſcope of his labours and elucubrations: he has higher aims, and acts upon a more noble principle: he requires from mankind a greater and more extraordinary ſucceſs than commendation, or even rewards; he requires reformation.

A fool reads a book, and underſtands nothing in it. A witling reads it, he fancies he is preſently maſter of it all without exception. A man of diſcernment ſometimes does not comprehend it entirely, he diſtinguiſhes what

* The Author himſelf.

is clear from what is obſcure, whilſt the *beaux eſprits* will have thoſe paſſages dark which are not, and affect not to underſtand what is really intelligible.

In vain an author endeavours to make himſelf admired by his productions. A fool ſometimes admires; a man of genius has in him the ſeeds of all truths and all ſentiments; nothing is new to him: he admires very ſeldom; he approves.

I queſtion if it is poſſible to write letters of more wit, and in every reſpect more agreeable and delicate, than we find Balſac's and Voiture's. 'Tis true, they are void of thoſe ſentiments which have ſince taken amongſt us, and are of female origin. That ſex excels our's in this kind of writing; thoſe expreſſions and graces flow from them, which are in us the effects of labour and reſearch: they are ſo happy in their words, and place them ſo juſtly, that their meaning is obvious, all light and elegancy; yet they have the charm of novelty, and ſeem only deſigned for the uſe they put them to: they only can expreſs a whole ſentence in a ſingle word, and render a delicate thought in a turn altogether as delicate. We find in all their letters an inimitable connexion through the whole, in a ſeries of natural ſentiments. If the ladies were more correct, I might affirm that they have produced ſome letters equal to any thing in our language.

Terence wanted nothing but warmth. What purity! what exactneſs! what politeneſs! what

elegance! and what characters! Moliere * wanted nothing but to avoid jargon, and write purely. What fire! what nature! what pleaſantry! what imitation! what imagery! what ſatire! But what a man might be made of theſe two Comic writers?

I have read Malherbe and Theophile: they both underſtood Nature, with this difference; the firſt, in a nervous uniform ſtyle, diſcovers at once whatever is noble, fine, and ſimple; he is a good painter, or a true hiſtorian. The other, without choice or exactneſs, with a looſe and uneven pen, ſometimes overloads his deſcriptions, exceeds in particulars, and gives you minute anatomy; ſometimes he

* He was born at Paris 1620. His name was originally *Poquelin*, which he changed for that of *Moliere*, as a kind of renunciation of his parents, who were under an irreconcileable concern at his addicting himſelf to the ſtage, actors being excommunicated in France. So infatuated was he with that kind of life, that he preferred it to the Prince of Conti's offer to make him his ſecretary; yet his firſt appearance, which was in a tragic character, ſucceeded ſo ill, that he was pelted off the ſtage. This turned his thoughts wholly to Comedy, in which, both as author and actor, he has had few equals. Indeed he never played in any pieces but his own, in which he has always adapted a part to himſelf. He died in 1673, being ſeized with a ſpitting of blood as he was acting the *Malade Imaginaire*; which circumſtance makes the point of the following Epigrammatic Epitaph on him:

Roſcius hic ſitus eſt triſti Molierus in urna
Cui genus humanum ludere ludus erat,
Dum ludit mortem mors indignata jocantem
Corripit at mimum fingere ſæva negat.

Vide *Lives of French Writers.*

feigns, exaggerates, and ſtarts beyond the natural truth into a monſtrous romance.

Ronſard and Balzac have each in their kind good and bad things, enough to form after them very great men either in verſe or proſe.

Marot, by his turn and ſtyle, ſeems to have written ſince Ronſard. There is little difference between the former and us but the alteration of a few words.

Ronſard and his contemporaries were more prejudicial than ſerviceable to ſtyle. They clogged its progreſs towards perfection, and expoſed it to the danger of being irretrievably defective. 'Tis ſurpriſing that Marot's Works, which are ſo eaſy and natural, had not made Ronſard, otherwiſe full of rapture and enthuſiaſm, a much greater poet than Ronſard and Marot together; and that, on the contrary, Beleau, Jodelle, and Du Bartas, were ſo ſoon followed by a Racan and a Malherbe! and that the French language was no ſooner vitiated than recovered.

Marot and Rablais are inexcuſable for ſcattering ſo much ribaldry in their writings: they had both genius and wit enough to have omitted it, and yet, to pleaſe ſuch as ſeek rather matter of laughter than admiration, Rablais is incomprehenſible: his Book, after all, is an inexplicable ænigma, a meer chimera; it is a lovely woman's face, with the feet and tail of a ſerpent, or ſome beaſt ſtill more ſhocking: it is a monſtrous jumble of fine and ingenious morality, with a groſs obſcenity. Where it is

bad, it is abominable, and fit only for the diverſion of the rabble; and where it is good, it is exquiſite, and may entertain the moſt delicate.

Two writers * have condemned Montaigne. I confeſs, like themſelves, he ſometimes expoſes himſelf to cenſure; but neither of theſe gentlemen will allow him to have any thing valuable. One of them thinks too little to reliſh an author who thinks a great deal, and the other thinks too ſubtily to be pleaſed with what is natural.

A grave, ſolemn, and correct, ſtyle will laſt. Amyot and Coeffeteau are read, and who elſe of their contemporaries? Balzac, in phraſe and expreſſion, is leſs antique than Voiture: but if the wit, genius, and manner of the laſt is not adopted, but exploded, by our preſent writers, it is becauſe they can more eaſily neglect than imitate him, and that the few who would, never can overtake him.

The *Mercure Gallant* is a trifle juſt below nothing, and there are many works of the ſame importance. There is as much artifice to grow rich by futile books, as there is folly in buying them. It is ignorance of the people's

* Father Malebranche thought too ſubtily; he could not read ten verſes of the fineſt poet without a viſible diſguſt, nor was one found in all his library. An Engliſh officer of diſtinction ſaid, he did not grudge being taken priſoner, as it had given him an opportunity of ſeeing Lewis XIV. and Father Malebranche. The other was Mr Nicole, of Port-Royal, who did not think enough.

judgment not ſometimes to venture abroad manifeſt ſillineſſes.

An opera is the ſketch of a magnificent ſhow, of which it ſerves to give one an idea.

I wonder how it is poſſible that the opera, with all its muſic and magnificence, has been able to tire me.

There are ſome paſſages in an opera which we could wiſh expunged, and others that diſpoſe us to wiſh it all over. The fault is in the ſubject and action; neither affects.

An opera is not even to this day a poem, it is only verſes; nor a ſhow, ſince machines have diſappeared by the economy of Amphion * and his deſcendants. It is a concert of voices aſſiſted by inſtruments. We are cheated by thoſe who tell us machinery is only the amuſement of children, the mechaniſm of puppet-ſhows. It increaſes and embelliſhes the fiction, and keeps the ſpectators in that illuſion which is the higheſt pleaſure of the Theatre, eſpecially where it has a mixture of the mar-

* Lully, a Florentine, whoſe fiddle and impudence raiſed him from the Queen of France's kitchen to be chief of the Band of Muſic. It muſt be owned he carried muſic to a perfection unknown before in France. Lewis XIV. gave him Letters of Nobility, and on his account enacted, that the profeſſion of Muſic ſhould conſiſt with the quality of a gentleman. He died immenſely rich, and by exceſſive drinking. The nobleman who had entertained him paying him a viſit, his wife, ſighing, ſaid, "Ah! my Lord, you "are the laſt who made my huſband drunk." Dying Lully interrupted her; "And he ſhall be the firſt who makes "me ſo, as ſoon as I get upon my legs." But that never came to paſs.

vellous. There is no need of flights, or cars, or metamorphoſes, in tragedy; but they are neceſſary in the opera, its chief deſign being to hold the mind, the eye, and the ear, in an equal inchantment.

The critics, or ſuch as would be thought ſo, aſſume the deciſion at all public ſhows. They canton and divide themſelves into parties, both ſides warm in an intereſt oppoſite to that of the public or equity, admiring only ſuch a poem, or ſuch a piece of muſic, and damning all other. Theſe obſtinate prejudices injure the reputation of their own cabal by their outrageous injuſtice and partiality. Theſe ſavages diſcourage the poets and muſicians by a thouſand oppoſitions, and retard the progreſs of arts and ſciences, depriving ſeveral maſters of the advantages reſulting from emulation, and the world of many excellent performances.

What is the reaſon that we laugh ſo freely, but are aſhamed to weep, at the Theatre? Is Nature leſs ſubject to be ſoftened by pity than to burſt out into laughter at what is comical? Is it the alteration of our looks that checks us? This is more diſagreeable in an immoderate laughter than in the moſt paſſionate grief; and we turn away our faces to laugh as well as to weep in the preſence of people of quality, or ſuch as we reſpect. Is it reluctancy to be thought tender, or to ſhow any emotion at an idle ſubject where we might ſeem to be impoſed on? Without naming ſome grave men, of

ſtoical tempers, who think there is weakneſs both in laughing and weeping, what is it that we look for in Tragedy? Is it to laugh? Is not truth exhibited there in as lively images as in Comedy? and does not the ſoul imagine things real in either kind before it ſuffers itſelf to be moved? Or is it ſo eaſily to be pleaſed, that veriſimilitude is not neceſſary towards it? As, therefore, it is thought no oddity that the Theatre ſhould ring with an univerſal laughter at ſome paſſage of Comedy, but, on the contrary, implies that ſomething was pleaſantly ſaid, and naturally performed; ſo the extreme violence which every one puts upon himſelf in reſtraining his tears, and diſguiſing them with affected grimaces, clearly prove that the natural effect of good Tragedy is to make us weep willingly, and in concert with each other, tho' unhappily there is often leſs room to fear thoſe overflowing emotions at the Theatre than diſguſt and laſſitude.

Tragedy, in the very beginning, engages the ſoul too paſſionately to wander afterwards from the ſcene. If the ſpectator gets a little releaſe, it is only to be plunged into freſh perturbations; it conducts him by Terror to Pity, and reciprocally by Pity to Terror; it leads him through tears, ſighs, incertitudes, hopes, fears, horrors, and ſurpriſes, to the cataſtrophe. It ſhould not, therefore, be a collection of pretty thoughts, * tender declarations, gallant diſ-

* Alluſion to many Tragedies.

courſes, agreeable pictures, ſoft and ſometimes riſible words, cloſing all with a ſedition, when the mutineers, right or wrong, knock ſome unfortunate man on the head, and ſo make a clear ſtage.

It is not ſufficient that the manners of the ſtage be not bad, they ſhould be decent and inſtructive. Some things are ſo low, ſo mean, ſo flat and inſignificant in themſelves, that the poet ſhould avoid them, or the audience hiſs them. The peaſant or the drunkard may furniſh out ſome ſcenes for the Farce-writer; but they muſt appear very little in true Comedy, as ſuch characters cannot anſwer the main end of the Drama. Perhaps you will ſay they are natural; ſo is a lacquey whiſtling, or a ſick man on his cloſeſtool; ſo is the drunkard ſnoring or ſpewing; yet are theſe theatrical ſubjects? An effeminate fellow riſes late, paſſes part of the day at his toilet, adjuſts himſelf at his glaſs, is perfumed and powdered, diſpoſes his patches, receives and anſwers his *billets*: this part, if brought on the ſtage, and continued two or three acts, will, in its progreſs, be more and more conformable to the original, but alſo more and more tedious.

Plays and romances, in my opinion, may be made as uſeful as they are pernicious. They exhibit many great examples of conſtancy, virtue, tenderneſs, valour, and patriotiſm; ſo many fine and perfect characters, that when a young perſon turns the proſpect to the living world, finding nothing but unworthy objects, very

much below what ſhe ſo admired, I wonder how ſhe can be ſuſceptible of the leaſt weakneſs for them.

Corneille cannot be equalled; where he is excellent he is certainly an inimitable original; but he is unequal: his firſt *Plays* are dry and heavy; they gave us little hope he would afterwards ſoar to ſuch a height: and his laſt *Plays* make us wonder at his prodigious fall. In ſome of his beſt pieces there are unpardonable faults againſt the Manners; a declamatory ſtyle, which arreſts the action; ſuch negligences in the verſe and expreſſion, that we can hardly comprehend how ſo great a man could be guilty of them. The moſt eminent thing in him is his ſublime genius, to which he is beholden for ſome of the moſt beautiful verſes ever read, and for the conduct of his *Plays*, where he often ventures againſt the rules of the Ancients. He is as admirable in unravelling his plots; and in this does not always ſubject himſelf to to the taſte of the Greeks, which was ſimplicity: on the contrary, he loads the ſcene with events, and moſt commonly comes off with ſucceſs. He is above all to be admired for his great variety, and the little ſimilarity of deſign amongſt the great number of his pieces. In Racine's *Plays* there is more analogy, a ſameneſs of plot, ſtyle, and cataſtrophe: but he is every where the ſame, as well in the deſign and conduct of his pieces, which are juſt, regular, and rational, as in the verſification, which is elegant, expreſſive, and harmonious. He is an

exact imitator of the Ancients, whom he follows religiouſly in the ſimplicity of action. He excels no leſs in the ſublime and the marvellous, than Corneille in the moving and pathetic, who, in theſe parts, ſtands unrivalled. Where can we find greater tenderneſs than is diffuſed through the *Cid* *, *Polieucte*, and the *Horatii*? What elevation in *Mithridates*, *Porus*, and *Burrhus*? They were both well acquainted with terror and pity, the favourite paſſions of the Ancients, which the poets are fond of exciting on the Theatre; as Oreſtes in the *Andromache* of Racine, the *Phædra* of the ſame author, and the *Oedipus* and the *Horatii* of Corneille ſufficiently prove. If I may be allowed to make a compariſon, or to ſhow the talent of both the one and the other, as it is to be diſcovered in their writings, I ſhould probably ſay that Corneille ſubjects us to his characters and ideas; Racine accommodates himſelf to our's: the one repreſents men as they ought to be; the other as they are. There is in the firſt more of what we admire and ought to imitate; and in the ſecond more of what we perceive in others, and feel in ourſelves. Corneille elevates, ſurpriſes, controuls, and inſtructs. Racine pleaſes, affects, moves, and penetrates. The former works on us by what is fine, noble,

* Cardinal Richlieu manifeſted more rancour againſt Corneille upon the appearance of this matchleſs Piece than if he had been guilty of high treaſon; he had indeed offered the Poet a large ſum for it, that it might go under his name.

and commanding; the latter inſinuates himſelf into us by the delicacy of his paſſions. One is full of maxims, rules, and precepts: the other of pleaſing and agreeable ſentiments. We are more enraptured at Corneille's pieces, at Racine's more ſoftened. Corneille is more moral, Racine more natural. The one ſeems to imitate Sophocles, the other Euripides.

Some perſons have a facility of ſpeaking alone, and a long time, joined with impetuous geſtures, and a ſtrong voice: this the people call Eloquence. Pedants confine eloquence to public orations, and there cannot diſtinguiſh it from extravagant figures, from big words, and flowing periods.

Logic is the art to make truth prevalent; and eloquence a gift of the ſoul that renders one maſter of the minds and hearts of other men, by which we perſuade them to whatever we pleaſe.

Eloquence may be found in converſations and all kind of writings; it is rarely where it is ſought, and ſometimes where it is leaſt expected.

Eloquence is to the ſublime, what the whole is to its part.

What is the ſublime? it does not appear to have been defined. Is it a figure? is it compoſed of one or more figures? does the ſublime enter into all ſorts of writing? or are great ſubjects only capable of it? The characteriſtical beauty of eclogues is ſimple Nature; of familiar letters and converſation, Delicacy; or ra-

ther, is not this Nature and Delicacy the ſublime of thoſe works of which they are the perfection? What is this ſublime? where is it to be found?

Synonymas are ſeveral dictions or different phraſes ſignifying the ſame thing. An antitheſis is the oppoſition of two truths communicating light to each other. A metaphor, or compariſon, borrows from a thing of another kind the natural and ſenſible image of a truth. An hyperbole expreſſes things above a truth, to give the mind a ſtronger perception. The ſublime paints nothing but the truth; only in a noble ſubject it paints it all entire in its cauſes and effects. It is the expreſſion or the image, the fulleſt of dignity of that truth. Little wits cannot find the proper ſingle expreſſion, and therefore uſe ſynonymas. Young men are dazzled with the luſtre of an antitheſis, and fondly uſe it. True wits, and ſuch who delight in exact imagery, are for metaphors and compariſons. Quick wits, full of fire, and carried by a vaſt imagination beyond rules or nature, are ſcarce ſatisfied even with an hyperbole. As for the ſublime, it is, even among the greateſt geniuſes, only the moſt elevated that can reach it.

The writer who aims at a pure perſpicuity ſhould put himſelf in the place of his readers, examine his own work as a thing new to him, what he never read before, is not at all concerned in, and which the author had ſubmitted to his criticiſm. He is to ſuppoſe, that for

another to underſtand his writings, it is not enough that he underſtands them himſelf, but becauſe they are in themſelves really intelligible.

An Author * ſhould not only endeavour to be underſtood, but to inform us of ſuch things as deſerve to be underſtood. He ought, it is true, to have pure language and a chaſte expreſſion; but they alſo ought to expreſs lively, noble, and ſolid thoughts, full of good ſenſe and ſound reaſon. He proſtitutes ſtyle who uſes it to decorate ſome frivolous, puerile, dull and common ſubject, that has neither ſpirit, uſe, nor novelty; where the reader may, perhaps, eaſily find out the meaning of the author, but he is much more certain to be tired without the leaſt benefit.

If we aim to be profound in certain writings; if we affect a polite turn, and ſometimes overſtrain delicacy, it is merely from a good opinion of our readers.

This is the certain diſadvantage of reading books written by men of party and cabal †; truth is not in them, actions are diſguiſed, the reaſons of both ſides are not alleged with al their force, nor with an entire exactneſs: and, what no patience can bear, he muſt read abundance of ſcurrilous reflections toſt to and fro by grave men, making a perſonal quarrel about a point of doctrine, or controverted fact. Theſe books are particular in this, that they deſerve not the prodigious ſale they find at their

* To Novel writers. † The Jeſuits and Janſeniſts.

firſt appearance, nor the profound oblivion that attends them afterwards. When the ebullitions of parties ſubſide, they are forgotten like an almanac out of date.

It is the glory and merit of ſome men to write well, and of others not to write at all.

For theſe laſt twenty years * we have been regular in our writings: we have faithfully obſerved conſtruction, and enriched our language with new words; thrown off the yoke of Latiniſm, and reduced our ſtyle to a pure French phraſeology. We have almoſt retrieved the numbers which Malherbe and Balzac hit upon firſt, and ſo many authors after them ſuffered to be loſt. We have, in ſhort, brought into our ſpeech all the order and clearneſs they are capable of, and this will inſenſibly lead us to wit and ſentiment.

There are ſome artificers or intelligent men, whoſe genius is as vaſt as the art or ſcience they profeſs: they pay with intereſt, by their ſkill and invention, what they borrowed from its principles. They frequently break through the rules of art to ennoble it, and deviate from the common roads, if they do not lead to what is great and extraordinary; they go alone, they leave all company a long way behind, whilſt they are climbing the eminences, and penetrating into the abyſſes of their profeſſion, animated by the advantages of their irregularity: whilſt the timorous and ſedate, as they can

* Bouhours and Bourdalour, both Jeſuits.

never reach them, ſo they never admire them; they cannot ſo much as comprehend, and much leſs imitate, them; they live peaceably within the compaſs of their own narrow ſphere, aiming at a certain point, which marks the bounds of their addreſs and capacity; they go no farther, becauſe they ſee nothing beyond it. They are at beſt but the firſt of a ſecond claſs, and excellent in mediocrity.

I take the liberty to call certain wits * only inferior or ſubaltern, they ſeeming born only to be the regiſters and magazines of the productions of other geniuſes; they are plagiaries, tranſlators †, or compilers; they never think, but tell you what other men have thought: and, as a choice of thoughts depends on judgment, that being not their talent, they are ſeldom right in their Collections, but chuſe rather to make them large than excellent. They have nothing original, nothing of their own; they know nothing but what they learn, and learn only what the reſt of the world account not worth knowing; a vain, jejune ſcience, of no uſe in commerce, or ornament in converſation: like falſe money, it has no currency; for we are at once aſtoniſhed at their reading, and diſguſted with their company and writings. However, the great ones and the vulgar miſtake them for men of learning; but wiſe men know very well what they are, and rank them with the pedants.

Criticiſm is as often a trade as a ſcience, it

* Menage. † Compilers.

requiring more health than wit, more labour than capacity, more practice than genius. If a perſon who has leſs diſcernment than ſtudy pretends to it, and takes in hand ſome ſubjects, he will but corrupt his own judgment as well as that of the reader's.

I would adviſe an author, born only to imitate, and who in his extreme modeſty works after another man, to chuſe for his patterns ſuch writings only as are full of wit, imagination, or even ſolid erudition: if he does not reach his originals, he may at leaſt make ſuch approaches as to gain a reading. He ought, on the contrary, to avoid, as he would deſtruction, thoſe who write from humour, who ſpeak from paſſion, which inſpires them with figures and terms, and who draw, if I may ſay ſo, from their very entrails what they couch on their paper. Dangerous models, and who will infallibly ſeduce him into a mean, dull, and ridiculous compoſition. Beſides, I ſhould laugh at a man who would ſeriouſly endeavour to mimic my voice, or to be like me in the face.

A man * born a Chriſtian and a Frenchman is confined in ſatire. The great ſubjects are forbidden him; ſometimes he attempts them, and then turns off to little things, which

* Le Noble, Attorney-general of the Parliament of Metz, author of ſeveral learned and ingenious pieces; one of them, *the Spirit of Gerſon*, had the honour of being in the Roman Index Expurgatorius. His freedom with ſome prevailing abuſes coſt him a long impriſonment, and his releaſe a large ſum of money.

he inhances by the delicacy of his genius, and the beauty of his ſtyle.

Every one ſhould avoid the turgid and puerile ſtyle, for fear of being like Dorilas * and Handburg †: on the contrary, in one ſort of writing a man may be ſometimes bold in his expreſſions, and uſe figures to animate his ſubject; pitying thoſe who are not ſenſible of the pleaſure of uſing and underſtanding this energy.

He who regards nothing more in his works than the taſte of the age, has a greater value for his perſon than his writings. He ſhould always aim at perfection; and though his contemporaries refuſe him juſtice, he will be better uſed by poſterity.

We muſt never miſplace a jeſt; it offends, inſtead of pleaſing, and vitiates our own judgments as well as other men's. The ridicule is only proper when it comes in with a good grace, and in a manner which both pleaſes and inſtructs.

Horace or Boileau have ſaid ſuch a thing before you. I take your word for it; but I ſaid it as my own; and may not I have the ſame juſt thought after them, as others may have it after me?

OF PERSONAL MERIT.

WHO is there that muſt not be convinced he is but a uſeleſs perſon, though he has never ſo many good qualities, and never ſuch an ex-

* Varillas. † Mainbourg.

traordinary merit, when he conſiders that at his death he leaves a world which will not miſs him, and where ſuch numbers are ready to ſupply his place?

All the worth of ſome people lyes in their mighty names; upon a cloſer inſpection, what we took for Merit diſappears. It was only the diſtance which impoſed on us before.

Though I am very ſincerely perſuaded that they who are ſelected to employments, every man according to his genius and profeſſion acquit themſelves well, yet I ſhall venture to ſay, the world affords a great many men, known or unknown, not employed, who would acquit themſelves altogether as well: and this I am inclined to think, from the admirable ſucceſs of ſome people whom Fortune only has thrown into poſts, and from whom, till then, no great matters were expected.

How many extraordinary men and fine geniuſes are dead without ever being talked of? and how many are there living that neither are now nor never will be talked of?

How difficult is it for a man without cabal or party, who is connected with no ſociety or body of men, but ſtands alone, and has nothing but a great deal of merit for his recommendation; how difficult, I ſay, will it be for him to make his way through his obſcurity, and attain to a level with a coxcomb who has intereſt?

It is ſeldom that a man, of himſelf, thinks on the Merit of another.

Men are ſo engroſſed by themſelves, that they have not the leiſure to diſtinguiſh and penetrate into others; which is the cauſe that a great Merit, joined to a great modeſty, may languiſh a long time in obſcurity.

A genius and great abilities are often wanting; ſometimes only opportunities. Some deſerve praiſe for what they have done, and others for what they would have done.

It is not ſo hard to meet with wit, as with people that make a good uſe of their own, or countenance that of another man.

There are more tools than workmen, and of the laſt more bad than good. What think you of him that would take up his plane to ſaw, and his ſaw to plane?

There is not in the world ſo toilſome a trade as the purſuit of Fame: life concludes before you have ſo much as ſketched your work.

What is to be done with this Egeſippus who ſolicits for an employment? Shall he have a poſt in the exchequer or in the army? It is indeed perfectly indifferent which of them he has: nor can any thing but intereſt decide it, for he is even as good an accomptant as he is a ſoldier. Oh! but, ſay his friends, he is capable of any thing; that is, he has a talent for no one thing more than another; or, in other words, he is capable of nothing. This is a general abuſe: they ſquander away their youth, they indiſpoſe themſelves by idleneſs and pleaſure, and then falſely preſume, that

when they are old or poor the Commonwealth is bound to relieve them, ſneering at that excellent maxim which ſays, that men ought to employ the firſt years of life to become ſo qualified, that the Commonwealth may have occaſion for their knowledge or induſtry; that they may be neceſſary materials to the fabric of the Commonwealth, and ſo the public in intereſt and honour ſtand obliged to advance them.

It is our duty to qualify ourſelves perfectly for ſome employment; the reſt does not concern us; it is the buſineſs of others.

To owe preferment or reputation to ourſelves alone, without any dependence on others, or to renounce them, is an exalted maxim, and of infinite advantage amidſt the intricacies of life; favourable to the indolent, the virtuous, and the witty, whom it either renders maſters of their fortune or their eaſe: formidable to the great, whom it would abridge of their attendants, or rather of their ſlaves; would mortify their pride, by contracting their authority, reducing it to their own ſervile hirelings. This would deprive them of the pleaſure of being courted, petitioned, and ſolicited, of refuſing, of promiſing and not performing. This would thwart them in the humour of bringing coxcombs into play, and depreſſing Merit when they chance to diſcern it. This would baniſh from Courts intrigues, cabals, envy, flattery, baſeneſs, and deceit. This would calm a tempeſtuous Court, as full of plots and buſtle as

any repreſentations on the Theatre, where the wiſe are never but ſpectators. This would reſtore dignity to the ſeveral conditions of men, and ſerenity to their looks, enlarge their liberty, and awaken their natural talents by habitual exerciſe. This would excite them to emulation, to a deſire of glory, to a love of virtue; and inſtead of vile, turbulent, or lazy courtiers, a dead weight often to the Commonwealth, would make them good economiſts, exemplary heads of families, upright judges, or great commanders, or orators, or philoſophers; and all the inconvenience of this to any of them would be, perhaps, to leave their heirs not ſo vaſt an eſtate, but a more worthy example.

It requires a great deal of reſolution, and a well-poiſed underſtanding, to decline poſts and employments, and to put up with retirement, and enjoy virtue in the garden, or at the fireſide. There are few who have a genius to play this part handſomely, or know how to paſs their vacant hours without what the vulgar call *buſineſs*. There is nothing wanting to the idleneſs of a wiſe man but a better name, and that meditation, diſcourſe, and reading, be called *employment*.

A placeman of Merit is never of an imperious vanity. The poſt that he is in does not puff him up ſo much as a greater, which he thinks he deſerves, and which he has not, mortifies him. He is more ſubject to be diſturbed

than to be haughty or diſdainful, for himſelf alone takes up all his attention.

Much attendance goes ſorely againſt the grain of a Man of merit; but not for the reaſon which ſome may imagine. He has more modeſty than to think he does the leaſt pleaſure to a prince to be ever at his elbow, to poſt himſelf juſt before him, and make himſelf taken notice of; he is more apt to fear being importunate, and all the reaſons drawn from cuſtom and duty can hardly perſuade him to make his appearance: while, on the contrary, another, who has a good opinion of himſelf, and one whom the vulgar cry up for a man of ſpirit, takes a pride to ſhow himſelf, and makes his court with the more confidence, becauſe it never enters into his head that the great, by whom he is ſeen every day, may think otherwiſe of him than he does of himſelf.

The pleaſure a man of honour enjoys in the conſciouſneſs of having performed his duty is a reward he pays himſelf for all his pains. Applauſe, eſteem, and acknowledgments, as they are not always paid him, ſo are they but of little account with him.

If I durſt make a compariſon between two conditions of life entirely different, I would ſay that a man of courage applies himſelf to the execution of his duty almoſt in the ſame manner as a tyler goes about his work: neither the one nor the other ſeeks to expoſe his life, ſo neither of them is diverted by danger. To them death is an inconvenience incident to

their callings, but is never an obſtacle. The firſt values himſelf no more for having appeared in the trenches, mounted a breach, or forced a retrenchment, than the other for having climbed up to ſome high roof, or the top of a ſteeple. The ſole endeavour of both was to do well, while the oſtentatious man ventures merely to be talked of.

Modeſty is to Merit as ſhades to figures in a picture, giving it ſtrength and beauty.

A plain exterior is to ordinary men their proper garb, ſhaped and fitted to their ſize, but is an ornamental habit in thoſe perſons whoſe lives have been diſtinguiſhed by ſignal actions. I compare them to a beauty, the moſt charming when *à la negligeé.*

Some, inwardly bloted with a tolerable action or compoſition of their's, having heard that modeſty becomes great men, affect the natural air and ſimplicity of the truly modeſt; like thoſe people who, though none of the talleſt, ſtoop when they come under a door, for fear of hurting their heads.

Your ſon * ſtammers, think not of fitting him for the bench; your daughter, too, looks as if ſhe were of a communicative conſtitution; never immure her among the Veſtals †. Xanthus, your freed man, is timorous and feeble;

* M. de Harley Advocate-general, Madame de Harley his ſiſter, a nun in St Elizabeth's convent, whither ſhe was conveyed on account of her familiarity with Du Meſnil, one of the opera orcheſtra.

† M. De Courtanvaux, ſon to M. de Louvois.

make haſte, take him out of the Legions inſtantly. You ſay you would advance him, heap wealth on him, load him with lands, titles, and poſſeſſions. Make uſe of your time, for ſuch is the age, that they will do him infinitely more credit than virtue. But this will coſt me too much, you reply. Ah, Craſſus *! ſuch a word from you? Why! for you to enrich Xanthus, the perſon whom you love, is no more than taking a drop of water from the Tiber; and thus you prevent the ill conſequences which muſt certainly attend his continuing in a ſtation for which he is abſolutely unfit.

It is virtue which ſhould determine us in the choice of our friends, without enquiring into their good or ill fortune; and when we find in ourſelves reſolution enough to follow them in adverſity, then may we boldly, and with an honeſt freedom, cultivate their friendſhip in their greateſt proſperity.

If it is uſual to be ſtrongly impreſſed with things rare and extraordinary, how comes it then that virtue is taken ſo little notice of?

If it is a happineſs to be nobly deſcended, it is not a leſs to have ſo much Merit, that no body enquires whether we are ſo or no.

The world has ſeen ſome admirable choice men, whoſe virtue and eminent qualities have caſt a prodigious † effulgence; like thoſe unuſual ſtars in the heavens, the cauſes of which

* M. Louvois. † The Cardinal Richelieu.

we are ignorant of, and know as little what becomes of them after they diſappear. Theſe men neither have anceſtors nor poſterity; they alone are their whole race.

Right reaſon diſcovers to us our duty, and the obligation we ly under to perform it; if attended with danger, to perform it in ſpite of danger. It either inſpires us with courage, or ſupplies the want of it.

He who excels in his art, ſo as to carry it to the utmoſt height of perfection of which it is capable, may be ſaid, in ſome meaſure, to go beyond it; his tranſcendent productions admit of no appellations: thus E is a Painter, C a Muſician, and B a Poet: but Mignard is *Mignard*, Lully is *Lully*, and Corneille is *Corneille*.

The ſingle and independent man, with ſenſe, may conſiderably puſh his fortune and figure even with quality; which is not ſo eaſily done if incumbered. Marriage ſeems to range every body in their proper rank and degree.

Next to Perſonal Merit *, it muſt be owned, that from eminent dignities and titles men derive the greateſt diſtinction and luſtre; and thus the perſon who will never make an *Eraſmus* is in the right to endeavour to be a *Biſhop* †. Some, to ſpread their fame, accumulate dignity upon dignity, ſolicit the peerage, orders, primacies, and what not; ſome alſo intrigue for

* The Archbiſhop of Rheims, brother to M. de Louvois.
† Harley, late Archbiſhop of Paris.

the Tiara; but what occaſion has Benignus * to be made a cardinal?

You tell me that the gold on Philemon's † clothes makes a glittering ſhow; but does it not alſo at the laceman's? His clothes are made of the fineſt ſtuffs; but are thoſe ſame ſtuffs leſs fine in the ſhops, or in the whole piece? But then the embroidery and trimming give them a richneſs. Do they ſo? Then the greater praiſe to the tailor. Aſk him what o'clock it is; he pulls out a maſterpiece of a watch. He has an onyx for the graſp of his ſword, and on his finger he wears a large diamond, which dazzles your eyes. He wants none of all thoſe knicknacks which are worn more for ſhow than ſervice; and is as laviſh in his dreſs as a young fellow who has married a rich old widow. Well, at laſt you have raiſed my curioſity to ſee all this finery; but, do you hear, ſend me hither Philemon's clothes and jewels, and I will excuſe you as to his perſon.

Thou art mightily miſtaken, Philemon, with that glittering coach, that file of fops behind and before it, and thoſe ſix horſes to draw thee in ſtate, if thou thinkeſt to be eſteemed a whit the more: No; our thoughts reach thee through all that glitter, which is not properly thine, and find thee to be an arrant coxcomb amidſt all this adſcititious ſplendor.

* Benigne Boſſuet, Archbiſhop of Meaux.

† The Count d'Aubigni, Madame de Maintenon's brother; or my Lord Strafford, an Engliſh nobleman, more famous for his expences and ſhow than any ſolid worth.

Not but the man is to be forgiven who fancies himſelf the greater wit, and the more nobly deſcended, becauſe of his rich coaches, clothes, and ſplendid equipage; for, indeed, it is the ſelf-ſame opinion which he reads in the faces and behaviour of thoſe who addreſs him.

You have ſeen at Court, and often in the City, a creature * in a long ſilk cloak, or one of a very fine cloth, a broad ſurcingle up to his breaſt, ſhoes of the fineſt Turkey leather, and a little ſkullcap of the ſame, a nice ſtarched band, and hair moſt curiouſly curled, with a ruddy complexion, who, beſides theſe decorations, will talk of metaphyſical diſtinctions, of the light of glory and viſibility of GOD, *&c.* This thing is called *a Doctor.* A mortified perſon†, who is immured in his cloſet, has ſtudied, ſearched, compared, read, and writ all his lifetime; this is the man of learning.

With us the ſoldier is brave, the lawyer learned; we proceed no farther. With the Romans the gownman was brave, and the ſoldier learned. A Roman poſſeſſed both theſe profeſſions, and was *tam Marte quam Mercurio.*

The hero ſeems only to be a ſoldier, while the great man is of all profeſſions, ſcholar, ſoldier, ſtateſman, and courtier; put them together, they are not both worth one honeſt man.

* Abbe Boileau, a celebrated preacher, brother to the Poet.

† Pere Mabillon.

In war the diſtinction between the hero and the great man is very nice. All the military virtues go to the making up of both their characters. To the firſt, however, it ſeems requiſite that he ſhould be young, daring, precipitate, and above all fear. The other excels him in ſedateneſs, foreſight, capacity, experience. Perhaps Alexander was but a hero, and Cæſar the great man.

Æmilius * was born what the greateſt men do not become without abundance of rules, long ſtudy, and practice; he had no more to do in his tender years, but to give up himſelf entirely to the bent of his own happy genius: he acted, he performed, before he knew; or rather, he knew without being taught. Shall I ſay it? ſeveral victories were the diverſions of his infancy. It would make a life of ſhining ſucceſs, and great exploits, only to have performed the actions of his youth. All the occaſions which have ſince offered he has embraced, and has come off victorious, or with the honour of ſucceſs; others his virtue and fortune have created. He was admired for what he could have done, as well as for what he had done. The people looked on him as a man incapable of yielding to an enemy, or conſidering numbers or difficulties. They regarded him as a ſoul of a ſuperior order, by its light and knowledge ſeeing farther than any did before. His heading the legions was a ſure

* M. de Turenne.

preſage of victory, and his ſingle perſon accounted more than many legions. He was great in proſperity, greater under depreſſion. The raiſing a ſiege, a retreat, have gained him more honour than a victory, or the taking of a fortreſs. He was at once full of glory and modeſty. He has been heard to ſay, *I fled*, with the ſame grace that he ſaid, *We beat them.* He was devoted to the ſtate, and to the head of it; ſincere to GOD and man; as paſſionate an admirer of Merit as if he had not been ſo well acquainted with it himſelf. Candid, artleſs, magnanimous; one in whom none of the virtues were wanting but the inferior ſort.

The offſpring of the Gods *, if I may expreſs myſelf ſo, riſe above Nature. They are exceptions from her general rules: they wait not for time or age. Merit in them precedes years; they have an innate maturity, and reach manhood before ordinary men get out of their infancy.

Short-ſighted people, I mean ſuch who have but narrow conceptions, never extended beyond their own little ſphere, cannot comprehend that univerſality of talents which is ſometimes obſervable in one perſon. They allow no ſolidity in whatever is agreeable; or, when they ſee in any one the graces of the body, activity, ſuppleneſs, and dexterity, they conclude

* The Duke of Chartres, afterwards Duke of Orleans, and Regent of the kingdom; who married a daughter of the King's by Madame de Monteſpan.

he wants the endowments of the mind, judgment, prudence, and perſpicacity. Let Hiſtory ſay what it will, they will not believe that Socrates ever danced.

There are few men ſo accompliſhed, or ſo neceſſary, but have ſome failings or other which will make their friends bear the loſs of them with the greater patience.

It is not impoſſible for a man of ſenſe, but honeſt and open, to fall into a ſnare. He thinks no body would lay one for him, or pick him out to make a bubble of. This confidence of his makes him leſs cautious, and the buffoons are ſure to faſten there. They who attempt him a ſecond time will certainly pay for all. He is cheated but once.

I ſhall, if I have any equity, carefully avoid offending any perſon; but, above all, a man of wit, if I had no regard but to my own intereſt.

There are peculiar ways in men, which diſcover what they are through the moſt ſubtile feints and cloſeſt diſguiſe. A blockhead cannot come in, nor go away, nor ſit, nor riſe, nor ſtand, like a man of ſenſe.

I came to know Mopſus * by a viſit he made me, though he had no previous acquaintance with me: but it is common with him to deſire ſome whom he does not know, to bring him acquainted with others to whom he is equally unknown; and to write to a woman whom he

* The Abbot St Pierre.

only knows by ſight; he introduces himſelf into a company of perſons of character and figure, though a perfect ſtranger to every one of them; and there, without waiting till he is ſpoke to, or perceiving that he is troubleſome, he falls a-talking after his manner, that is, exceſſively and ridiculouſly. At another time he comes into a public aſſembly, ſquats himſelf down any where, without any regard to others or himſelf. If removed out of a place which was reſerved for ſome miniſter of ſtate, he goes and ſeats himſelf in that of a duke: he is the diverſion of the whole company, yet the only perſon who keeps his countenance: he is like the dog, drive him out of the King's chair, up he ſkips into the pulpit. The reflections of the world give him no manner of concern; a bluſh was never ſeen in his face: for modeſty, the blockhead and he may very well go together.

Celſus * is in no high ſtation, yet thoſe of the beſt quality entertain him; though ignorant, he herds with the learned: he has little Merit himſelf, yet he is acquainted with thoſe who have a great deal: he has no abilities, but a tongue that ſerves juſt to make him underſtood, and feet that carry him from one place to another. He is a fellow made to run backwards and forwards on errands, to hear propoſals, and report them; to make ſome of his own, and exceed his commiſſion, and then

* The Baron of Bretueil, Envoy to Mantua.

to be disowned; to reconcile people, that fall out again the first time they see one another; to succeed in one affair, and fail in a thousand; to arrogate all the honour of a success to himself, and cast all the odium of a miscarriage on others. He knows all the news and tattle about town; he does nothing himself, but only hears and repeats what others do; he is acquainted with the secrets of families, and pretends to more important mysteries; he tells you the reason why such a one was discarded, and another restored; he knows the bottom of the difference between the two Brothers, and of the rupture betwixt the two Ministers*. Did not he foretell to the former the sad consequence of their misunderstanding? Did not he say to the latter, that their intimacy would not last long? Was not he present when such and such words were spoken? Did

* Which happened betwixt M. Pelletier, and Messrs de Louvois and de Seignelai, concerning assisting King James II. M. de Louvois, concealing his secret pique against that Prince, for refusing his nomination to the purple for his brother, the Archbishop of Rheims, under pretence of a tenderness for his country, was for giving up King James to his ill fortune, as any assistance towards his restoration would occasion a very burthensome war. M. de Seignelai, on the contrary, asserted, that the King's honour was concerned to succour a prince who was a martyr. The last opinion prevailed; but by de Louvois' management, it was not prosecuted with any vigour, and King James was beaten out of Ireland, and died at St Germain en Laie, 16th September 1701, having fainted a few days before at these verses of the anthem: *Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us, and consider our reproaches: our inheritance is turned to strangers, and our houses to aliens.*

not he negotiate that affair? would they believe him? was any thing he ſaid minded? to whom do you talk at this rate? who has had a greater hand in all the intrigues of the Court than Celſus? And if it were not ſo, or if he had not dreamed or imagined it to be ſo, would he offer to make you believe it? would he put on the grave deportment, the myſterious air, of a negotiator?

Menippus* is the crow decked with other birds' feathers: he neither ſpeaks nor thinks himſelf, but repeats other people's thoughts and words. So natural is it for him to make uſe of their wit, that he is the firſt deceived by it; for, thinking to give his own judgment, or expreſs his own conception, he is but the echo of the laſt man he parted with. He is pretty tolerable for a quarter of an hour, but then flags, and, when his ſhallow memory begins to fail him, grows downright inſipid: he is the only one that is ignorant how very far he is from the ſublime and heroic; and having no idea of the extent of wit, he very contentedly believes that he has himſelf as much as it is poſſible for any man to have, and accordingly aſſumes the air and management of one that neither deſires any more, nor envies others. He is often in ſoliloquy, which he ſo little endeavours to conceal, that you may meet him gabbling and arguing to himſelf, as if ſome great matter was under his delibera-

* The Duke de Villeroi.

tion. If you ſalute him at ſuch a time, you throw him into a ſtrange perplexity whether he ſhall return your compliment or no; and before he comes to a reſolution, you are quite out of ſight. It is his vanity that inſpirited him, and made him them an of honour which he is not naturally. From a ſight of him you conclude his whole employment to be the ſurvey of his perſon, dreſs, and motions; that he fancies all men's eyes are open only for him, and that they ſtop only to admire him.

He that has a hotel of his own, with a ſummer and winter apartment, yet takes up with a cabbin in the Louvre, does not do ſo out of modeſty. Another who, to preſerve his fine ſhape, abſtains from wine, and eats but one meal a day, is neither ſober nor temperate. A third who, to get rid of the importunity of a poor acquaintance, gives him ſome relief, may be ſaid to buy his quiet, but by no means to be liberal. It is the motive makes the action; diſintereſtedneſs is their perfection.

Falſe greatneſs * is ſavage and inacceſſible, as if, ſenſible of its weakneſs, it ſought concealment; ſhowing juſt what may dazzle the world, but not its open face, for fear of diſcovering its real ſordidneſs. True greatneſs †,

* Marſhal de Villeroi.

† De Turenne, from a ſtrict Proteſtant was brought to Catholiciſm, afterwards made Marſhal of France. His conſtant cuſtom was to diſcharge all his debts at the opening of a campaign. After all his commands he left no riches. He was killed in Germany by a cannon-ſhot, 1674.

on the contrary, is free, complaiſant, familiar, popular, ſuffers itſelf to be touched and handled, loſes nothing by a near view, is rather more known and admired. It bends to inferiors, and with a natural greatneſs erects itſelf again. Sometimes it is all looſe and negligent, lays aſide all its advantages, yet never loſes the power of reſuming them and commanding reverence; it preſerves dignity amidſt the ſallies of laughter, play, and jocularity; we approach it at once with freedom and awe. It is noble and humane, inſpiring reſpect and cheerfulneſs. This makes us to view princes as exalted to the height of greatneſs, without any mortifying recurrence on the lowneſs of our own condition.

The wiſe man is cured of ambition by ambition; his aims are ſo vaſt, that riches, preferment, fortune, and favour, cannot ſatisfy him. He ſees nothing good and ſolid enough in that glitter to engage his heart, to merit his care or his deſire: he uſes ſome violence with himſelf not to deſpiſe them too much. The only temptation to him is that kind of honour which is derived from pure and genuine virtue; but that men will very rarely afford, and ſo he is eaſy without it.

He is good that does good to others: if he ſuffers for the good he does, he is better ſtill: and if he ſuffers from them to whom he did good, he is arrived to that height of goodneſs, that nothing but an increaſe of his ſufferings can add to it. If it proves his

death, his virtue is at its ſummit; it is heroiſm complete.

OF WOMEN.

IT is ſeldom that the merit of a Woman is univerſally agreed on by both ſexes; their intereſts are too different. The Women are diſpleaſed with thoſe very ſame beauties in another which render them agreeable to the men. A thouſand airs, which inflame us with the moſt violent or tender love, raiſe their contempt and averſion.

The dignity of ſome Women is all artificial; it conſiſts in the motions of their eyes, the toſs of their heads, a ſtately mien, and a ſuperficial wit, admired only becauſe not examined. There is in others an eaſy, natural greatneſs, nothing beholden to motions, looks, or geſture, but ſprings from the heart, and is the happy conſequence of their noble extraction: a merit not noiſy or oſtentatious, but ſolid, accompanied with a thouſand virtues, whoſe radiancy all their modeſty cannot conceal from thoſe who have any eyes.

I have heard ſome wiſh to be a Woman, that is, a beautiful Woman, from thirteen to two-and-twenty; but after that age to be a man again.

Nature has been very kind to ſome young ladies, but they are not ſenſible of the happineſs: they ſpoil by affectation thoſe ſingular gifts of Heaven: their voice, their mein, their

carriage, are not their own: they practiſe airs and mimicry, they conſult their glaſſes whether they are as much out of nature as they can be; and it is not without infinite trouble that they make themſelves leſs agreeable.

If it is the ambition of Women only to appear handſome in their own eyes, they are in the right, without doubt, to take what courſe they pleaſe to beautify themſelves, and in the choice of their dreſs and ornaments to follow their own caprice and vanity: but if it is the men whom they would charm, if it is for them they waſh and paint, I have counted votes, and do aſſure them from all the men, or from the majority, that the white and red they uſe makes them look nauſeous and frightful; that they hate as much to ſee Women with paint on their faces, as with falſe teeth in their mouths, or balls to plump out their cheeks; that they ſolemnly proteſt againſt all their artifices to make themſelves ugly, as the laſt and infallible means to reclaim men from the love of them.

If Women were by nature what they make themſelves by art; if they were to loſe ſuddenly all the freſhneſs of their complexion, and their faces to become as hideouſly diverſified as they are by paint, they would look on themſelves as the moſt wretched creatures in the world.

A coquette is one that is never to be perſuaded out of the paſſion ſhe has to pleaſe, nor out of a good opinion of her own beauty;

time and years ſhe regards as things that only wrinkle and decay other Women; forgets that age is writ in the face, and that the ſame dreſs which became her when ſhe was young, now only makes her look the older. Affectation cleaves to her even in ſickneſs and pain; ſhe dies in a high-head and coloured ribbons.

Lyce hears another coquette laughed at for pretending to youth, and for wearing thoſe dreſſes which do not ſuit a Woman of forty; Lyce is not leſs herſelf, but years with her have not twelve months, nor do they add to her age; ſhe thinks ſo; and, whilſt ſhe looks in the glaſs, lays the the red on her face, and ſticks on the patches, ſhe confeſſes there is an age when it is not decent to affect a youthful appearance; and that Clarice with paint and patches is monſtrouſly ridiculous.

Women when they expect their lovers make great preparation in their dreſs; but if they are ſurpriſed by them, they ſoon forget their negligée. With indifferent perſons they are aware of it; they rectify it with eaſe, and, before them, make no ſcruple to adjuſt themſelves, or elſe diſappear for a moment, and return dreſſed.

A fine face is the fineſt of all ſights; and the ſweeteſt muſic the voice of her whom we love.

Agreeableneſs is arbitrary: beauty is ſomething more real and independent of taſte and opinion.

There are Women of ſuch perfect beauty,

and ſuch tranſcendent merit, that though it is impoſſible for us not to love them, yet we dare not encourage our paſſion to hope for any greater favour than that of ſeeing them, and converſing with them.

A beautitul Woman, with the qualities of an accompliſhed man, is, of all the converſations in the world the moſt delicious. In her the merits of both ſexes concentre.

Many little unmeaning things eſcape the fair, which ſtrangely impreſs the lover. It is not ſo with the men; their endearments are all voluntary; their words, their actions, may be ſoft and extatic, yet are they not half ſo prevalent.

Caprice is inſeparable from Women, that, as the counter-poiſon of their beauty, it may abate its miſchievous quality, of which men, without ſome remedy, would never be cured.

Women are engaged to men by the favours they grant them: men are diſengaged by the ſame favours.

When a Woman no longer loves a man, ſhe forgets him ſo far as not to remember the favours he has received from her.

A Woman with one gallant thinks ſhe is no coquette: ſhe who has ſeveral thinks herſelf but a coquette.

A Woman avoids the reproach of being a coquette by an attachment to one particular perſon; but is reckoned a fool for perſiſting in a bad choice.

An old gallant is of ſo little conſideration,

that he muſt give way to a new huſband; and a huſband is of ſo ſhort duration, that a new gallant ſupplants him in his turn.

An old gallant either fears or deſpiſes a new rival, according to the character of the Woman to whom he is devoted.

An old gallant often wants nothing but the name to be a very huſband; he is obliged to that circumſtance, or elſe he would have been diſmiſſed a thouſand times.

Few intrigues are ſecret; many Women are not better known by the name of their huſband, than by that of their gallants.

A Woman of gallantry is ambitious of being beloved; it is enough for a coquette that ſhe is thought handſome. The buſineſs of the one is a ſingle engagement, of the other a general conqueſt. The firſt paſſes ſucceſſively from one engagement to another, the ſecond has a great many amuſements on her hand at once. Paſſion and pleaſure are predominant in the firſt, vanity and levity in the ſecond. Gallantry is a weakneſs in the heart, perhaps a conſtitutional foible; coquetry is an irregularity of the mind. The Woman of gallantry makes herſelf feared, the coquette hated. From theſe two characters might be formed a third, the worſt of any.

A weak Woman is one who is reproached with a fault for which ſhe reproaches herſelf; whoſe heart is in a perpetual conflict with reaſon; ſhe would be cured of her folly, but never will be cured, or at leaſt very late.

An inconſtant Woman is one who is no longer in love: a falſe Woman is one who is already in love with another perſon: a fickle Woman is ſhe who neither knows whom ſhe loves, nor whether ſhe loves or no: and the indifferent Woman one who does not love at all.

Treachery in Women is an art of diſpoſing every word and action, of managing promiſes and proteſtations in the beſt manner to deceive, and which it coſts them no more to break than it did to make.

A faithleſs Woman, if known to be ſuch by the perſon concerned, is but faithleſs; if ſhe is believed faithful, ſhe is treacherous.

This good we get from the known perfidiouſneſs of Women, that it cures us of our jealouſy.

Some Women, in their courſe of life, have a double engagement to maintain, which to violate or to diſſemble is equally difficult; in one nothing is wanting but the ceremony of the church, and in the other nothing but the heart.

To judge of that lady * by her beauty, her youth, and loftineſs, you would ſwear none but a hero could ſucceed with her: at laſt ſhe has made her choice, and what is it? a dwarfiſh animal, without one ſingle grain of ſenſe.

Women paſt their prime, and of a cracked reputation, but rich, ſeem naturally to be the

* Madame de Luines, who, though a very fine young lady, fell in love with a crooked, ill-looked, little limb of the law, who uſed her very ſcandalouſly. Her ſecond marriage was in every reſpect more ſuitable to ſuch an accompliſhed perſon.

refuge of young fellows put to their ſhifts; though, for my part, I cannot tell whoſe caſe is moſt woeful, that of a Woman in years wanting a young huſband, or that of a young fellow who ſtands in need of an old Woman.

One who is the refuſe of the Court, in city-aſſemblies makes a commanding figure: there he triumphs, routing the Magiſtrate in all his finery, and the Citizen with long peruque and ſword: he beats them all out of the field, and poſſeſſes himſelf of the place: he alone is regarded and beloved: there is no holding out againſt a ſcarf and feather, no reſiſting a man that talks to the King, and viſits the miniſters. He kindles jealouſy betwixt both ſexes; he is admired and envied: four leagues off he is deſpiſed.

A citizen to a Woman that was never out of the country, is as a courtier to another of her ſex bred only in the city.

A man that is vain, indiſcreet, a great talker, and a buffoon; one who ſpeaks arrogantly of himſelf, and contemptuouſly of others; who is extravagant, haughty, forward, without morality, honeſty, or ſenſe; ſuch a man, I ſay, wants nothing to be adored by multitudes of Women but tolerable features and a good ſhape.

Is it from a view of ſecreſy, or ſome mental diſtemper, that ſuch a lady loves her footman, another a monk, and Dorinna her phyſician?

Roſcius * treads the ſtage with admirable

* Baron the Actor.

grace. Yes, Lelia *, ſo he does: and I will tell you, too, his legs are well made, he acts well, and very long parts; he delivers himſelf with the moſt winning eaſe and dignity: but is he the only agreeable perſon of his profeſſion? or is his profeſſion, indeed, the nobleſt and moſt honourable in the world? However, Roſcius is not for you: he is another's; or, if he were not, he is pre-engaged. Claudia † waits his being diſguſted with Meſſalina ‡. Take Bathyllus ‖, then, Lelia; where will you find, I do not ſay among the gentlemen, whom you deſpiſe, but among the very players, one to compare with him for a ſpring or a caper? Or what think you of Cobus ⸸ the tumbler, who whirls himſelf quite round in the air before he lights upon the ground? But, perhaps, you know that he is old; and for Bathyllus, you ſay, that the crowd about him is ſtill too great; he refuſes more Women than he gratifies. Well, then, you ſhall have Draco ⸸⸸; none of all his profeſſion ſwells a pair of cheeks with ſo much decency as he does when he makes the flute, the hautboy, or the flagelet, ſpeak; for it is an infinite number of inſtruments that he is ſkilled in: then he is ſo comical, that he ſets all the Women and children a-laughing. Who eats or drinks more at a meal than Draco? He drinks down the whole

* Madame de la Ferté. † The Ducheſs of Bouillon.
‡ The Marſhal de la Ferté's lady. ‖ Precourt.
⸸ Beauchamp. ⸸⸸ Filbert.

company, and then triumphs over them in an inſulting bumper. You ſigh, Lelia: is it becauſe Draco is fixt in his choice, and thus you are unfortunately prevented? is he at laſt engaged to Ceſonia *, who has ſo long purſued him, and for whom ſhe has ſacrificed ſuch a train of lovers, I may ſafely ſay, all the flower of Rome? To Ceſonia, who is herſelf of a Patrician family; Ceſonia! ſo young, ſo beautiful, and ſo grave! Well, I heartily pity you, Lelia, ſince you, I ſee, have caught the contagion which ſets our Roman ladies a-madding after theſe public men, as they are called; whoſe calling expoſes them to common view: what courſe will you take, then, ſince the beſt of that kind are foreſtalled? However, Brontes the executioner is ſtill left; he is a public man, and every body talks of his ſtrength and dexterity: then he is ſwarthy as a Negro, and a brawny, broad ſhouldered fellow.

Women of the world look on a gardener as a gardener, and a maſon as a maſon: your recluſe ladies look on a maſon as a man, and a gardener as a man. Any thing is a temptation to them who fear it.

Some ladies † are benefactors to the church as well as to their lovers; and being both gallant and charitable, are provided with ſeats or pews within the rails of the altar, where they read their *billets doux*, and where, for any thing you can ſee of them, you would think their hearts in heaven.

* Madame de Bouillon. † The Ducheſs of Aumont.

What is a *directed* Woman, as they call it? Is ſhe more dutiful to her huſband, kinder to her ſervants, more careful of her domeſtic concerns, more ſincere and zealous for her friends? is ſhe leſs a ſlave to her humour, leſs governed by intereſt, and leſs fond of worldly enjoyments? I do not aſk if ſhe makes large preſents to her children that have no need of them, but if, having wealth enough and to ſpare, ſhe furniſhes them with neceſſaries, and gives them their due? Is there leſs of ſelf-love and coldneſs to others in her? is ſhe more detached from ſeducing objects? No, ſay you, ſhe is nothing of all this. I inſiſt upon it, tell me then what is this *directed* Woman? Oh! I underſtand you; ſhe is a Woman under a director.

If the confeſſor and director * cannot agree about the rule of conduct, what third perſon ſhall a Woman take to be arbitrator?

It much leſs concerns a Woman to provide herſelf with a director, than to live ſo as not to need one.

If a Woman ſhould tell her confeſſor, among her other weakneſſes, that which ſhe has for her director, and the time ſhe miſpends in his company, perhaps ſhe might be enjoined leaving her director for pennance.

Would I had the liberty of crying out to thoſe ſanctimonious men who have formerly ſuffered by Women, Fly from Women; do not

* Prieſts or Friars who intrude themſelves into families, and take upon them to give directions for the conduct of their lives.

you direct them, there is danger; let others take care of their salvation.

It is too much to have a wife both a coquette and a bigot; one of these qualities will give the poor husband trouble enough.

I have deferred it a long time, but after all my struggles it must out, and I hope my freedom may be of some service to those ladies who, not having enough of a confessor to instruct them, are inadvertent in the choice of their directors. I am amazed at some people that shall be nameless: I gaze with wonder on them: they speak, and I listen; then I inquire, and am told certain matters: I ruminate on them; yet after all cannot I comprehend for my life how these people, who to me appear the very reverse of reason, sense, experience of the world, knowledge of mankind, even of religion and morality; how, I say, they can presume that Heaven should in their persons renew in our days the miracles of the Apostleship, in making such witless, mean-spirited, ignorant wretches capable of the ministry of souls; which of all offices is at once the noblest and the most critical. But if, on the contrary, they fancy themselves born for a function so arduous and peculiar, and persuade themselves that in undertaking it they do but exercise their natural talents, as in some ordinary calling; this, I confess, is to me still more incomprehensible.

I see very well, it is the satisfaction of being privy to the secrets of families, of being ne-

ceſſary in bringing about reconciliations, of being intruſted with commiſſions, or helping ſervants to places; it is the pleaſure of finding all doors open to them at noblemen's houſes, of eating frequently at good tables, of being carried up and down the town in a fine coach, of excurſions to delicious country-ſeats, of ſeeing perſons of rank and quality concern themſelves in their life and health, and of procuring for others and themſelves all worldly conveniencies; nothing is plainer than that for the ſake of theſe things only they aſſume the ſpecious and venerable pretence of the care of ſouls; theſe are the views which have propagated that infinite ſwarm of *Directors*.

Devotion, with ſome, but eſpecially Women, is either a paſſion, or an infirmity of age, or a faſhion which muſt be followed. Formerly they reckoned the week by the ſeveral days of gaming, of going to the play, the concert, the maſquerade, or ſome ludicrous ſermon. On Mondays they loſt their money at Iſmena's, on Tueſdays their time at Climene's, and on Wedneſdays their reputation at Cilimene's; they knew over night what was to be done the next morning: thus enjoying at once the preſent and the future pleaſure, they only wiſhed that it were but poſſible to unite them both in one day: nothing troubled them, nothing grieved them, but that when they were at the opera they could not be the ſame moment at the play. But admire the reformation: now they are extravagant in their auſterity and retire-

ment, ſo demure, they hardly open their eyes, or make any uſe of their ſenſes, and, what is moſt ſtrange, but little of their tongue; and ſtill they think as well of themſelves as ill of others: they emulate each other's virtue and reformation with a kind of acrimony: the pride of pre-eminence continues ſtill in this new courſe of life, which reigned in that which now is thrown aſide, but out of policy or laſſitude. Their intriguing, luxury, and ſloth, damned them before very ſportively; now their haughtineſs, and envy, and rancour, damn them as ſurely, though not ſo merrily.

Hermas, ſhould I marry a ſtingy Woman, ſhe will be ſure not to ruin me: if a gameſter, ſhe may enrich me: if a ſcholar, ſhe will be able to inſtruct me: or, if a preciſian, ſhe will not be paſſionate: or a ſhrew, ſhe will exerciſe my patience: or a coquette, ſhe will endeavour to pleaſe me: or a Woman of gallantry, ſhe will perhaps be ſo gallant as to love me in my turn. But ſuppoſe it be a devotee; then tell me, Hermas, what ought I to expect from her who would deceive Heaven, and who really deceives herſelf?

A Woman is eaſily governed, if a man takes her in hand. One man often governs a great many; he cultivates their mind, exerciſes their memory, determines their religion, and undertakes even to regulate their very heart. They neither approve nor diſapprove, commend or condemn, till they have conſulted his countenance. He is the confident of their joys, their griefs, their deſires, their jealouſies, their aver-

ſions, and their amours. He makes them break with their gallants, embroils and reconciles them with their huſbands, and makes his advantage of the intervals. He takes care of their concerns, ſolicits their law-ſuits, and attends the judges for them; recommends their phyſician, tradeſmen and workmen. He takes upon him to provide them lodgings, to direct the furniture, and every part of their equipage: he is ſeen with them in their coaches, and at the walks, as well as in their pew at church, and their box at the play. He makes the ſame viſits with them, waits on them to the bath, the wells, and in their country jaunts. The beſt apartment at their ſeats is aſſigned to him. He grows old without any declenſion of his authority: having a little wit, and a great deal of leiſure to ſquander away, he wants nothing more to ſupport it. The children, the heirs, the daughter-in law, the niece, the ſervants, are all at his beck. He began by making himſelf eſteemed, and ends by making himſelf feared. This old and neceſſary friend dies at laſt without being regreted, and ten or a dozen Women, over whom he tyrannized, recover their liberty by his death.

Some Women have endeavoured to conceal their conduct under a modeſt exterior, but the moſt which any have got by the beſt-acted diſſimulation has been to have it ſaid, *One would have taken her for a Veſtal.*

It is a deciſive proof that a Woman has a fair and eſtabliſhed reputation, when it is not

blemiſhed by the familiarity of thoſe who do not reſemble her; and when, with all the propenſity of the world to make defamatory conſtructions, they are forced to have recourſe to a very different reaſon for this intimacy than that of a ſimilarity of manners.

An actor overdoes his parts: a poet exaggerates in his deſcriptions: a painter, who draws from life, heightens the paſſion, the contraſt, and the attitudes; and he that copies him, unleſs he meaſures the dimenſions and proportions, will make his figures too big, and the whole piece unequal to the original. Thus prudery is an awkward imitation of virtue.

There is a falſe modeſty which is vanity; a falſe glory which is levity; a falſe grandeur which is meanneſs; a falſe virtue which is hypocriſy; and a falſe wiſdom which is prudery.

The prude is all ſhow and words, the whole deportment of the wiſe Woman is of a piece. One follows humour and conſtitution, the other reaſon and her heart: one is preciſe and auſtere, the other is on all occaſions exactly what ſhe ought to be. The firſt hides failings under a plauſible outſide, the ſecond covers a rich treaſure of virtues under a free and natural carriage. Prudery ſhackles the mind, yet does not hide age or wrinkles, but often implies them: wiſdom, on the contrary, leſſens the defects of the body, and ennobles the mind: it renders youth more amiable, and beauty more dangerous.

Why ſhould men be blamed, becauſe Wo-

men have no learning? What laws, what edicts, prohibit them from opening their eyes, from reading, remembering, or introducing what they have read in their writings or converſations? Is not, on the contrary, this ignorance of theirs owing to a cuſtom founded by themſelves, through the weakneſs of their conſtitution, indolence, or giddineſs, or care of their beauty; or through a genius and fondneſs for needle-work? or it may be derived from a natural averſion to all ſerioufneſs and difficulty; from a curioſity ſpending itſelf in traſh, or from domeſtic avocations. But whatever be the cauſe to which men are obliged for this ignorance of the Women, it certainly makes for their happineſs that Women, having the pre-eminence in ſo many things, are in this important article inferior.

A Woman with learning * we look on as we do on fine arms: the workmanſhip is maſterly, the poliſh exquiſite; but then they are only fit to adorn a cloſet, to be ſhown to connoiſſeurs; being of no more ſervice either in war or hunting than a riding-horſe, though trained up to perfection.

Where I find learning and wiſdom united in any one perſon, I never mind the ſex, but admire; and if you tell me that a wiſe Woman ſeldom minds learning, and a learned Woman thinks wiſdom as little worth her thoughts, it is a ſign you have forgot what you have juſt now read, that women were alienated

* Madame Scudery.

from ſcience by certain natural defects. Now, do you judge yourſelf, if they who have the feweſt defects are not moſt likely to be the wiſeſt; and, conſequently, a wiſe Woman bids faireſt for learning; and a learned Woman could never be ſuch without having overcome a great many defects, which is the very beſt proof of her wiſdom.

To maintain a neutrality when two Women, who are equally our friends, fall out, though we are not at all concerned in the rupture, is a nice point; we muſt generally ſide with one, or loſe both.

There are Women in the world who love their money better than their friends, yet their lovers better than their money.

It is amazing that there ſhould be paſſions in ſome Women ſtronger and more violent than that of their love to men, I mean ambition and play. Such Women keep men chaſte, and have nothing of their own ſex but the dreſs.

Women are all in extremes: they are either better or worſe than men.

Moſt Women have no principles: they are led by their paſſions, and frame their manners by thoſe whom they love.

Women exceed the generality of men in love: but men make the beſt friends.

Men are the occaſion that Women do not love one another.

Mocking is catching. Lyce being a little upon the decline, by ridiculing a young Woman makes herſelf frightful: by the grimaces

and diſtortions of her mimicry ſhe is now grown ſo horribly ugly, that the perſon whom ſhe mocks cannot have a better foil.

In the City many idiots, both men and Women, are accounted to have ſome wit: at Court they will have it, that many who really have wit are no better than dolts. Theſe laſt hypercritics will hardly allow a beautiful Woman to have as much wit as the reſt of her ſex.

A man keeps another perſon's ſecret better than his own; a Woman, on the contrary, keeps her ſecret though ſhe blabs all others.

Let love ſeem never ſo violent, and ſo entirely to poſſeſs the heart of a young Woman, ambition and intereſt will find a place in it.

There is a time when the greateſt fortunes ought to marry; they ſeldom ſlight the firſt opportunity but it coſts them a long repentance; the reputation of their fortune ſeems to lower as their beauty decays. On the contrary, every thing is favourable to the young of that ſex, even mens' imagination, attributing to them every charm, every accompliſhment in nature, to render them ſtill more deſirable.

To how many Women has a great beauty been of no more ſervice than to make them expect a great fortune?

Lovers who have been ill uſed have their revenge at laſt: they commonly ſee their miſtreſſes, though beautiful, throw away themſelves on ugly, old, or undeſerving huſbands.

Moſt Women judge of the merit and mien of a perſon by what impreſſion they make on

them, and very rarely allow either to thoſe who are indifferent to them.

He who is anxious to know whether the marks of age appear on him, needs only conſult the eyes of any fair one, and mind her voice as ſhe talks with him; there he will learn what he fears to know! but this is a harſh ſchool!

The Woman conſtantly fixing her eyes on one particular perſon, or always turning them from him, makes us conclude one and the ſame thing of her.

Women are at little trouble to tell what they do not feel: men are at leſs to expreſs what they really do feel.

Sometimes it happens that a Woman conceals from a man the paſſion ſhe has for him, while he only feigns the paſſion he profeſſes for her.

Suppoſe a man indifferent, but who deſigns to perſuade a Woman of a paſſion which is not in him; the queſtion is, whether it is not more eaſy for him to deceive a Woman who loves him, than one to whom he is indifferent?

A man may deceive a Woman by a feigned paſſion, but then he muſt have a real one for any other.

A man, for the preſent, ſtorms and rails at a Woman who has diſmiſſed him, and quickly forgets the loſs. The concern of a Woman is not ſo outrageous, but more laſting.

Idleneſs in Women is cured either by vanity or love, though in the ſprightly it is the ſymptom of love.

It is certain that a Woman * who writes with warmth is agitated, though it is not ſo that ſhe loves. A deep and tender paſſion inclines more to dejection and ſilence; and for a Woman who is no longer her own, it ſeems to be more for her intereſt to be well aſſured of her lover's affection, than to be too forward to convince him of her own.

Glycera does not love her own ſex; ſhe hates their converſation, and ſhuns their viſits; ſhe orders herſelf to be denied to them, and often to her male friends, who are not many; and theſe ſhe makes to know their diſtance, and allows them nothing beyond the pureſt friendſhip; is uneaſy with them, anſwers them in monoſyllables, and ſeems to long to get rid of them. She affects to be alone and unſociable at her own houſe; her gate is more ſtrictly guarded, and her chamber more inacceſſible, than a miniſter of ſtate; that of a Corinna alone is admitted at all hours, embraced a thouſand times, careſſed and whiſpered to, though they are alone in the cloſet; there is ſuch attention given to all ſhe ſays, that both ears are hardly ſufficient to liſten to her diſcourſe; ſhe is aſſured again and again, that every body elſe is troubleſome, and is let into every thing, though nothing is new to her, ſhe being confident of both parties. Sometimes Glycera is to be ſeen abroad at the ball, the Theatre, the walks; ſometimes alone in a chair

* Madame de Villedieu.

on the way to the Grand Fauxbourg, where ſhe has a delicious garden, or at Canidia's door, who profeſſes ſo many rare ſecrets, who promiſes ſecond huſbands to young wives, with the time, and all other circumſtances. She appears commonly in night-clothes, looſe and negligent, in a plain *deſhabille*, without ſtays, and in ſlippers; ſhe is charming in this dreſs, and wants nothing but a little colour. It is obſerved, though, that ſhe wears a very curious claſp, which ſhe takes ſpecial care to conceal from her huſband's eyes; him ſhe cajoles, careſſes, and every day invents ſome new, pretty appellations; has no other bed but that of her dear *Pigſney*, and would not ly from him for the world. The morning ſhe ſpends at her toilet, and in writing ſome indiſpenſible billets; a ſervant enters, and ſpeaks to her in private; it is Parmeno, her favourite, whom ſhe upholds againſt his maſter's averſion, and his fellow ſervants' envy. He deſerves it indeed, for who delivers a meſſage, or brings an anſwer, better than Parmeno? who has a greater gift of ſecreſy? who opens a private door with leſs noiſe? who is a better guide up the back ſtairs, or more cleverly conveys the perſon down again the ſame way?

I cannot conceive how a huſband, who gives himſelf up to his humour and freaks, who, far from concealing his ill qualities, ſhows himſelf in the worſt light, is covetous, ſlovenly, and ſurly; I cannot conceive, I ſay, how ſuch a man can hope to preſerve the heart of a young

Woman from the intruſions of a gallant who employs dreſs, magnificence, complaiſance, care, aſſiduity, preſents, and flattery, to win her.

A huſband ſeldom has a rival who is not of his own making, and whom he does not, as it were, preſent to his wife; he is always praiſing his handſomeneſs, his fine teeth; he receives his viſits, and encourages his civilities, and, next to the produce of his own ground, nothing reliſhes ſo well with him as the fowl and fruit his friend ſends him. He makes a treat, and ſays to his gueſts, Let me recommend this to you; it is from Leander, and coſt me nothing but thanks.

There is a certain lady who ſeems to have buried her huſband before his time; that is, he is not ſo much as mentioned in the world; it is doubted whether ſuch a man is alive or no. In the family he is a cipher, and of no uſe, except it be to ſet a pattern of implicit ſubmiſſion and timid ſilence. Jointure and ſettlement do not belong to him. Indeed were it not for that, and not lying-in, one would almoſt take him for the wife, and her for the huſband; they may be a quarter of a year in the houſe together without any danger of meeting one another; they are only neighbours. He pays the cook for the materials, but the treat is in my lady's apartment; they have nothing in common, neither bed nor board. They have not ſo much as the ſame name; they live after the Roman and Greek manner. She keeps her name and he his; and it is not

before being initiated into the ſecret hiſtory of the Town that one comes to know at laſt that Mr B* and Madam L† have been man and wife theſe twenty years.

There are ſome wives who, without intriguing, lead their huſbands moſt wretched lives with their high birth, kindred, fortune, beauty, merit, and even with what ſome people call virtue.

There are few wives ſo perfect as not to give their huſbands cauſe once a day to repent of marriage, or at leaſt to envy the unmarried.

Silent, ſtupid grief is out of faſhion. Women now a-days are very garrulous in their ſorrow; they are ſo overwhelmed with their huſbands' death that they do not forget to tell you every particular circumſtance of his perſon and behaviour.

Is it an impoſſibility for a man to find out the art of making his wife love him?

The inſenſible Woman is ſhe who has not yet ſeen the perſon whom ſhe is to love.

In Smyrna lived a young lady of extraordinary beauty, called *Emira*, who was yet more celebrated for the ſeverity of her manners; and, above all, an invincible indifference towards all men, whom, as ſhe ſaid, ſhe beheld without any danger, or any other emotions than when with her female friends or her brothers: ſhe could not believe the thouſandth part of all the follies which were fathered upon Love; and thoſe

* Preſident de Boquemare. † Madame Doſambra.

which ſhe ſaw herſelf ſeemed to her unaccountable. Friendſhip was the only thing of which ſhe had any idea, and that ſhe firſt experienced towards a young and beautiful perſon of her own ſex. She found in her friendſhip ſuch a ſweet complacency, that her only ſtudy was to continue and improve it; never imagining that any other inclination could ariſe which ſhould abate her value of that eſteem and confidence in which ſhe now exulted. All her talk was of *Euphroſina*, the name of that dear faithful friend, and Euphroſina and ſhe were the table-talk of their city; their friendſhip became a proverb. Emira had two brothers, both ſo young and handſome, that all the Women of Smyrna were in love with them, and whom ſhe loved herſelf as became a ſiſter. One of the prieſts of Jupiter, who had acceſs to her father's houſe, raviſhed with her beauty, ventured to declare his paſſion to her, but came off only with diſdain. An old man who, relying on his rank and eſtate, had the ſame aſſurance, met with a like repulſe. She triumphed in this, and vaunted her inſenſibility towards her brothers, a prieſt, and an old man; but Heaven reſerved ſeverer trials for her; yet theſe had no other effect but to confirm her vanity, and inhance her reputation of being a perſon ſuperior to love. Of three lovers whom her charms had ſucceſſively gained, and whoſe paſſions ſhe calmly heard and ſlighted, the firſt, in an amorous tranſport, ſtabbed himſelf at her feet; the ſecond, in deſpair, went to

ſeek his death in the wars of Crete; and the third ended his days in a miſerable languiſhment and diſtraction. The man that was to revenge all theſe had not yet appeared. The old ſpark, who was ſo unfortunate in his amours, was cured at length, by reflecting on his age, and on the character of the perſon to whom he made his addreſſes. However, he was deſirous to viſit her ſometimes, and had her permiſſion. One day he carried along with him his ſon, a youth of a charming aſpect, and a carriage full of dignity. She beheld him with ſome diſcompoſure; but as he obſerved a ſilence in the preſence of his father, ſhe made a diſadvantageous judgment of his wit, and could have wiſhed he had more. He ſaw her afterwards alone, when he gave a looſe to his tongue, and with delicate wit; but looking little at her, and talking to her about herſelf and her beauty, ſhe conceived ſome indignation that a man of ſo much beauty and wit ſhould be ſo void of gallantry. Her friend had expreſſed a deſire to ſee him, and was preſent at his next viſit: then it was for Euphroſina only that he had eyes and a tongue. At this the inſenſible Emira kindled into jealouſy; ſhe perceived that Cteſiphon ſpoke no more than his real ſentiments, and that he not only was capable of gallantry, but of tenderneſs. This cooled her towards her friend, yet is ſhe deſirous to ſee them together once more. The ſecond interview increaſed her fears; her ſuſpicion was turned into certainty. She now

ſhuns Euphroſina, ſhe no longer ſees in her that merit which charmed her before; ſhe loſes all reliſh of her converſation, ſhe loves her no longer; and this alteration made her ſenſible that love had diſpoſſeſſed friendſhip of her heart. Cteſiphon and Euphroſina ſee one another every day. A marriage is concerted; they are married. The news ſpreads about the town, and is talked of the more for its rarity, that two perſons are married to thoſe they love. Emira hears of it, flies into a flame; ſhe then feels to what height her paſſion is grown; ſhe viſits Euphroſina again, only for the pleaſure of one ſight of Cteſiphon: but that young huſband has not yet laid aſide the lover, and in a new wife ſtill finds all the charms of a miſtreſs, looks on Emira but as the acquaintance of her that is dear to him. This completes the lady's misfortune; ſhe can take no reſt, refuſes all ſuſtenance, her body is attenuated, and her mind convulſed; ſhe miſtakes her brother for Cteſiphon, and ſpeaks to him as a lover; ſhe recollects herſelf, and bluſhes for her error, yet relapſes into greater, for which ſhe does not bluſh, nor is ſenſible of them. Now ſhe fears men, but now it is too late; that is her diſtraction. She has her lucid intervals, but reaſon aggravates her miſery. So wretched is her condition, that the youth of Smyrna, proud and inſenſible as ſhe was, thinks her too ſeverely puniſhed.

OF THE HEART.

PURE Friendſhip is ſomething which none can truly taſte but thoſe of warm paſſions and a refined genius.

There may be a Friendſhip betwixt perſons of different ſexes, without any ſenſuality; yet a woman always looks upon a man as a man, and ſo will a man ſtill look upon a woman as a woman. This connection is neither pure Love nor pure Friendſhip. It is ſomething *ſui generis.*

Love ſeizes on us ſuddenly, without giving warning, and our diſpoſition or our weakneſs favours the ſurpriſe. One look, one glance, from the fair, fixes and determines us. Friendſhip, on the contrary, is a long time in forming, it is of ſlow growth, through many trials and months of familiarity. How much wit, good nature, indulgencies; how many good offices and civilities are required among friends, to accompliſh in ſome years what a lovely face or a fine hand does in a minute?

Time, which ſtrengthens Friendſhip, weakens Love.

Love, whilſt it laſts, ſubſiſts of itſelf, and ſometimes by thoſe very means which ſhould ſeem rather to extinguiſh it, caprice, diſdain, cruelty, abſence, jealouſy. Friendſhip, on the contrary, ſtands in need of all helps, attention, confidence, and complaiſance; if not ſupplied with theſe it expires.

It is not ſo hard to meet with Love in exceſs, as with perfect Friendſhip.

Love and Friendſhip exclude each other.

He who has experienced a violent Love neglects Friendſhip; and he who has gone far in Friendſhip is no adventurer in Love.

Love begins with Love. No ardent paſſion ever immediately ſucceeds a warm Friendſhip.

Nothing more reſembles a ſtrong Friendſhip than thoſe acquaintances which we cultivate for the intereſt of our Love.

We never love heartily but once, and that is the firſt time we love. Succeeding inclinations are leſs involuntary.

Sudden Love is the lateſt cured.

Love, that grows ſlowly and gradually, is too like Friendſhip ever to be a violent paſſion.

He who loves to that degree that he wiſhes he were able to love a thouſand times more than he does, yields in Love to none but to him who loves more than he could wiſh.

If I ſhould grant that, in the ebullitions of a violent paſſion, one may love another better than himſelf, who ſhould I moſt oblige, the lovers or the miſtreſſes?

Men are ſometimes inclinable enough to be in Love, but cannot ſucceed in their deſire; ſeek all occaſions of being conquered, but ſtill eſcape. If I may be allowed the expreſſion, they are forced to continue free.

The couple who love too violently at firſt contribute each of them to their loving one another leſs in a ſhort time, and at length to

their hating one another. Who has the greateſt ſhare in this rupture, the man or the woman, is not an eaſy deciſion. The women accuſe the men of being wild and roving; and the men ſay, women are giddy and fickle.

As nice as we are in Love, we pardon more faults in Love than in Friendſhip.

It is a ſweet revenge to him that loves paſſionately, when his conſtancy in a ſubmiſſive Love to an ungrateful miſtreſs makes her appear to the world extremely ungrateful.

It is but an unpleaſant thing to love, when we have not a fortune large enough to render thoſe we love as happy as they themſelves can deſire.

The woman who makes no return to our preſent paſſion, whatever important ſervices ſhe may afterwards do us in the reſidue of life, will hardly meet with proper gratitude.

A warm gratitude denotes a great eſteem and affection for the perſon by whom we have been obliged.

To be but in company of thoſe we love ſatisfies us: it does not ſignify whether we ſpeak to them or not, whether we think on them or on indifferent things; to be near them is all.

Hatred is not ſo remote from Friendſhip as is antipathy.

Antipathy has been ſometimes ſeen to change into Love, but very rarely into Friendſhip.

We make a deliberate confidence of our ſecret in Friendſhip, but in Love it eſcapes from us.

It is poſſible to have ſome people's confidence, and yet not to have their Hearts: he who has the Heart has no need of confidence; every thing is open to him.

In Friendſhip we only ſee the faults which may be prejudicial to our friends: in thoſe we love we diſcern no faults but thoſe by which we ourſelves ſuffer.

The firſt diſguſt in Love, as the firſt fault in Friendſhip, is the only one of which we are able to make a good uſe.

If a ſuſpicion that is unjuſt, fantaſtical, and groundleſs, has been called Jealouſy, methinks that other jealouſy which is juſt, natural, and founded on reaſon and experience, deſerves ſome other name.

It is not always a great paſſion which is the cauſe of jealouſy; our natural temper has no ſmall ſhare in it; yet it is a paradox for a violent Love not to be exceptious.

Our touchineſs often diſturbs none but ourſelves: jealouſy makes us not only uneaſy to ourſelves, but diſturbs others.

Thoſe women who, while they are not at the pains of diſſembling with us, are not ſparing to give us all occaſions of jealouſy, ſhould not incur our jealouſy, if we regulated ourſelves rather by their ſentiments and conduct, than by our own affections.

The coldneſs and ebbs which happen in Friendſhip have their cauſes; in Love there is hardly any other cauſe for our ceaſing to love but that we have been loved to exceſs.

It is no more in our power to love always, than it was not to love.

Love receives its death's wound from Diſguſt, and Forgetfulneſs buries it.

We are ſenſible of the beginning and declenſion of Love by our perplexity when alone.

To ceaſe from loving is a ſenſible proof that man is limited, and that the Heart has its bounds.

It is a weakneſs to love: it is ſometimes another weakneſs to attempt the cure of it.

We are cured of that juſt as we are comforted of our afflictions: the Heart has not wherewithal always to grieve, or always to love.

There ought to be in the Heart inexhauſtible ſources of grief for ſome loſſes. It is ſeldom that, either by virtue or force of mind, we overcome a great affliction: we weep bitterly, and are ſenſibly touched; but at length we are either ſo weak, or ſo inconſtant, that we wipe our tears, are comforted, and ſmile.

When an ugly woman is beloved, it muſt certainly be very deſperately; for either it muſt proceed from a ſtrange weakneſs in her lover, or from ſome more ſecret and forcible charms than thoſe of beauty.

Viſits are kept up for a good while out of cuſtom and ceremony, and they ſtill profeſs they love, after their behaviour has long declared that all Love is over with them.

To endeavour to forget any one is the certain way to think of nothing elſe. Love has this in common with ſcruples, that it is exaſ-

perated by the reflections uſed to free us from them. If it were practicable, the only way to extinguiſh our paſſion is never to think on it.

We would have it in our power that thoſe whom we love might receive all their good, or elſe all their ill, fortune from our hands.

To be deprived of the perſon we love is a happineſs in compariſon of living with one we hate.

How diſintereſted ſoever we may be in reſpect of thoſe we love, we muſt ſometimes conſtrain ourſelves for their ſakes, and have the generoſity to accept.

Let him accept who is touched with as delicate a pleaſure in accepting as his friend in giving.

To give is to act; we are not to be paſſive, to have our benefits extorted from us by the importunity or neceſſity of ſupplicants.

If at any time we have been liberal to thoſe we loved, whatever happens afterwards, we ought by no means to reflect on our benefits.

It has been ſaid in Latin, that it coſts leſs to hate than to love; or, if you will, that Friendſhip is more chargeable than hatred. It is true, we are excuſed from liberality to our enemies; but is a man at no coſt to revenge himſelf? or, if it is ſo ſweet and natural to do ill to thoſe we hate, is it leſs pleaſing or leſs natural to do good to thoſe we love? would it not be an extreme pain to us not to do ſo?

There is a pleaſure to meet the eyes of a perſon whom we have lately obliged.

I do not know whether a benefit conferred on an ungrateful, and, conſequently, on an unworthy, perſon, known to be ſuch, does not change its name, and whether it deſerves any acknowledgment.

Liberality conſiſts not ſo much in giving a great deal, as in giving ſeaſonably.

If it be true that benevolence and compaſſion are a regard to ourſelves, as we are apprehenſive of being ſome time or other in the ſame circumſtances with the unfortunate, how comes it, then, that in their miſery we ſo ſeldom relieve them?

It is better to expoſe ourſelves to ingratitude, than to be wanting to the diſtreſſed.

Experience evidences, that indulgence to ourſelves, and obduracy to others, are but one and the ſame vice.

The churliſh, moyling, penurious man, who ſhows no mercy to himſelf, if he is indulgent to others, it is by an exuberance of reaſon.

Though the charge of maintaining an indigent perſon may be very burthenſome to us, yet a happy turn, which puts him out of his dependence on us, gives us no great pleaſure. Our joy at the preferment of a friend is ſomething abated by a little ſort of grudge to ſee him our ſuperior or equal. Thus we have many contrarieties in us. We would have others dependent on us, but to coſt us nothing: we would have our friends proſperous, yet when their good fortune comes, we are not very ſanguine in our exultation.

For people to make invitations to their houſe and table, or offers of their fortune and ſervices, is nothing: to be as good as their word is all the expence and difficulty.

One faithful friend is enough for one's ſelf, and it is much to meet with ſuch a one; yet we cannot have too many for the ſake of others.

When we have done ſo much for any one as in all reaſon ſhould gain his friendſhip, and we ſtill find it in vain, the recourſe is, even to give over doing.

To live with our enemies as thoſe who one day may be our friends, and to live with our friends as thoſe who ſome time or other may become our enemies, equally contradicts the nature of hatred and the rules of friendſhip. It may be a good maxim in policy, but is a deteſtable one in morality.

We ought not to make thoſe our enemies who, being better known, we may be glad to have in the number of our friends. We ought to make choice of perſons of ſuch honour for our friends as, if they ſhould ever ceaſe to be ſo, will not abuſe our confidence, nor give us cauſe to fear them as enemies.

To viſit our friends when we do it from inclination and eſteem, gives a generous delight; but it is a torture to attend them out of intereſt. It is ſoliciting.

It is more allowable to uſe artifice to gain the affection of thoſe to whom we wiſh well, than of thoſe from whom we have expectations of advantage.

We do not purſue preferment with the eagerneſs that we do trifles, or gewgaws of fancy. Our imagination ſuggeſts to us a kind of liberty in following our whimſies; and, on the contrary, a kind of ſlavery in labouring after a fortune. It is natural to deſire it very much; and to take little pains in the acquiſition: in ſhort, to think we deſerve it without ſeeking for it.

He who can wait for what he deſires, takes the courſe not to be exceſſively grieved if he fails of it. He, on the contrary, who labours after a thing too impatiently, thinks the ſucceſs, when it comes, is not a recompenſe equal to all the pains he has been at about it.

Some ſo ardently and paſſionately deſire a thing, that out of fear of loſing it they run into meaſures which infallibly makes them loſe it.

Thoſe things which were moſt deſired never happen at all, or do not happen at the juncture, or circumſtances, when they would have been moſt welcome.

We muſt laugh before we are happy, or elſe we may die before we ever laugh at all.

If we cannot be accounted to live, but at ſuch times as we enjoy ourſelves, I am afraid life will be found to be very ſhort; ſince, if we were only to reckon the hours which we paſs agreeably, a great number of years would not make up a life of a few months.

How difficult is it to be pleaſed with any one!

Should ſuch an ill man die, we could not

help finding ſome ſort of pleaſure in his death; we ſhould then enjoy the fruit of our hatred, and that pleaſure is all the good we can hope for from him. He dies, but at a juncture when our intereſt will not permit us to rejoice; in ſhort, he dies either too ſoon or too late.

It is hard for a haughty man ever to forgive one that has caught him in a fault, and whom he knows has reaſon to complain of him: his reſentment never ſubſides till he has regained the advantage he loſt, and found means to make the other do him equal wrong.

As our affection increaſes towards thoſe to whom we are kind, ſo we violently hate thoſe whom we have extremely offended.

It is as difficult to ſtifle the reſentment of an injury at firſt, as to retain it after many years.

It is weakneſs which makes us hate an enemy and ſeek revenge, and it is lazineſs that pacifies us, and diverts us from it.

It is from lazineſs as much as from weakneſs that we ſuffer ourſelves to be governed.

There is no thinking of governing a man all at once, and without ſome preparation, in an affair which, perhaps, may be of the laſt importance to him or his; he would then be aware of the aſcendency you deſigned to gain over him; he would throw off the yoke out of ſhame or indignation. No; tamper with him firſt in little matters, ſo you will make a fool of him in the greateſt. Some, who at firſt have had no greater influence over a man

than, perhaps, of making him leave the town or country a day or two before his time, at length have arrived to that power as to preſcribe him what he ſhould do in his will, and make him diſinherit his only ſon.

To govern any one abſolutely, and for a long time, it is neceſſary to carry a light hand, and to let him feel his dependence as little as poſſible.

Some people ſuffer themſelves to be governed to a certain length; beyond that they are intractable: there is no hold to be taken of them; neither rough nor gentle means, force nor addreſs, can reduce them: yet with this difference, that ſome are ſo from reaſon and honour, and others by humour and conſtitution.

There are ſome men who turn the deaf ear to reaſon and friendly counſel, and play the fool of their own heads, purely for fear of being governed.

There are others who yield to be governed by their friends in indifferent things, and from thence preſume a right to govern them again in matters of moment.

Drances* would fain paſs for one that rules

* The Count de Tonnerre, firſt Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the late Duke of Orleans. It is ſaid, that a Count of this houſe having been greatly inſtrumental in reſtoring Pope Caliſtus XI. in 1123, that pope gave him for arms two keys, *Argent*, in *Salter;* and when a Count of this houſe happens to be at Rome at the coronation of a pope, inſtead of kiſſing his feet, as the moſt illuſtrious perſons do, he ſtands aſide, and, drawing his word, ſays, *Etſi omnes, ego non.* However that be, certain

his maſter, though his maſter and the world know better For a ſervant to talk to a man of quality inceſſantly, at improper times and places, to be always whiſpering, or ſpeaking in myſterious terms, to laugh out in his preſence, to interrupt him, to interfere in his diſcourſe with others, to treat with contempt thoſe who come to pay their court to his maſter, to expreſs an impatience till they are gone, to ſeat himſelf next him, and in a poſture of too great freedom, to pluck him by the ſleeve, to tread upon his heels; in fine, to affect a familiarity, and to take theſe liberties, are ſigns of a coxcomb rather than a favourite.

A wiſe man neither ſuffers himſelf to be governed, nor attempts to govern others. He would have reaſon to govern univerſally.

Had I a friend a man of reaſon, in whom I might confide, I ſhould not be againſt delivering up myſelf entirely to his conduct; I ſhould then be ſure to do well, without the pains of

it is that the deſcendants are ſo intoxicated with the antiquity and ſplendor thereof, that they look upon all others as citizens and farmers. One of them, the Biſhop of Noyon, having talked at this rate of the family of Harlay, and going to dine with the Preſident Harlay, who had been informed of it, he declined it, ſaying, that to entertain a perſon of his quality was above ſuch a petty Cit as himſelf. The Biſhop anſwering, that he had ſent his coach away, the Preſident ſent him away in his; which occaſioned a good deal of merriment at Court. Upon the death of Harlay, the Archbiſhop of Paris, being deſired by the clergy to preach his funeral ſermon, he anſwered, the ſubject was too barren; which inſulting anſwer coming to the King's ears, he ordered him away to his dioceſe, where he died.

deliberating, and ſhould enjoy all the tranquillity of a perſon who is governed by reaſon.

All our paſſions are hypocritical, and fond of the maſk; not only ſtriving to conceal themſelves from others, but from our own diſcernment. There is no vice which has not a falſe reſemblance of ſome virtue or other, and which does often trick itſelf up in falſe colours.

We open a book of devotion, and it moves us; we open a book of gallantry, and that too makes its impreſſion. Shall I ſay it? the Heart alone reconciles contrarieties, and admits of things incompatible.

Men do not ſo much bluſh for their crimes as for their weakneſſes and vanity. He who makes no ſcruple of being openly unjuſt and cruel, yet conceals his love or his ambition, upon no other account but concealment.

It rarely happens that a man can ſay he was ambitious; either he never was, or is ever ſuch; but there is a time when we may ſay we have loved.

Men begin with love, and end with ambition; ſo that there is no tranquillity till we die.

It is nothing for paſſion to get the better of reaſon; its greateſt triumph is when it makes our intereſt to ſubmit.

The beſt converſation is that in which the Heart has a greater ſhare than the head.

There are certain ſublime ſentiments, certain noble and exalted actions, which we owe more to the goodneſs of our nature than to the force of our mind.

There is no exceſs in the world ſo commendable as an exceſs of gratitude.

He muſt be of dull faculties indeed, whom neither love, malice, nor neceſſity, can inſpire with acuteneſs.

There are ſome places which we admire, others which we love, and where we could wiſh to paſs our days.

For my part, I believe our wit, humour, paſſion, taſte, and ſentiments, greatly depend on the places where we live.

The good would be the only perſons to be envied, if there were not a better courſe, which is to excel them; that is an agreeable revenge, and which our envy ſhould prompt us to purſue.

Some people ſtand upon their guard againſt loving and rhyming, as two weakneſſes which they dare not own; the one of the Heart, and the other of the mind.

There are ſome pleaſures in life ſo dear, ſo inviting, and ſome forbidden engagements ſo ſoothing and tender, that it is but natural to deſire, at leaſt, that they were allowed. Nothing can be more charming than they are, except it be the pleaſure of renouncing them by the ſtrength of virtue.

OF SOCIETY AND CONVERSATION.

IT is a flegmatic ſoul indeed which has no characteriſtical paſſions.

The fool only is troubleſome: a man of

ſenſe perceives when he is agreeable or tireſome: he diſappears the very minute before he would have been thought to have ſtaid too long.

Buffoons are a ſort of inſects which breed in all countries; we can ſcarce ſtep without treading on them. A delicate jeſter is rarely to be met with; and the perſon who is born ſo muſt have a rich fund of ſenſe to maintain his character long; for, commonly, he that makes us laugh is not the moſt eſteemed.

There are abundance of obſcene, a great many more railing and ſatirical, wits, but very few mild and delicate. A man muſt have invention and politeneſs to trifle with a good grace, and a copious fancy to play handſomely on little things; this is a kind of creation, making ſomething of nothing.

If we were ſeriouſly to attend to the futilities in common Converſation, weſhould be aſhamed of ſpeaking, or even of hearing; we ſhould, perhaps, condemn ourſelves to a perpetual ſilence, which would prejudice Society more than vapid or ſenſeleſs gabble. We muſt, therefore, accommodate ourſelves to every one; we muſt ſuffer, as irremediable evils, falſe news, vague reflections on the government, or the intereſts and deſigns of princes: we muſt hear with patience the ribblerows of affected ſpeeches, the circulating nonſenſe. Aronus muſt be permitted to ſpeak proverbs, and Melinda to talk of herſelf, her vapours, megrims, and want of reſt.

In Company we often meet with perſons of-

fenſive by their ridiculous jargon, the novelty and impropriety of their terms, and their uncouth expreſſions, warping words from their original and accepted meaning. They obſerve neither grammar nor cuſtom, but ſpeak according to their affectation; aim always at pleaſantry, and affect to diſtinguiſh themſelves by a particular cant, which becomes at length their habitual dialect; they ſpeak in a counterfeit tone, and accompany their words with odd geſticulations and grimaces. However, they are highly delighted, and plume themſelves with their wit, than which they conceit nothing can be more diverting. Indeed we cannot ſay they are entirely deſtitute of it; but, for that little wit they have we pity them, and, what is worſe, we ſuffer by it.

Pr'ythee, Acis, for the ſatisfaction of your friends, ſpeak ſo as they may underſtand you; for my part, I do but gueſs at your meaning. If you would tell them it is cold, that it rains, and it ſnows; ſay, it is cold, it rains, and it ſnows; if you ſee them in good health, and would congratulate them upon it, ſay, you look well. Oh! but, ſay you again, that is ſo plain, ſo common, what any one might have ſaid. It is true, and what does that ſignify? Beſides, what harm is there, Acis, in being intelligible, or ſpeaking like your neighbours? There is one thing, Acis, which you and others of your predicament want very much; I know I ſhall ſurpriſe you, but there is certainly one thing wanting in you, which is wit; though this is

not all, there is too much of ſomething elſe in you, that is, the opinion that you have more than other men: hence ſprings all your bombaſt, your barbariſms, and your groteſque phraſes. The next time I find you accoſting any body, I ſhall pluck you by your ſleeve, and whiſper to you, Do not affect to have wit; do not pretend to it; but if you can, bring yourſelf to a plain unaffected language, ſuch as they ſpeak, who, you fancy, have no wit: then, perhaps, we may think you have ſome yourſelf.

Who, that keeps much company, can ſecure himſelf from meeting light, familiar, and poſitive people, who monopolize the talk, and compel every one elſe to hear them? They are heard in the antichamber, and one may boldly enter without fearing to interrupt them: they continue their ſtory without any regard to comers or goers, or the quality of the company; they ſilence any one who begins a tale, that they may tell it after their faſhion, which to be ſure is the beſt; they had it of Zamet, Rucceley, or Conchini, whom they name familiarly without their titles, though they never knew them or ſpoke to them in their lives: they ſometimes will go up to the beſt man in the Company, and whiſper to him ſomething new, which nobody elſe knows, nor for the world would they have it divulged: they ſuppoſe names to diſguiſe the ſtory, and prevent application: there are ſome things they muſt not tell, and ſome perſons whom they cannot name; their words are engaged to the contrary; it is a

myſtery, a ſecret of the laſt importance: ſhould you aſk it, it would be an impoſſibility; for whatever you imagine, they are equally ignorant of both perſons and actions.

Arrias has read and ſeen every thing, at leaſt he would have it thought ſo; he gives himſelf out for a man of univerſal knowledge, and had rather lie than be ſilent, or appear ignorant on any occaſion. A perſon talks, at a certain table, of a great man in a northern Court; he breaks in upon him, and prevents him telling what he knows; he diſcourſes of that diſtant country as if he were born there; of the manners of the Court, their women, their laws and cuſtoms; he tells a hundred little ſtories and occurrences which happened there; thinking them extremely entertaining, he is the firſt to laugh at them, and that very heartily. Some body preſumes to contradict him, and demonſtrates what he affirms is not true; Arrias * is not diſconcerted; on the contrary, he warmly attacks his antagoniſt: I aver nothing but what I know to be true; I had it from Sethon the French ambaſſador at that court, who returned thence ſome days ſince, and is my particular acquaintance. He continues his ſtory with greater confidence than he began it, till one of the Company aſſures him, that he with whom he diſputed was Sethon himſelf, and but lately arrived from his embaſſy.

* M. Robert de Chatillon, one of the King's petty Council, to whom ſuch an affair actually happened.

As we ought not to be abſorbed in ſilence, or withdraw our minds from the Converſation we are in, leſt it bring upon us a great many impertinent queſtions, and betray us into as many impertinent anſwers; ſo we ought not always to give an over-curious attention to the trifles bandied about in Company, to reprove them, or to refine upon them, or to diſcover in them a myſtery hidden to all others, out of a vain parade of our ſuperior ſubtilty.

Such who think they are extraordinary perſons, and are intoxicated with their own merit, ſhow that they have but very little or none at all: unhappy, indeed, is he who is obliged to be much in their Company! what a round of affected phraſes muſt he endure? how many extravagant words, which are no ſooner uttered than forgotten? If they tell a piece of news, it is merely for the honour of telling it; and to ſhow their narrative talent, they amplify it to a romance: they make men think after their own manner, put their own trivial expreſſions in their mouths, and, like themſelves, make them very talkative: they fall at laſt into parentheſes, which may paſs for epiſodes, and, by this means, the ſpeakers and their hearers quite forget what they were about. What would become of both, ſhould not ſomebody fortunately come in to break up the Company, and cut ſhort the ſtory?

Theodectus * is heard in the antichamber;

* The Count d'Aubigné, brother to Madame de Maintenon, ſon of M. d' Aubigné, who was to have loſt his head,

as he comes on he raiſes his voice; he enters, he laughs, every body ſtops their ears at his vociferations; he is a mere thunderer, and no leſs terrible in what he ſays than in his utterance; he never lowers his tone, but to ſtutter out ſome of his own follies and vanities; ſo void of regard is he to time, perſons, or decency, that he has a fling at every one, though without any ſuch deſign; he has not ſo much as ſeated himſelf, yet has he diſobliged the whole company by mere inadvertency; and he is ever ſo well pleaſed with himſelf, that he does not perceive it. When dinner appears, he is firſt in his place, and always at the upper end; the ladies are at his right and left; he eats, drinks, talks, laughs, banters, and interrupts all at the ſame time; he has no reſpect to maſter or gueſts, but enormouſly abuſes their patience. Whoever makes the feaſt, he will be lord of the table, and it is more convenient to give him way, than to diſpute it with him: nor does exquiſite eating and drinking mend him. If he wins at play, he piques the loſer by his inſulting rail-

had he not broke priſon by means of the jailor's daughter. They ſtole away on board a ſhip bound for America, where he married her; and had this ſon and a daughter by her. After his death his widow returned to France, and was glad to marry her daughter to the facetious and deformed Scarron, who left her but in indifferent circumſtances. This was remedied by her addreſs in gaining the favour of Madame Colbert, who having the care of the King's children by the Counteſs de Monteſpan, placed her about them: here ſhe became known to the King; and thus, though in her 55th year, arrived to a greater fortune than ever woman did. She was born in 1631.

leries. The laughers are ever on his ſide, and there is no ſort of folly which they do not overlook in him. At laſt I quit the field, and take myſelf away, equally nauſeating Theodectus and thoſe who can bear ſuch an obſtreperous coxcomb.

Troilus is very uſeful to ſuch as have too much wealth; he eaſes them of their cumberſome ſuperfluity, and ſaves them the labour of hoarding up money, making contracts, locking coffers, carrying the keys about with them, or fearing a domeſtic thief; he promotes their pleaſures, and, in time, aſſiſts their paſſions, then preſcribes their conduct; he is the deſpotic oracle of the houſe: he ſays of this ſlave, he ſhall be puniſhed, and he is whipped; of another, he ſhall be freed, and he is ſet at liberty. If a paraſite does not make him laugh, he muſt be diſmiſſed, leſt he ſhould give him offence; and the maſter of the houſe is well off if Troilus leaves him his wife and children. If, at table, he ſays ſuch a diſh is excellent, the maſter and gueſts govern themſelves by his palate, and make their dinner of it. If, again, he ſays of ſome other that it is inſipid, whoever were eating it ſpit it out; every eye is on him, obſerving his looks and carriage, before any one gives his verdict on the wine or victuals. He ſeldom ſtirs out of the family where he is governor; there he eats, drinks, ſleeps, quarrels with his valets, gives audience to his workmen, and puts off his creditors; he reigns and domineers in the hall, receives there the adulation

and homage of thoſe ſervants who, more ſubtile than their fellows, cringe to Troilus to curry favour with their maſter. If a perſon enters, whoſe misfortune it is to have a phyſiognomy which Troilus is not pleaſed to like, he frowns, and turns away his head; if the ſtranger comes up to him, he ſits ſtill; if he ſits down, he removes himſelf farther off; if he talks, he is mute; if he continues to ſpeak, Troilus ſtalks away into another chamber; if he follows, he makes to the ſtaircaſe, and would rather leap down ſtairs, or out at a window, than hold diſcourſe with a man whoſe face or voice he diſlikes; he is himſelf happy in both, and accordingly has made them turn to good account with both ſexes: every thing at laſt grows below his attention; he ſcorns to preſerve his favour by the exerciſe of any of thoſe talents which firſt acquired it: it is a condeſcenſion if ſometimes he lays aſide his muſings and taciturnity to contradict, and once a-day to ſhow his wit, though only to carp and criticiſe; inſtead of expecting he ſhould hearken to you in his turn, or be complaiſant, and commend your judgment, you are not always ſure he will permit your approbation, or accept your complaiſance.

Let the ſtrange gentleman, whom you meet with by chance in a ſtage-coach, at a feaſt, or public ſhow, talk on, you need not have any impatience to know who or what he is, for before he has done he will himſelf inform you of his name, his family, and eſtate; you will

ſoon know that he is noble, has a finely furniſhed ſeat, and a ſuitable retinue.

Some men ſpeak before they think, others * tediouſly ſtudy every thing they ſay: we muſt ſtay for theſe until their labour is over, and they are delivered of their notions: they are made up of phraſes and quaint turns, as ſingular as their geſtures and carriage: they call themſelves *Puriſts*, and will not hazard the leaſt word, however expreſſive; nothing comes from them eaſy or happy; they ſpeak properly, but moſt tediouſly.

Converſation-wit conſiſts more in pointing out that of others, than in ſhowing a great deal yourſelf; he who goes away pleaſed with himſelf, and his own wit, is raviſhed with you. Moſt men had rather pleaſe than admire, and are leſs for being inſtructed, nay diverted, than approved and applauded: the moſt delicate of pleaſures is to pleaſe another.

Too much imagination is to be avoided in our Converſation or writings, as it often luxuriates into light and puerile, or extravagant ideas, which tend neither to make us wiſer nor better. Our declared thoughts ſhould be the reſult of our judgment.

It is a ſad thing when men have neither wit to ſpeak well, nor judgment to hold their tongues; this is the root of all impertinence.

To ſpeak modeſtly on a good or bad ſubject,

* A ſort of people who affected to be extreme nice in their language.

and to give the true reaſons for its being ſo, requires knowledge and expreſſion. It is a trial of ſkill: a ſhorter way is to pronounce peremptorily that this is execrable, or that wonderful.

There is nothing more diſpleaſing to GOD or man than backing every trifle in common Converſation with oaths and imprecations. An honeſt man, with only Yes or No, deſerves to be believed; his reputation ſwears for him, adds weight to his words, and procures him credit and confidence.

He who continually ſays he is a man of veracity and honour, that he wrongs no man, who wiſhes that what ill he has done others may fall upon himſelf, and ſwears to be believed, does not know even how to play the honeſt man.

An honeſt man, with all his modeſty cannot hinder people ſaying of him what a diſhoneſt man ſays of himſelf.

Cleon talks uncivilly or unjuſtly; I am ſure it is one or the other; but he ſays he cannot help it, it is his natural temper to out with his thoughts.

There is ſpeaking well, ſpeaking eaſily, ſpeaking juſtly, and ſpeaking ſeaſonably: it is offending againſt the laſt to ſpeak of entertainments before the indigent; of ſound limbs and health before the infirm; of houſes and lands before one who has not ſo much as a dwelling: in a word, to ſpeak of your proſperity before the miſerable; this Converſation is cruel, and the

compariſon which naturally riſes in them betwixt their condition and your's is excruciating.

As for you, ſays Eutiphron, you are rich, or ought to be ſo; ten thouſand livres a-year good lands: faith that's glorious! much leſs makes a topping man. In the mean time, the perſon who talks at this rate has fifty thouſand livres a-year, and thinks he has not half what he deſerves; he reckons up your taxes, income, and expences; and if he thought you deſerved a better fortune, and even ſuch a one as he himſelf aſpires to, he would wiſh it you. He is not the only man who makes ſuch abſurd eſtimates and odious compariſons; the world is full of Eutiphrons.

A perſon naturally a flatterer, and habituated to the faſhion of praiſing any one who has raiſed himſelf to honour and riches, congratulated Theodemus* on a ſermon which he had not heard, and of which no body could then give any account. However, he extolled his genius, his delivery, and, above all, the readineſs of his memory; when, in truth, Theodemus ſtopped in the middle of his diſcourſe, and forgot what he had deſigned to ſay.

To ſpeak and to offend, with ſome people, are but one and the ſame thing; their words are fraught with gall and wormwood, from a proud, ſplenetic, and malevolent diſpoſition; it had been well for them had they been born ſtupid or mute; the little vivacity and wit they

* The Abbot de Robbe.

have prejudice them more than dulneſs does others: they are not always ſatisfied with giving ſharp anſwers; they inſolently attack the preſent, and wound the character of the abſent: they briſtle up, and butt on all ſides like rams; and impudence being as natural to them as horns to a ram, no ridicule, no ſatire, can work upon theſe untractable ſavages: we had better at firſt ſight betake ourſelves to our heels, and, by a prudent flight, avoid their moleſtations.

I know men of ſuch a wit that it is beſt not to enter the liſts with them: they are not to be complained of, it is not permitted even to be in the right againſt them.

When two perſons have had a quarrel, one in the right, and the other in the wrong, it is the cuſtom of the by-ſtanders to condemn both, that they may not be appealed to as judges, out of a miſtimed regard to their own quiet. This is an important leſſon, and a weighty motive for flying Eaſtward, when a coxcomb is in the Weſt, to avoid being enveloped in his diſgrace.

I hate a man whom I cannot accoſt or ſalute before he ſalutes me, without debaſing myſelf in his eyes, and ſwelling his conceit of himſelf. Montaigne would ſay*, 'I will have elbow-'room: I will be courteous and affable ac-'cording to my fancy, without fear or remorſe. 'I cannot ſtrive againſt my inclinations, nor

* Written in imitation of Montaigne.

'fetter my temper, which leads me to make 'up to every acquaintance coming towards me; 'if he is my equal, and not my enemy, I anti-'cipate his courteſy; I aſk him about his 'health and family, I offer him my ſervices, 'without ſtanding on any punctilios, like 'ſome reſerved folks: I cannot reliſh one 'whoſe known ſtarchneſs checks theſe pleaſant 'effuſions. How ſhould I remember, aſſoon 'as I ſee him, to put on a grave and ſuper-'cilious countenance, to let him know that I 'think I am as good as he, and better? To 'affect ſo far, I muſt recollect all my good 'qualities and his bad ones, and compare them 'together; but this will not do for me, I want 'the preſence of mind; and ſuppoſing I could 'ſucceed therein once, I am ſure I ſhould miſ-'carry the ſecond time. I cannot put a force 'on myſelf, nor be proud for any man.'

A man may have virtue, capacity, and good conduct, and yet be inſupportable; the air and manner, which we neglect as inſignificancies, are frequently what the world judge us by, and influence deciſions for or againſt us: a little care to appear obliging and polite will prevent a bad judgment of us: the leaſt thing in the world is enough to make people believe that we are proud, impolite, diſdainful, and unſociable; but, on the other hand, as little is required to gain their eſteem.

Politeneſs does not always imply generoſity, juſtice, complaiſance, and gratitude; it gives a man the appearances of thoſe virtues, and makes

him ſeem that without, which he ought to be within.

We may define politeneſs, though we cannot tell where to fix it in practice. It depends on uſages and cuſtoms, times and places, and is not the ſame thing in two ſexes, or in different conditions: wit alone cannot attain it; it is acquired and completed by imitation: ſome diſpoſitions are only ſuſceptive of politeneſs, as others are of talents and ſolid virtue. It is true politeneſs tends to advance merit, rendering it amiable; and a man muſt have very eminent qualifications to ſtand his ground without it.

Politeneſs ſeems to be a care to model our diſcourſes and manners ſo as to pleaſe ourſelves and others.

He offends againſt politeneſs, who praiſes another's ſinging or touching an inſtrument, before ſuch as he has obliged to ſing or play for his diverſion; or who commends another poet in preſence of one who reads him his verſes.

In all the feaſts and entertainments we give, in all the preſents we make, in all the pleaſures we procure for others, there is a way of doing well, and of doing according to their inclinations; the laſt is the beſt.

The refuſal of all ſorts of praiſes indiſcriminately, is a kind of ferocity; we ought to be ſenſible of thoſe which come from good men, who praiſe ſincerely thoſe things in us which are really commendable.

A man of wit, who is naturally proud, abates

nothing of his pride or ſtiffneſs for being poor; on the contrary, if any thing will ſoften him, and render him more pliant and ſociable, it is a little proſperity.

We muſt bear with ſome people's ill tempers, as we do with copper money, for the benefit of commerce.

To live with perſons who are continually jarring, and who will make you hear the complaints of each ſide, is like living in a court of juſtice, and being peſtered from morning to night with pleadings.

Two perſons * paſſed their days in a ſtrict union; their goods were in common; they had but one dwelling, and were never out of one another's ſight: after fourſcore years they ſaw it was time to part, and put an end to their intimacy; they had then but one day to live, and durſt not attempt paſſing it together; they were in haſte to break before death; their complacency would hold out no longer; they lived too long for a good example; a moment ſooner they had died good friends, and left behind them a rare model of perſeverance in friendſhip.

Families are often diſturbed by feuds, jealouſies, and antipathy, while outwardly they ſeem eaſy, affectionate, and cheerful; and we ſuppoſe they enjoy a quiet to which they are ſtrangers: there are very few who can bear

* Monſieur Courtin, and M. St Roman, Counſellors of State, who, from intimate friends, became implacable enemies.

examination. The viſit you make only ſuſpends a domeſtic quarrel, which waits but for your abſence to break out again.

In all ſocieties reaſon yields firſt; the wiſeſt men are often led by the moſt fooliſh and capricious; they ſtudy his temper and weakneſs, and conform to his whimſies; they carefully avoid thwarting him, and give him his way; when he appears the leaſt cheerful, they commend his good humour, they thank him almoſt for his not being always inſupportable; he is feared, obeyed, and ſometimes beloved.

None but ſuch as have had old relations, or ſuch as have them, and are endeavouring to be made their heirs, can tell the conſtraint, the ſlavery, it coſts to effect it.

Cleantes is a very worthy perſon; he has choſe a wife, the mildeſt, the beſt-tempered woman in the world; they both are the life of Company; more politeneſs and probity are no where to be ſeen: to-morrow they part, and the deed of their ſeparation is already drawn up at the attorney's. Surely there muſt be ſome incompatible virtues, ſome merits, which will not mingle together.

A man may be ſure in his accounts of the portion, jointure, and ſettlement, of his wife, but very uncertain he muſt be as to the peace of his family; it depends on the frail harmony between the mother-in-law and the daughter-in-law, which often expires the very firſt year of the marriage.

A father-in-law loves both his ſon and daugh-

ter-in-law, a mother-in-law her ſon, and not the daughter-in-law; both are requited.

The thing in the world which a ſtepmother loves the leaſt is her huſband's children: the fonder ſhe is of her huſband, the worſe ſtepmother.

Stepmothers make whole towns and villages deſert, and ſtock the country with beggars, vagrants, ſoldiers, ſervants, and ſlaves, more than poverty itſelf.

G. and H.* are neighbours, their lands are contiguous, they inhabit a deſert and ſolitary country, far from towns or commerce; methinks ſolitude, and the love of ſociety, ſhould produce a cordial correſpondence; they are perpetually at variance, and it is hard to expreſs the trifle that cauſes an irreconcileable difference betwixt them, and tranſmits their hatred to their deſcendants. Relations, or even brothers, never differed about a thing of leſs moment.

Suppoſe there were but two men on the whole earth, who poſſeſſed it entirely to themſelves, and parted it between them; I am perſuaded there would be quickly ſome pretence of rupture, though it were only about limits of their immenſe departments.

* M. de Grammont, a Counſellor, had a ſuit with M. Hervé, Dean of the Parliament, about a peach. Though begun upon a trifle, it produced a charge of pretended gentility againſt the former, which being proved, his gown was torn off him, he was degraded, and ſentenced to perpetual impriſonment.

It is often eaſier, as well as more advantageous, to conform ourſelves to other men's opinion, than to bring them over to our's.

I am now approaching a little town *; I am already on a hill from whence I diſcover it; it is ſeated on a ſlope, a river waſhes its walls, and then ſerpentiſes through the loveliest meadows; verdant woods and hills fence it from the piercing northern winds: the weather is ſo bright that I perceive its towers, numerous ſteeples, and turrets; tranſported with this variegated proſpect, I cannot forbear giving vent to my ecſtaſy! How pleaſant muſt it be to live under ſo ſerene a ſky! in ſo delicious a place! I enter the town, and have not lain there above two or three nights, but, like the inhabitants, I long to get out of it.

There is a certain thing which never was ſeen under the heavens, and, in all likelihood, never will be: it is a city without cabals and parties, where families are united, relations ſee one another with confidence; where a marriage does not raiſe an inteſtine war; where are no diſputes and quarrels about precedency; whence lieing, ſcolding, prating, and goſſipping are baniſhed; where the magiſtrates, the placemen, and the people, are upon good terms; where the biſhop lives eaſily with the dean, the dean with the prebends, the prebends with the canons, and the canons with the choriſters.

Countrymen and fools are apt to take pet,

* Richlieu.

and fancy you deſpiſe or laugh at them. You muſt never venture on the moſt innocent and gentleſt raillery, unleſs it be with the polite or witty.

Merit diſcerns and finds itſelf out reciprocally; he that would be eſteemed, muſt converſe with perſons who are themſelves eſteemable.

He whoſe rank ſets him above a ſmart repartee, ought to forbear all keen raillery.

There are ſome minute failings or peccadillos which we freely give up to cenſure, and we ſhould make choice of faults of the ſame kind when we rally others.

It is the blockhead's privilege to laugh at a man of wit; he is in the world what the fool is at Court, of no conſequence.

Buffoonry is often want of wit.

You conclude a man your bubble, if he only feigns himſelf to be ſo: who, then, is the greateſt bubble?

Obſerve thoſe who never commend any one, who are always railing, are contented with no body, and you will find them perſons with whom no body is contented.

The haughty and opinionated will meet the very contrary of what they expect, if by ſuch a carriage they look for eſteem.

The pleaſure of ſociety amongſt friends is cultivated by a ſimilarity of inclinations, and by ſlender differences in opinion: this either confirms us in our ſentiments, or leads us from error to truth, and exerciſes the faculties in elegant argumentations.

Two perſons will not be friends long, if they cannot forgive each other little failings.

How many fine unprofitable reaſons are laid before a perſon under affliction, to tranquilliſe and comfort him! The things without, which we call *events*, are ſometimes too ſtrong for reaſon and nature. Eat, drink, do not kill yourſelf with melancholy, are inſignificant admonitions, and beyond practice, when a man is overwhelmed by his ſorrows. Are you a wiſe man to diſquiet yourſelf at this rate? Is not this as much as to ſay, Are you not a fool to be unfortunate?

Counſel, which is neceſſary in all affairs, is ſometimes hurtful to thoſe who give it, and unprofitable to the perſons to whom it is given. You obſerve, perhaps, defects in manners, which are either not acknowledged, or, perhaps, eſteemed as virtues. You blot out the favourite paſſages in a compoſition, where the author thought he ſurpaſſed himſelf. By this means you loſe the confidence of your friends, without making them better or wiſer.

Not long ſince certain perſons of both ſexes formed a Society for witty Converſation and fine language: they left talking intelligibly to the vulgar; one dark expreſſion drew after it another more obſcure, which was ſucceeded by ſomething ſtill more enigmatic, yet all crowned with loud applauſes: what they call delicacy, thought, turn, and fine expreſſion, was a faculty they had to be unintelligible to others and themſelves. Good ſenſe, judgment, me-

mory, or the leaſt capacity, were no neceſſary ingredients in their diſcourſe; ſome wit was proper, but it was the falſe, and that where fancy has too great a ſhare.

I know, Theobaldus, you are old, but would you have me think you decline? that you are no longer a wit, a poet; that you are as bad a critic, in all kind of writings, as you are an author; that you have nothing new, eaſy, natural, and delicate, in your Converſation. Your careleſs and conceited carriage aſſures me of the contrary: you are the ſame to-day as you were fifty years ago, and perhaps better; for if you are ſo briſk and vivacious at this age, what name, Theobaldus *, did you deſerve in your youth, when the ladies were ſo charmed with you, that they ſwore only by you, and took every thing upon your word; ſo that as often as you ſpoke, they preſently cried out, "That "is delicate. What did he ſay?"

We frequently talk with impetuoſity in Company, often through vanity and humour, rarely with proper regard; deſirous to reply before we have heard out the queſtion, we follow our own notions, and explain them without deference to other men's reaſons: we are far from finding the truth, while we are not agreed upon what it is we ſeek after. Could a man write down theſe Converſations, he would ſee a great many good things ſpoken to little effect.

* Bourſault, a moſt ingenious writer. See *the Lives of eminent French Writers.*

There was a ſort of ſilly puerile Converſation lately in faſhion, which turned all on trivial queſtions concerning tenderneſs and paſſion; the reading of romances firſt introduced it, and amongſt the moſt diſtinguiſhed in Court and City; thence it was ſoon diſcarded; but, together with puns and conundrums, was received with great applauſe among the inferior.

Some City ladies are ſo nice that they will by no means learn to ſpeak the names of ſtreets, lanes, or public places, which they fancy are not noble enough to be known. They ſay nothing plainly but the Louvre and the Royal Square; uſing terms and phraſes for the names of ſome other places; or if, by chance, ſuch a word eſcapes them, they excuſe it as ſomething ſhocking; in this much more unnatural than the Court ladies, who having occaſion to ſpeak of the market-place, the priſon, or the like, make no ſcruple to ſay the market-place and the priſon.

If we affect ſometimes to forget certain names which we think obſcure, and to clip them in the pronunciation, it is through a good conceit of ourſelves.

In the jocularity of Converſation ſeveral ſilly things are ſaid out of pleaſantry, which, as ſuch, pleaſe only for their extreme ridiculouſneſs. This is low pleaſantry, fit only for the mob, but has unhappily infected the youth of the Court. It is true, we need not fear it will ſpread farther, for it is too coarſe and inſipid to thrive in the centre of politeneſs and

good ſenſe. However, it ſhould be expoſed and rendered odious to thoſe who practiſe it; for though they uſe it only in their ludicrous hours, yet it vitiates them, and indiſpoſes their minds from true wit and ſolid literature.

Between ſpeaking bad things, or ſpeaking ſuch good things which every body knows, and putting them off for new, there is ſo little difference, that I do not know which to chuſe.

" Lucan has ſaid a pretty thing: there is a " fine expreſſion in Claudian: there is ſuch a " paſſage in Seneca;" and then a long ſentence of Latin, which is quoted often before thoſe who, though they pretend to underſtand it, are ignorant of every word. This is pitiable; with wit and ſenſe of our own, either we might abſolutely diſpenſe with reading ancient authors, or at leaſt, after reading them, we ſhould chuſe the fineſt, and quote them pertinently.

Hermagoras * knows not who is king of Hungary, and ſtares at naming the King of Bohemia. Speak not to him of the wars in Holland or Flanders, or at leaſt you muſt excuſe him from anſwering the queſtions you aſk concerning them: he knows not when they began or ended; battles and ſieges are all new to him; but he is very well read in the *Giants' Wars*, he can relate them to the leaſt circumſtances; he diſcourſes with the ſame fluency on the horrid convulſions of the Babylonian

* Iſaac Voſſius, M. Chevreau or Perron, author of *the Antiquity of Times reſtored.*

and Aſſyrian monarchies; he is acquainted with the original of the Egyptians and their dynaſties. He never ſaw Verſailles, or ever will; but the Tower of Babel he has ſeen, and counted the ſteps; he has found out how many architects were employed about that building, and even has their names at his fingers' ends. If he knows Henry IV. to be the ſucceſſor of Henry III. it is as much as I can affirm. Aſk him about the houſes of France, Auſtria, and Bavaria; what modern trifles are they! ſays he; while he can run on about the kings of Media and Babylon, the frightful names of Apronal, Herigebal, Noeſnemordach, Mardokempad, are to him as familiar as thoſe of Valois and Bourbon are to us. He knows not that the Emperor is married, yet can tell you that Ninus had two wives. He hears the King enjoys a perfect ſtate of health; this reminds him that Thetmoſis, a king of Egypt, was healthy, and that he derived his athletic conſtitution from his grandfather Alipharmutoſis. What does he not know? what in all venerable Antiquity is hid from him? He aſſures you Semiramis, or, as ſome will have it, Serimaris, talked ſo much like her ſon Ninyas, that they were not to be diſtinguiſhed by their ſpeech; but he dares not decide whether the mother had a manly voice like her ſon, or the ſon an effeminate voice like his mother; he lets you know that Nimrod was left-handed, and Seſoſtris ambidexter; that it is an error to imagine one of the Artaxerxes' was called *Longimanus*,

becauſe his arms reached down to his knees, and not that one of his arms was longer than the other; he adds, that though ſome grave authors affirm it was his right arm, he can, upon irrefragable proofs, maintain that it was his left.

Aſcanius is a ſtatuary, Hegion a founder, Æſchinus a fuller, and Cydias a wit; it is his profeſſion; he has ſign, workhouſes, yards, and journeymen; it will be a month before you can have the ſtanzas you beſpoke, unleſs he breaks his word with Doſithea, who has engaged him to make an elegy with all poſſible diſpatch, the affair requiring haſte; beſides which he has an idyl in the loom, that muſt be a high-finiſhed piece, it being for Crantor, who has promiſed him mighty things. Proſe or verſe, and of all ſorts, are alike to him: he has great choice of ready-made, or will make them for you in the neateſt faſhion, and at a reaſonable rate. It is the ſole employment of a certain acquaintance of his, after previouſly raiſing the expectations of an eaſy ſet of people, at laſt to introduce him into families as a perſon of a moſt exquiſite Converſation, when, like a ſinger or fiddler, after coughing and ſtroking his ruffles, ſtretching his arm, and opening his fingers, he gravely delivers his volatiliſed conceptions and ſophiſticated reaſonings; the elucidation of truth, the enforcement of virtue, or the improvement of his hearers, are none of his views; a ſpirit of contradiction opens his mouth: "Methinks," ſays he, with a conceited primneſs, "it is juſt

"the reverſe of what you ſay;" or, "I muſt "differ from you;" or, "I was formerly under "the like infatuation:" but "there are," adds he, "three things to conſider," to which he never fails to tack a fourth. The firſt aim of this rapid babbler, at coming into an aſſembly, is to get among ſome women, whom he may amaze with the abſtruſe productions of his genius. Truth and falſehood, reaſon and abſurdity, are out of the queſtion with him; all his ſcope is to differ from every body. Thus he often ſtays till all the Company have ſpoke their thoughts on ſome caſual ſubject, or not ſeldom introduced by himſelf, when he holds forth in an unprecedented, but, he imagines alſo, in an unanſwerable manner. Lucian and Seneca, ſays Cydias*, come pretty near me; but for Plato, Virgil, and Theocritus, I do ſay they are not fit to hold a candle to me; and ſuch ſenſeleſs arrogancy his flatterer fails not every morning to confirm with a few ludicrous oaths, but not from a wrong taſte ſo much as a care of his own intereſt. Who is moſt in the wrong, the bubble, or the flatterer?

Profound ignorance makes a man dogmatical; he that knows nothing, thinks he can teach others what he juſt now has learned himſelf; whilſt he who knows a great deal can ſcarce imagine any one ſhould be unacquainted

* M. Perrault of the Academy, a very exuberant author; as he oppoſed M. La Bruyere's admiſſion into the Academy, he alſo never ſpares him. Thus we ſee it is one thing to preach, and another to practiſe.

with what he ſays and ſpeaks, for this reaſon, with more indifference.

Great things require only a ſimple idiom; they are ſpoiled by the pomp of magniloquence; little things muſt be ornamentally expreſſed; they fall to the ground without the ſupport of ſtyle or delivery.

We ſpeak things generally more delicately than we write them.

An honourable birth, or a good education, are almoſt the only things which render a man capable of keeping a ſecret.

All truſt is dangerous if it is not entire; we ought on moſt occaſions to ſpeak all, or conceal all. We have already too much diſcloſed our ſecrets to a man from whom we think any one ſingle circumſtance is to be concealed.

Nicander entertains Eliſa with an account of the loving and complaiſant manner in which he lived with his wife from the day of their marriage to the hour of her death; he has ſaid before, he was ſorry he had no children by her, and now repeats it: he talks one while of his houſes in town, then of his country eſtate; he calculates their revenue; he deſcribes the ſituation, and every part of his ſeat, expatiates on the conveniency of the apartments, on the richneſs and elegancy of the furniture; he aſſures her he loves feſtivity and ſplendour, and complains that his late wife was too much averſe to play and company. You are ſo rich, ſays one of his friends, placed for the purpoſe, why do not you buy ſuch a poſt,

or ſuch an eſtate? Oh! Lord, Sir, replies Nicander, indeed you believe me richer than I am. He forgets not his extraction and relations: "The Lord Treaſurer, my couſin; The "Chancellor's lady, my near kinſwoman;" this is his ſtyle. He tells her how he became diſcontented with his neareſt relations, and offended with his heirs. Am not I wronged? have I any great reaſon to do well for them? ſays he to Eliſa; and deſires her to be judge. He then inſinuates, that he is in a languiſhing ſtate of health, and ſpeaks of the vault where he deſigns to be interred. He fawns on, flatters, and is very officious to all who have any intereſt in the lady he courts. But Eliſa has not courage enough to grow rich at the price of being his wife. Whilſt he is talking thus to her, in comes a beau, whoſe preſence alone diſmounts all the Cit's batteries; he gets up, vexed and confounded ſneaks away, and ſays the ſame things ſomewhere elſe which he has ſaid to Eliſa.

Wiſe men ſometimes avoid the world, that they may not be ſurfeited with it.

OF THE GOODS OF FORTUNE.

A VERY rich man may eat his dainties, paint his cieling and alcoves, in ſummer retire to his ſeat, and ſpend the winter at his town-houſe; may marry his daughter to a duke, and buy a title for his ſon; all this is right, and

within his compaſs; but to live content is, perhaps, the privilege of other men.

A high birth, or a great fortune, add an effulgence to merit, and heighten the reſpect paid to it.

The ambition of a coxcomb is ſo far excuſeable, knowing, that after he has raiſed his Fortune every one will find out ſome merit in him which he never had before, to exalt him in our opinions, as in his own.

As Riches and favour forſake a man, we diſcover him to be a fool, but nobody could find it out in his proſperity.

If it was not what we ſee every day, we could not imagine the ſtrange diſproportion a few, or a great many, pieces of Money cauſe between men.

Thoſe few or many pieces of Money are what determine men to the ſword, the long robe, or the church; there is ſcarce any other call.

Two merchants were neighbours, drove the ſame trade, but with a quite different fortune: they had each an only daughter, who were nurſed together, and lived in a familiarity ſuitable to perſons of the ſame age and condition: one of them, as the only reſource from extreme miſery, endeavours to place herſelf abroad; her fortune throws her into the ſervice of a great lady, one of the firſt rank at Court; the ſame to whom formerly ſhe was a boſom companion.

If the financier miſcarries, the courtier ſays

of him, he is a Cit, a ſad ſoul, a mere ſcoundrel. If the financier ſucceeds, the courtier is his daughter's ſuitor

Some men * in their youth ſerve an apprenticeſhip to a certain trade, to follow a very different one the reſt of their lives.

A man is ugly †, ill ſhaped, and a fool; but one whiſpers to me that he has 50,000 livres a-year. That concerns him alone, and I ſhall never be the better nor the worſe for it. How weak, indeed, were I, if I ſhould begin to look on him with other eyes, and could not preſerve myſelf maſter of my own ſenſes?

It is in vain to pretend to turn a rich blockhead into ridicule; the laughers are ſtill on his ſide.

N.....‡, with his porter, as big and ſurly as a Swiſs, a portico, and an antichamber, after obliging people to dance attendance, appearing with a grave mien and ſolemn ſtep, hearing them two or three words, and diſmiſſing them without conducting them to the door, how contemptible ſoever in other points, will attract ſomething very near reſpect.

My need of your intereſt, Clitophon, rouzes me early from my bed, and hurries me to your door. Would to GOD I had no occaſion to ſolicit or be troubleſome to you! Your ſervants tell me you are in your cloſet, and it will be an hour at leaſt before you can be ſpoke

* The revenue Farmers. † The Duke of Ventadour.
‡ Monſieur de St Pouange.

with: I return within the time, and they ſay you are gone out. What is it, Clitophon, you have to do of ſuch conſequence, in your moſt retired cloſet, that you cannot afford me a minute or moment? You file papers, collate a regiſter, you mark; I had but one thing to aſk you, and you but one word to anſwer, *Yes*, or, *No*. If you would be eſteemed, do good offices to your dependents; you get more credit by it than by being thus inviſible. O thou man of importance, loaded with affairs, who in thy turn ſtandeſt in need of my aſſiſtance! come, and welcome, to all the receſſes of my apartment! The philoſopher is acceſſible, candid, and benevolent; I will not put you off till to-morrow; you will find me turning over Plato on the *Immateriality of the Soul*, or, with pen in hand, calculating the diſtance of Saturn and Jupiter, admiring the works of the Creator, and endeavouring, by acquiring a perfect knowledge of truth, to rectify my opinions, refine my morals; enter, then, all my doors are open, my antichamber is not made to tire yourſelf in, come forward till you find me, without the ceremony of ſending your name; you bring me ſomething more precious than ſilver or gold; if it is an opportunity to oblige you, ſpeak, what is it I can do for you? Muſt I leave my books, my ſtudies, my writing, and the line I have juſt begun? No matter, it is a happy interruption, if it turns to your good. The man of buſineſs, the money-fingerer, is as unapproachable as a bear; there is no ſeeing

him at home but with the utmoſt difficulty, and then by ſnatches; while, on the contrary, the man of letters is ſeen of every body, at all hours, in all conditions, at table, in bed, naked, dreſt, in ſickneſs, or in health; he neither is the important man, nor will be the money-fingerer.

Let us not envy ſome men their accumulated riches; their burthen would be too heavy for us; we could not ſacrifice, as they do, health, quiet, honour, and conſcience, to obtain them: it is to pay ſo dear for them that the bargain is a loſs.

The *P. T. S.** move in us all the paſſions ſucceſſively: we firſt deſpiſe them for their obſcurity; we then envy them, afterwards fear, hate, and ſometimes eſteem and reſpect them; and not ſeldom live long enough to finiſh with pitying them.

Soſias, from a footman, got to be an under farmer of the revenue, and, by extortion, violence, and malverſation, is now advanced, on the ruins of ſeveral families, to a high poſt. He is ennobled by his ſtation, and wanted nothing now but probity; and this has been effected by being choſen church-warden.

Arfuria† uſed formerly to walk alone, unattended, and a-foot, to the cathedral, heard the ſermon in a corner of the church, where ſhe loſt half the words, and ſaw but one ſide of

* Partiſans, or Farmers of the revenue.
† Madame de Belizany.

the preacher; her virtue was obſcure, and her devotion as little known as her perſon: her huſband is got into the revenue; what a prodigious fortune ſprung up in leſs than ſix years! Now ſhe never comes to church but in a coach; her long train is borne up, the preacher ſtops while ſhe ſeats herſelf, ſhe faces him, not a word or motion eſcapes her; the prieſts make intereſt to confeſs her; every one ſtrives to give her abſolution, but the curate is the man.

Crœſus * is carried to the church-yard, and of all the riches which he acquired by rapine and extortion, being laviſhed in riot and luxury, there is nothing left for a decent interment; he died inſolvent, without effects, and, conſequently, without ſuccour; no juleps, cordials, nor medicines, were ſeen about him; no phyſician, nor ſo much as a prieſt to aſſure him of his ſalvation.

Champagne † riſing from an extravagant dinner, his ſtomach gorged, and his head full of the intoxicating fumes of delicious wine, ſigns an order delivered to him, which would have ſtarved a whole province had it taken place. He is excuſable; for how could a man,

* M. de Guenegad, a famous Partiſan, or Revenue-farmer, reckoned to be worth above four millions; but was afterwards mulcted by the Chamber of Juſtice, and died miſerably in a garret.

† Monerot, another of thoſe vermin, who, refuſing to pay his fine of two millions of livres, died in priſon, where, however, his fortune being all in caſh, he lived at a high rate. His iſſue have the prudence to conceal what he left them.

in the plenitudes of ſatiety, think that there is ſuch a thing as ſtarving?

Silvanus *, by money, has acquired birth and another name; he is lord of the manor where his grandfathers were vaſſals; he was not formerly good enough to be Cleobulus's page, but he is now his ſon-in-law.

Dorus is carried in a litter along the Appian way; his freed men and ſlaves run before him to make way for him; he wants nothing but lictors; he enters Rome with a dazzling retinue, glorying in the meanneſs and poverty of his father Sanga as a foil to his ſplendour.

No one can put his fortune to a better uſe than Periander †; it gains him precedence, homage, and authority; his friendſhip is no longer deſired, but his protection implored: he begins to ſay of himſelf, *A man of my condition*; and ſometimes, *A man of my quality*; for he pretends to be ſuch, and there are none who borrow money of him, or eat at his table, which is very delicate, that dare diſpute it. His ſeat is ſtately, the outſide Dorick; no gate, but a portico. Is it a private houſe or a temple? People are at a loſs to know which. He is lord paramount of all the precinct; his neighbours envy him, and would rejoice at his fall; and his wife's diamond necklace makes the ladies

* M. Gorge, another Partiſan, who, grown rich under M. Fouquet, bought a Marquiſate, and married quality. If he was rapacious like his brethren, he had the good fortune to eſcape a ſqueeze.

† De Langlée, who amaſſed a vaſt fortune by play.

her enemies. Every thing in him is of a piece; he behaves uniformly in the grandeur he has acquired, and for which he is in debt to no body. But why did not his feeble old father die twenty years ago, before any mention was made of Periander? How ſhall he ſtand thoſe odious pariſh-regiſters, which reveal men's extractions, and frequently put the widow or the heirs to the bluſh amidſt all their flaunting ſtate? How ſhall he hide them from the eyes of an envious, keen-ſighted Town, and in oppoſition to a thouſand people who will be at all funerals and public proceſſions? Beſides, what would you have him do? ſhall he ſtyle his father *Eſq;* who ſtyles himſelf no leſs than Right Honourable?

How many are like thoſe trees which, being already tall and well grown, are tranſplanted into gardens to the ſurpriſe of thoſe who behold them in thoſe fine places where they never ſaw them grow, and who know neither their beginning nor progreſs.

Could ſome of the illuſtrious Dead riſe again, and ſee their own arms or names borne, their lands, caſtles, ancient ſeats, and titles, poſſeſſed by thoſe very perſons who were once their tenants, what would they think of our age?

Nothing makes us better comprehend what little things GOD thinks he beſtows on mankind, in riches and dignities, and other advantages, than his diſtribution of them, and the ſort of men who are beſt provided.

If you were to go into a kitchen where all

that art and method can do are employed to gratify your palate, and make you eat above what is neceſſary; if you examined the particulars of all the diſhes which are prepared for you at a feaſt; if you obſerved how many hands they go through, or their various modifications before they become exquiſite meats, and are brought to that tempting elegance which charms your eyes, puzzles your choice, and ſeduces you to taſte all; yet if you ſaw the ingredients of the whole repaſt any where elſe than arranged on a table covered with fine linen, they would turn your ſtomach. If you were to go behind the ſcenes, and number the weights, the wheels, the ropes, in theatrical machines; if you were to conſider how many men are employed in the execution of their motions, how they ply their arms, and ſtrain their nerves; you would cry out, Are theſe the ſprings, the movements of ſo fine a ſhow, which ſeemed animated, and acted only by itſelf? Such efforts! ſuch violence! So with reſpect to the farmer of the King's revenues; enquire not too narrowly into their fortune.

This youth * ſo ruddy, ſo vegete and healthy, wantons in the revenues of an abbey and ten other benefices; they bring him in altogether one hundred and twenty thouſand livres a-year, which are paid him conſtantly in gold. There are elſewhere a hundred and twenty indigent families who have no fire, no clothes,

* The Archbiſhop of Rheims.

nor ſuſtenance; their diſtreſs is extreme and ſhocking. What inequality! Does not this clearly demonſtrate a futurity?

Chryſippus*, an upſtart nobleman, and the firſt of his race, thirty years ago aimed at two thouſand livres a-year; this was to bound his deſires, this was the ſummit of his ambition; this he was full of, as many ſtill remember. Some time after, by what means I know not, he was able to give as much for a portion to his daughter as he thought an ample competency for life; the like ſum lyes counted in his coffers for each of his children, and they are not few. This is only ſomething for the preſent, there is a greater eſtate to be expected at his death. He is ſtill alive, and, though advanced in years, employs the reſt of his time in labouring to be richer.

Let Ergaſtus † alone, and he will demand a duty from every one who drinks out of the river, or walks on the land; he knows how to

* Longenis, Farmer-general, whoſe daughter was married to a ſon of Marſhal Tourville, who being ſmitten with his daughter-in-law, was once obliged to make his eſcape out of her chamber window.

† Baron de Beauvois, very forward in ſcheming, of a ſuſpicious birth, ſome ſaying the *Purple*, others the *Flowers-de-luce*, had a hand in him. His mother was one of the late Queen-Mother's confidants; and it was ſhe who firſt aſſured the Queen that his Majeſty, who at firſt carried it very coldly to the ladies, *was extremely well qualified for marriage*. His reputed father ſold ribbons, and two knights of the Holy Ghoſt owe their's to his mother, whom they had gratified in the manner moſt ſuitable to her inclinations, which were not mercenary.

convert reeds, ruſhes, and nettles, into gold; he hears all ſchemes, and propoſes what he hears. The prince gives nothing to any one but at Ergaſtus's expence; parts with no favours but what are his due; his inſatiable avarice graſps at all. Were his advice to take place, the arts and ſciences would be brought under contribution, and Harmony itſelf be made a fund.

Have no dealings with Crito, that ſelfiſh blood-ſucker: the ſnare is always ready laid for thoſe who muſt treat with him. If you are inclined to purchaſe his poſt, a parcel of land, or whatever is his, he will ſcrew you moſt extravagantly. There is no candour, no equity, to be expected from one ſo wrapt up in his own intereſt. A bubble is his man.

Brontin *, ſays the World, uſes retirements, and locks himſelf up in company with ſaints: they have their meditations, and he has his.

The people have very often the pleaſure of a Tragedy; and ſee on the theatre of the world the moſt odious, infamous, and miſchievous actors brought to a wretched cataſtrophe.

If we divide the lives of the Partiſans † into two parts, the firſt, vigorous and eager, is buſied in oppreſſing the people; the ſecond, bordering on death, to make ſome kind of amends, is ſpent in detecting and ruining one another.

* Monſieur Bertier, a famous Partiſan, or Farmer of the revenue.

† Farmers of the revenue.

That man * who made your fortune, and that of ſeveral others, has not been able to maintain his own, or ſecure his wife and children after his death: they live in obſcurity and wretchedneſs, and their miſery is known, yet you have no thoughts of alleviating it: indeed you cannot; your buildings and modiſh expences run away with all your money; yet, in gratitude, you preſerve your benefactor's picture, which is honoured with a place in your parlour. Empty reſpect! it might as well be in the lumber-room.

There is an obduracy of temper, and another of rank and condition, which, no leſs than the firſt, hardens us towards the misfortunes of others; nay, to thoſe of our own family: a true Partiſan ſympathizes with neither friends, wife, or children.

Away, fly! you are not far enough. How? ſay you, I am under the other tropic. Traverſe the pole; haſten into the other hemiſphere; mount to the ſtars, if poſſible. I am there. Very well; then you are pretty ſafe. I look down on the earth; I there diſcover a furious, rapacious, inexorable, and inſatiable man †, who preys upon all he meets, and to the ruin of the unguarded. Determined to enlarge his overgrown fortune, and have no ſuperior in opulence, he takes the moſt diſpatchful meaſures to ſwell his fortune until it burſts.

To make one's fortune is ſo fine a phraſe,

* M. Fouquet. † M. Pontchartrain.

and of ſuch charming import, that it is univerſally uſed; it has paſſed from the Court to the City, made its way into the mortified cloiſters, ſcaled the walls of the abbeys of both ſexes, where one would think every heart was ſhut againſt it; there is no place ſacred which it has not profaned; it takes with Greeks and Barbarians; it is adopted into all languages, and the very children are taught to liſp it.

He who is cunning enough to fill his coffers, concludes he has the head of a ſtateſman.

To raiſe a fortune, and eſpecially a great fortune, a man muſt have a kind of wit: but it is neither the good nor the fine, the great nor the ſublime, the ſtrong nor the delicate: I am at a loſs to explain which it is; they who have experienced it may probably help me out.

Acquaintance and experience avail more in making one's fortune than wit: we think of it too late; and when, at laſt, we reſolve on it, we begin by thoſe faults which we have not always time to rectify: whence, perhaps, it proceeds that fortunes are ſo rarely acquired.

A man of a contracted genius may have high thoughts of advancing himſelf: in ſuch caſe, neglecting all things elſe, he will think of it from morning till night, and then break his reſt with contriving how to effect it. He begins early, and ſets out in his youth in the chace of preferment; upon meeting difficulties, being naturally irreſolute, he turns on the right or left, as ſeems moſt convenient; if new obſtacles ariſe, he ſtrikes back to his former track,

and the nature of the difficulties determine him ſometimes to grapple with them, ſometimes to avoid them, or take other meaſures; cuſtom, intereſt, and opportunity, rule his motions. Are ſuch great talents neceſſary for a traveller to ſet out at firſt in the main road? and if that be impracticable or crowded, to croſs the fields, and get into a bye-way for a while; then again return into the former road, and hold on until his journey's end? And is ſo much ſenſe and ſolidity requiſite to a ſteady purſuit of his ends? Is it, then, ſuch a wonder that a coxcomb ſhould ever be rich, and in any reputation?

Some ſtupid and weak men * are ſeen in lucrative callings and eminent ſtations; they die rich, yet we cannot ſuppoſe they have contributed to it by any induſtry or labour of their own: ſomebody, or perhaps only Chance, has directed them to the fountain-head. They have been then aſked, Would you have water? Draw, and they have drawn abundantly.

When we are young we are often poor: either we have made no acquiſitions, or our inheritances are not yet come to us: we become rich and old at the ſame time; ſo ſeldom

* Nicholas d'Orville, whoſe mother was in the ſecret of the King's amours with Madame de la Valiere. Though Treaſurer of France at Orleans, he had ſo little of what is called *learning*, that being one day aſked who was the firſt Roman emperor, he anſwered, Veſpaſian. However, he was maſter of the thriving talents, marrying his daughters to rich men, with whom money was the greateſt allurement.

is it that men unite every advantage. And if ſome perſons are ſo fortunate, their condition is not enviable; but at their death, by which they are ſuch great loſers, they may deſerve our compaſſion.

A man is thirty years old before he has any ſettled thoughts of his Fortune: it is not completed before fifty; he falls a building in his old age, and dies by that time his houſe is in a condition to be painted and glazed.

To what ſerves a great Fortune? why, to enjoy the vanity, induſtry, pains, and expence, of our predeceſſors; and to labour and cark in planting, building, and hoarding, for our poſterity!

Men open their ſhops, and ſet out their wares, every morning to cheat their cuſtomers, and cheerfully ſhut them up at night after having cheated all day.

The tradeſman ſhows his worſt goods, has falſe lights to give them a proper appearance; he over-rates them; peers upon the myſterious marks of deceit, that the buyer may think he is not impoſed upon in the price; cribs a little in the meaſure, and has ſcales to try the money he receives.

In all conditions the pooreſt man is the neareſt neighbour to Honeſty, and the rich as little diſtant from Knavery; ſenſe and ability, of themſelves, ſeldom procure exceſſive riches.

A ſhow of honeſty is in all trades the ſureſt way to thrive.

The ſhorteſt and beſt way to make your

Fortune, is to convince people that it is their intereſt to promote your's.

Some * ſtimulated by neceſſity, or a deſire of riches or glory, improve their licentious talents, and engage in profeſſions not the moſt reputable, overlooking the danger and conſequence; they quit them afterwards out of a diſcreet devotion, which was never ſeen in them before their harveſt was inned, and they at eaſe in a warm ſettlement.

There are miſeries which wring the very heart: ſome want even food; they dread the winter; others eat forced fruits; artificial heats change the earth and ſeaſons to pleaſe their palates. I have known citizens, becauſe grown rich, ſo execrably dainty as to ſwallow, at a morſel, the nouriſhment of a hundred families. Great are they who can behave well in theſe extremities. Let me be nor happy nor unhappy; that is, neither rich nor poor. I take ſanctuary in an honeſt mediocrity.

The grief of the poor is, that they want all things, and nobody comforts them. The rich are angry if they want the leaſt thing, if any one contradict or oppoſe them.

He is rich whoſe income is more than his expences; and he is poor whoſe expences exceed his income.

There † are ſome who, with an annual revenue of two millions, are poor by five hundred thouſand livres a-year.

* Racine the Tragedian.

† Monſieur Seignelai, Chancellor.

There is nothing keeps longer than a middling Fortune, and nothing melts away ſooner than a great one.

Poverty treads upon the heels of great and unexpected riches.

If he is rich who wants nothing, a very wiſe man is a very rich man.

If he is poor who is full of deſires, nothing can equal the poverty of the ambitious and the covetous.

The Paſſions tyrannize over mankind, but Ambition ſuſpends the others, and makes a man for a while put on the appearance of virtues. I once believed Tryphon, who is now a heap of vices, ſober, chaſte, liberal, humble, and even devout; I might have believed ſo ſtill, if he had not made his Fortune.

There is no end of deſiring riches and grandeur; before the rattle ſeizes him, and death approaches, though his face be ſhrivelled, and his legs totter, yet he is ever talking of, *my Fortune, my preferment.*

There are but two ways of riſing in the world, by your own induſtry, or the weakneſs of others.

Features may indicate the conſtitution and manners, but it is the air that diſcovers the goods of Fortune; it is written in a man's countenance whether he has more or leſs than a thouſand livres a-year.

Cryſantes, a wealthy impertinent man, would not be ſeen with Eugenius, who is a man of merit, but poor; he accounts it a diſgrace. Eu-

genius is even with Cryſantes; there is no great fear that they will ever quarrel together.

When I ſee ſome perſons who uſed to act upon the reſerve, and be beforehand with me in their civilities, expect I ſhould ſalute them firſt, I ſay to myſelf, Is it ſo? troth things are rarely mended with you; it is certain this gentleman is better provided for than formerly, he is got into ſome new poſt or buſineſs, which has already brought griſt to his mill. Pray Heaven it may laſt, nay, may it increaſe, and that in time he may come even to deſpiſe me!

If books, and their authors, depended on the rich and proſperous, how hard would be the fate of the learned? extirpation or baniſhment at leaſt. How the mighty world would lord it over them may be concluded from their preſent ſurlineſs to thoſe inſignificant fellows who have not the art of puſhing themſelves, and who can only think or write judiciouſly. We muſt confeſs the preſent time is for the rich, the future for the virtuous and ingenuous. Homer lives ſtill, and will ever flouriſh, whilſt a thouſand Treaſurers and Collectors are no more: they are utterly forgot. Are their names, or their deſcent, or their country, known? were there any Revenue-farmers in Greece? what is become of all thoſe important perſonages who deſpiſed Homer, who were careful to avoid him, who never ſaluted him, or ſaluted him bluntly, who diſdained to ſee him at their tables, who looked on him as one who was not rich, and had writ a book? what

will become of the Fauconets *? will they be tranſmitted to lateſt ages as Deſcartes, who was born a Frenchman, and died in Sweden?

The ſame pride which makes a man haughtily inſult over his inferiors, forces him to cringe ſervilely before his ſuperiors. It is the very nature of this vice, founded on riches, poſts, credit, and uſeleſs ſciences, without perſonal merit or ſolid virtue, to render a man as ſupercilious to thoſe who are below him in Fortune, as ſupple to thoſe in higher circumſtances.

There are ſome ſordid ſouls, grovelling in filth and ordure, to whom intereſt and gain are what glory and virtue are to ſuperior ſouls; ſenſible of no pleaſure but one, which is getting, or never loſing; covetous to a farthing, buſied wholly about their debtors, dreading a lowering of the coin, abſorbed in contracts, purchaſes, bills of ſale, mortgages, and ſuch inſtruments. Theſe people are neither relations, friends, citizens, Chriſtians, nor even men: they have money.

Let us firſt except thoſe benign exalted ſouls, if there are any in being, who are the refuge of the neceſſitous; whoſe wealth and talents are devoted to the general welfare; whom no neceſſities, or inequality, no viciſſitudes or malice, can ſeparate from thoſe they have once choſe for their friends; and let us, after this, deliver a lamentable truth: There is not a man

* Meſſieurs Bethelot, Farmers of the King's revenue.

in the world whom love, inclination, and long reciprocation of kindneſſes, have engaged to us, and who has warmly offered us a thouſand ſervices, but this ſame man, by the ſway of intereſt, has in him a diſpoſition ready to break with us, and become our enemy.

Whilſt Orontes * was increaſing his years, his wealth, and his revenue, a girl was born in a certain family; being grown up to her ſixteenth year, ſhe was remarkably beautiful and accompliſhed: he, at fifty, courts this ſo beautiful, accompliſhed creature; and ſhe prefers him without birth, wit, or the leaſt merit, to all his rivals.

Marriage, which ought to be the fountain of felicity, is often a cruſhing load. Such it is when wife and children become a violent temptation to fraud, falſehood, and unlawful gains, for their maintenance. Dreadful ſituation, to be hemmed in between indigence and knavery!

To marry a widow †, ſignifies to make one's Fortune, though it does not always prove what it ſignifies.

He, whoſe portion would only maintain him like a tolerable lawyer, is preſently for being a ſerjeant: the ſerjeant muſt be a judge, and the judge a chancellor: and thus it is with all conditions, where men are ſtraitened; after ha-

* M. de la Rovoye, *Maitre des hommes de Fortune*, married Miſs Valiere, a moſt beautiful young creature. Her avaricious mother made the match.

† The Duke de Atri, Count de Marſan, *&c. &c.*

ving attempted beyond their Fortune, and forced, as I may ſay, their deſtiny; having neither virtue to forbear being rich, nor prudence to continue rich.

Dine well, Clearchus, ſup better, keep large fires, buy a laced cloak, hang your chamber with fine tapeſtry, What need you care who is to come after you? You have either no heir, or you do not know him; or, what is worſe, you have no love for him.

When we are young we lay up for old age; when we are old we ſave for death. The prodigal heir makes a pompous funeral, and laviſhes away the remainder.

The miſer *, after death, ſpends more in one day than when living in ten years; and his heir in ten months more than he could find in his heart to part with in all his life.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miſer robs himſelf. The middle way is juſtice to ourſelves and others.

Children, perhaps, would be dearer to their parents, and parents to their children, were it not for being heirs.

It is a wretched condition, even a diſparagement to life, that we muſt go through labour, hardſhip and danger, ſervitude and dependence, for a little Fortune, or owe it to the laſt pangs of our neareſt relations. He who maſters himſelf ſo far, that he does not wiſh his

* M. Morſtein, who, after being High Treaſurer of Poland, removed to Paris, where he died; he was extremely tenacious, and buried with a moſt extravagant ſolemnity.

father's death, has a ſingular rectitude of diſpoſition.

Complaiſance is cloſely obſerved by a preſumptive heir; we are never better flattered, better obeyed, followed, courted, and attended, than by thoſe who hope to get by our death, and wiſh it may happen quickly.

All men, relatively to poſts, titles, and ſucceſſions, look on themſelves as heirs to each other; and theſe expectations produce a ſecret deſire for each other's death. The happieſt man, in all ſtations, is he who has moſt to loſe by his death, and to leave to his ſucceſſor.

It is ſaid of play, that it equals all conditions; but there is often ſuch ſtrange diſparity, and ſuch a chaſm between two ranks, that it is an eyeſore to ſee ſuch extremities meet together. It is worſe than diſcord in muſic; oaths are not ſo offenſive. It is a ſubverſion of all order and decency. If any one tells me It is the practice of all the Weſt; I anſwer, It is, perhaps, what of all things renders us barbarians to the other part of the world, and what the Eaſtern people, who come this way, peculiarly remark of us in their journals. I queſtion not but to them this exceſs of familiarity appears no leſs incongruous than to us their Zombay *, and other proſtrations.

An aſſembly of the ſtates, a court of juſtice, ſhows nothing ſo ſerious and grave as a table of gameſters playing very high: a melancholy

* See the Relation of *the Voyage to Siam.*

ſolicitude clouds their looks; envy and rancour agitate their minds while the meeting laſts, without regard to friendſhip, alliances, birth, or diſtinctions. Chance preſides over the circle, and ſupremely decides on all occaſions; they all watch its motions by a profound ſilence, which they can never obſerve elſewhere. All the paſſions ſeem ſuſpended a while, to give place to one at this tempeſtuous ſeaſon: the courtier is neither gay, complaiſant, nor even devout.

All remembrance of their former ſituation ſeems utterly obliterated in thoſe who have made their Fortune by gaming *; they loſe ſight of their equals, and aſſociate only with perſons of the firſt quality. 'Tis true, the fortune of the dye, or *lanſquenet*, often ſets them down where it took them up.

I am not ſurpriſed that there are ſo many public gaming-houſes, which are like ſo many ſnares laid for avarice, like whirlpools where many a man's money is ingurgitated without hopes of return; like rocks, where moſt of the players periſh; that ſharpers have continually their emiſſaries abroad, to learn who returns

* Courcillon, who, from a very mean ſort of a gentleman, by dint of games and dice, roſe to the Blue Ribbon, and two conſiderable poſts. Or it will no leſs ſuit Morin, who went over to England merely to game, and made ſuch a good voyage of it, that he brought away above twelve hundred thouſand livres; but he afterwards met with his match, attending the courtiers of Verſailles, who ſtript him; ſo that, from being one in the higheſt parties, he was reduced to herd with lawyers' clerks, and half-pay officers.

from the country with the price of an eſtate, who has a round ſum paid him upon gaining a ſuit, who has had a lucky run at play; what heir has leaped into a large inheritance; or what deſperate clerk or officer will venture his whole caſh on the turn of a card? It is a villanous trade indeed; but it is a trade in repute, very ancient, and advantageouſly practiſed by the profeſſed gameſters. If they would have a ſign, let me recommend this inſcription; *Here is fair Cheating:* for I ſuppoſe they will not pretend to be unblameable. Every one knows, that to enter and to loſe in theſe houſes is but one and the ſame thing; but that they ſhould have ſuch ſhoals of dupes, to make a genteel ſubſiſtence of it, is unaccountable.

How many thouſands * have been ruined by gaming? yet you ſay, very compoſedly, you cannot live without it. Frivolous excuſe! is there any violent and ſhameful paſſion which may not uſe the ſame language? would any one be allowed to ſay, he cannot live without murders, rapes, and robberies? is gaming without conſideration or intermiſſion, where you aim at the total ruin of your adverſary, where you are tranſported with inſolence at winning, or thrown into deſpair by loſing; where, inflamed by avarice, you expoſe, on a

* Robert, Preſident of Accompts, who, after fleecing the Flanderkins, brought a vaſt ſum to Paris, where it was ſoon diminiſhed at the gaming-table, and his ſplendour totally eclipſed; yet he cannot forbear riſking the ſmall remainder.

card or a dye, your own, your wive's, and your children's fortune; is this allowable? is this the ſport you cannot live without? and yet are there not often worſe conſequences than theſe at play? when entirely ſtripped, when clothes and furniture have been converted into gaming-money, you ſee your family in unpitied wretchedneſs. The frequent duels I omit.

I allow no body to be a knave; but I allow a knave to play deep. I forbid it an honeſt man: there is too much folly, there is wickedneſs in expoſing one's ſelf to a great loſs.

There is but one affliction which is laſting, and that is the loſs of an eſtate; time, which alleviates all others, ſharpens this; we feel it every moment during the courſe of our lives, continually miſſing the Fortune we have loſt.

The man who ſpends his eſtate without marrying his daughters, paying his debts, or laying it out to advantage, may be well enough liked by every one but his wife and children.

Neither the troubles, Zenobia, which diſturb your empire, nor the war which, ſince the death of the king your huſband, you have ſo heroicly maintained againſt a powerful nation, diminiſh any thing of your magnificence. You have preferred the banks of Euphrates to every other country for building a ſtately fabric. There the air is healthy and temperate, the ſituation raviſhing, a ſacred wood ſhades it on the Weſt, the Syrian Gods, who ſometimes viſit the earth, could not chuſe a finer

abode; the adjacent country is peopled with men who are conſtantly employed in ſhaping or cutting, going and coming, tranſporting the timber of Lebanon, braſs and porphyry; the air rings with the rattle of tools and engines, and the travellers, who paſs that way to Arabia, expect, in their return home, to ſee it finiſhed with inimitable ſplendour before you, or the princes your children, make it your dwelling. Spare nothing, great Queen! deal out your gold among the moſt excellent artiſts; let the Phidias' and Zeuxis' of your age ſhow the utmoſt of their art on your walls and ceilings; lay out vaſt and delicious gardens, whoſe beauty ſhall appear to be all enchantment, and not the contrivance of man; exhauſt your treaſures on this incomparable edifice, and, after you have brought it to perfection, know, O magnificent Princeſs! ſome grazier * or other, who lives among the neighbouring waſtes of Palmyra, enriched by the toll of your rivers, ſhall purchaſe, with ready money, this Royal Manſion, and add new embelliſhments to it, that it may become his boundleſs fortune.

This palace, this furniture, theſe gardens, theſe waterworks, charm you. At the firſt ſight of ſo delicious a houſe you cannot forbear an exclamation on the extreme felicity of the owner. Alas! he is no more; he never

* Monſieur de Gourville, Steward to the late Prince of Condé, who having purchaſed the fine ſeat of St Maur, has laid out vaſt ſums in new decorations and enrichments, though his Highneſs, who did not want taſte, thought its former condition not too mean for his dignity.

lived ſo peaceably and agreeably as yourſelf; he never knew a cheerful day, or a quiet night; he ſunk beneath the debts he contracted in adorning this ſtructure with the beauties which ſo tranſport you; his creditors drove him from it; he turned back his head, and from far gave it a final view, which affected him ſo, that he died that very inſtant.

We ſee frequently, in certain families, what we call the Caprice of Fortune: it is at moſt but an hundred years ago ſince ſome families were talked of, or even in being. Heaven, on a ſudden, opens itſelf in their favour, and ſhowers down on them riches, honours, dignities, and poſts; they baſk in proſperity. Eumolpas, one of thoſe men who will have no grandfathers, had a father who was elevated ſo high, that every thing he deſired, during the courſe of a long life, he attained, if attainable: did this proceed from ſuperior wit, or capacity, either in the father or the ſon, or only from favourable conjunctures? Fortune, at laſt, withdraws her ſmiles; ſhe removes, to ſport herſelf elſewhere, and treats their poſterity as ſhe did their anceſtors.

The immediate cauſe of the ruin of gentlemen of the long robe and the ſword is, that their profeſſions, and not their incomes, direct their expenſes.

If you have omitted nothing towards making your Fortune, how great has been your labour! if the leaſt thing, how laſting will be your repentance!

Giton has a freſh complexion, a full face, a ſteady and manly look, broad ſhoulders, a full cheſt, a firm tread; he ſpeaks boldly, and muſt have every word repeated that is ſpoken to him, and is but indifferently pleaſed with any thing: after diſplaying a large handkerchief, he makes the room echo when he blows his noſe; he ſpits about, and ſneezes violently; he has his day-naps, alſo ſleeps ſoundly at night; he ſnores in company; he takes up more room than any one elſe at table; he fills the middle in walking with his equals; he ſtops, they ſtop; he goes forward, they go forward; all are governed by his motions; he interrupts the perſon that ſpeaks with his vociferous garrulity; he is never interrupted, the company is of his opinion, and his news is conſtantly the trueſt: if he ſits down, you ſee him loll in the chair croſs-legged, wrinkling his brows, and pulling his hat over his eyes, that he may ſee nobody; then giving it a flap backwards, ſhows a ſupercilious forehead: he is merry, ever upon the laugh, impatient, choleric, a libertine and politician; full of his wit, and, what excuſes ſuch overbearing doings, he is rich.

Phedon has hollow eyes, a red face, a lean body, and a meagre look; he ſleeps little; he is thoughtful to mopiſhneſs, and, with good ſenſe, has the air of one that is ſtupid; he forgets to ſpeak of thoſe ſciences or tranſactions with which he is acquainted: if he ſpeaks ſometimes, he comes but lamely off; being too conciſe, for fear of being troubleſome, he is ſel-

dom hearkened to, or taken notice of: he praiſes, he laughs at others' jeſts, he is of their opinions, he is eager to do them little ſervices; he is a flatterer, complaiſant, buſy, cloſe in his affairs, ſuperſtitious, ſcrupulous, timorous, and ſometimes a liar; he ſteps lightly and ſoftly, he ſeems afraid to tread the ground; he walks with his eyes downward, dares not raiſe them to face thoſe who paſs by him; he never makes one in any of thoſe companies that meet on purpoſe to diſcourſe; he puts himſelf behind him who ſpeaks, hears but by ſtealth, and ſneaks off if obſerved: he pulls his hat over his eyes that he may not be known; he ſhrouds himſelf in a cloak; there is no ſtreet or gallery ſo crouded or thronged but he finds a way to get through without joſtling, and ſteals along unperceived: if he is deſired to ſit, he ſeats himſelf on the edge of the chair; in converſation rather mutters than ſpeaks; however, he is free on public affairs, angry with the age, and but indifferently pleaſed with the miniſtry; he ſeldom opens his mouth but to reply; blows his noſe under his hat, ſpits in his handkerchief, gets into a corner to ſneeze, that the company may not hear it; he coſts nobody a compliment, or a ſalute: he is poor.

OF THE CITY.

AT Paris we meet as exactly without appointment as if it were ſome public aſſigna-

tion; we are punctually every evening at the Thuilleries and the Cours, to ſtare at and criticiſe upon one another.

We cannot forbear even the company of thoſe perſons whom we hate and deride.

We wait for one another at theſe meetings, and as we paſs by are curious in examining coaches, horſes, and liveries; nothing eſcapes our eyes, which are, in theſe caſes, very keen and malicious; we reſpect or diſdain the people we meet according to the glitter of their equipage.

Every body knows the cauſeway along the Seine, on that ſide where, together with the Marne, it waters Paris: hereabout the men come to ſwim in ſummer: here you ſee them leap into the water, and return out of it: now it is obſervable that the City women never take their walks this way till the ſwimming ſeaſon comes, and when it is paſſed walk there no longer.

In thoſe places of general reſort, where the ladies aſſemble only to ſhow their fine ſilks, and parade with all the arts of their toilet, people don't walk with a company for the benefit of converſation, but herd together to get a little confidence, and keep one another in countenance, againſt the common reflections of thoſe rendezvouſes. Here they talk and ſay nothing, or rather talk to be taken notice of by ſuch as paſs by them, for whoſe ſake they raiſe their voices, throw themſelves into apiſh geſtures, cringe, bow negligently, and take ſeveral turns.

The Town is divided into ſeveral ſocieties which, like ſo many little republics, have their particular laws, cuſtoms, jargon, and jeſts; whilſt the reciprocal conceit, the baſis of theſe connexions, ſubſiſts, nothing is allowed to be well done which they had no hand in; thoſe who have not been initiated into their myſteries are condemned. A man of wit, and one who knows the world, whom Chance has thrown amongſt them, finds himſelf in a ſtrange country, where he is ignorant of the roads, language, laws, and cuſtoms. He ſees here a ſpecies who rattle, whiſper, laugh, and preſently fall into a myſterious ſilence; he loſes himſelf here, can hardly tell how to put in a word, or where to bend his attention. Here is always ſome forward coxcomb who, with paltry jeſts, or profane buffoonery, makes himſelf the hero of the ſociety: this man is director of the general merriment, and ſets them a-laughing before he ſpeaks. If at any time a woman comes amongſt them, who is not acquainted with their cant, theſe blades wonder ſhe ſhould not laugh at the prettineſſes ſhe does not ſo much as underſtand, and appear inſenſible at the trifles which they themſelves would not be pleaſed with, if they were not their own; they will have a fling at her talking, her ſilence, her ſhape, her complexion, her dreſs, her coming in or going out of the room. All theſe clubs, ſo ſprightly, ſo conceited, never outlive two years ſucceſſively: in the firſt are ſown thoſe ſeeds of diviſion which diſſolve them the next:

quarrels about ſome beauty, diſputes at play, extravagant feaſts, which, though modeſt in the beginning, ſoon degenerating into pyramids of victuals, and variety of coſtly wines, give the fatal wound to theſe whimſical commonwealths; and in a little while there is no more talk of them than of laſt year's flies.

In the City are the ſuperior and inferior limbs of the law: the firſt of theſe revenge themſelves on the other for the mortifications they meet with at Court. It is not eaſily known where the ſuperior ends, or the inferior begins, there being a conſiderable body of thoſe who refuſe to be of the ſecond order, and who yet are not allowed to be of the firſt: theſe, inſtead of receding from their pretenſions, on the contrary, endeavour, by their gravity and expenſe, to equal the magiſtracy. They are often heard to ſay, that the nobleneſs of their employment, the independency of their profeſſion, their elocution, and their perſonal merit, are at leaſt an equipoiſe to the bags of money which the ſons of farmers, or bankers, paid for their offices.

Inconſiderate creature! to ſit muſing, or, perhaps, doſing, in your coach: rouze, out with your book or papers, read, ſalute no body, not ſo much as people of the greateſt quality, and they will believe you a perſon of extraordinary buſineſs. This man, ſay they, is indefatigable; he reads, he is employed even in the ſtreet, and on the road: obſerve but the pettifogger; he would be thought immerſed in his affairs;

knits his brows, ſnudges along, as if he had ſomething to do, and pretends ſo much buſineſs that he cannot find time for eating and drinking: he is no ſooner in his houſe than preſently he takes himſelf to his cloſet; he hides himſelf from the public, avoids the Theatre, leaving it to thoſe who run no riſk in appearing there, to thoſe whoſe leiſure allows ſuch relaxations, to the Gomons and the Duhamels.

There are too many young magiſtrates * whom pleaſure and eſtates have aſſociated to ſome of thoſe who are called at Court *Sir Foplings*; they ape them, and conceit themſelves much above the gravity of the robe; their age and fortune diſpenſe theſe from being diſcreet or moderate; they borrow from the Court the very worſt of it, ſet up for vanity, luxury, intemperance, and libertiniſm, as if all thoſe vices were their privilege; a character quite oppoſite to what they ought to maintain, and, in the end, according to their deſires, they become exact copies of moſt flagitious originals.

A City lawyer when at Court, is not the ſame perſon returned home; he reſumes his natural manners, look, and geſture, which he had left there; he is not ſo much embarraſſed, nor ſo civil.

The Criſpins † join their families together, club for ſix horſes to lengthen their equipage, and, with a ſtring of men in liveries, to which

* The Preſident de Meme, and others.
† Meſſieurs Malo, Officers of the Robe.

each furniſhes his quota, they figure at the Park, or at Vincennes, with as much ſplendour as a new bridegroom, or as Jaſon, who is ruining himſelf by his vanity, or as Thraſon, who has exchanged his acres for a poſt, and now ſets up for marrying a fortune.

I hear much talk of the Sannions*, the ſame name, the ſame arms; the elder houſe, the younger houſe, and the youngeſt branch of the youngeſt houſe. The firſt bear their arms plain, the ſecond with a label, and the third with a bordure indented; their colour and metal are the ſame as thoſe of the *Bourbons*, and, like them, they bear *two* and *one*: it is true they are not *flower-de-luces*, but they are ſatisfied, and, perhaps, believe in their hearts their bearings as noble; at leaſt they are not inferior to perſons of the firſt quality: we ſee them on their windows in their chapels, on the gates of their ſeat, on their juſticiary pillar, where many a man is condemned to be hanged who only deſerved baniſhment; we ſee them on their moveables and locks, their coaches are covered with them, and their liveries are as glaring as their arms. But, to be plain with the Sannions, I muſt tell them, your oſtentation is too precipitate, you ſhould have ſtaid till a

* The deſcendents of Le Clerc and Pellitier, two rich tanners, from whom Henry IV. in his extremities, borrowed 20,000 crowns, for which he offered them his note; but, as it ſeems there is an expenſive ceremony in making a demand upon the King, they choſe to take his word: they were generouſly repaid; and, as a further acknowledgment, the King granted them a patent of Nobility.

century had covered your extraction; thoſe who knew your grandfather have already one foot in the grave, they cannot live long; and who then can ſay, There he kept his ſtall, and a dear one it was.

The Sannions and the Criſpins had rather be thought extravagant than covetous; they tell you a long ſtory of a feaſt or collation they gave; of their loſings at play; they ſpeak, in their myſterious cant, of the ladies of their acquaintance; they have ever a thouſand pleaſant things to tell each other, and are always making new diſcoveries, paſſing amongſt themſelves for men of very great intrigue. One of them * coming late to his country-houſe, haſtens to bed, that he may riſe with the dawn, puts on his ſporting accoutrements, ties back his hair, takes his fuzee, and is a ſportſman, if he did but ſhoot well; he returns at night wet and weary, without any game, makes the ſame appearance on the morrow, and in this manner paſſes every day in miſſing the thruſhes and partridges.

* Preſident de Coigneux, a mighty ſportſman; his ſeat was full of implements of all kinds for the field, which took up too much of his thoughts to admit of his growing rich; this was, in ſome meaſure, compenſated by a ſecond marriage with a Partiſan's widow. He had not ſo much as provided himſelf with a nightgown for this marriage; ſo that going in the evening, according to the cuſtom of Paris, to his wife's dreſſing-table, which he was informed was very ſplendid, he put on his ſcarlet furred gown, thinking no garb could do more honour to the place than the mark of that poſt for which only the widow had married him; but his miſtimed ſolemnity ſet all the company a-laughing.

Another of them, with two or three couple of ſcurvy dogs, calls them, *my pack:* he is ſure to be informed of all hunting matches, and is one of the firſt in the chace; with his horn by his ſide, he mingles himſelf with the huntſmen, and does not aſk, like Menalippus, *Have I any pleaſure in this?* but believes he really has: law and pleadings laid aſide, he would be thought an Hippolitus. Menander, who ſaw him yeſterday on account of a ſuit, to-day does not know his judge: to-morrow you may ſee him at his chamber, where, though a weighty caſe is to come on, he gets his brethren about him, informs them that it was not his hounds which loſt the ſtag; that he is hoarſe with hallooing after the dogs, who were at a fault, or after the huntſman, who miſtook the game, and that he was in at the death of the ſtag; but the clock ſtrikes, and he has no more time to talk of his hounds or hunting; he muſt then to his ſeat, put on the juſtice, and ſtrive to diſcern right from wrong.

Prodigious infatuation of ſome particular men *! who, being poſſeſſed of great eſtates, which their fathers accumulated by a proſperous induſtry, will have the wardrobe and equipage of a prince, and by an ill-judged profuſeneſs, and awkward ſtatelineſs, raiſe the laughter of the whole Town, which they fancy is dazzled with their doubly miſerable luſtre, till they are ruined by what expoſes them.

* M. de Rouveau, Poſt-maſter General.

Some are ſo unhappy *, that their follies do not ſpread beyond the ſtreet they live in; the neighbourhood is the narrow theatre of their vanity. Who in the *Iſle du Palais* has heard that André makes a figure, and ſcatters his patrimony in the Marais? If he were only known in the City and ſuburbs, probably amongſt ſo great a number of citizens, who do not all judge rightly, one or other might be ſo far miſtaken as to ſay he has the ſpirit of a prince, and give an account of his treats to Xantu and Ariſton, or his entertainments to Elamira: but he ruins himſelf obſcurely; it is for the ſake of two or three ſcoundrels, who have not the leaſt eſteem for him, that he is riding poſt to poverty; and though at preſent lolling in a coach, in ſix months you will ſee him in a ſhabby plight a-foot.

Narciſſus † riſes in the morning to ly down at night; has his hours of dreſſing as regularly as a woman; goes every day to morning and evening prayer: he is good company, and ſerves to make a third at ombre; he ſits four hours together at Aracias's, where he ventures his five or ſix piſtoles every night; he never miſſes

* Noblet, who ſpent above 30,000 in hugger-mugger upon Madame Gurat, who liberally communicated her gains to two other gallants. This dupe was Houſe-ſteward to Philip Duke of Orleans, which place he ſold, and afterwards lived upon his mother.

† M. Garntier, whoſe father was Treaſurer of the Caſualties, had eight children, to each of which he left a million; but they were afterwards fined 100,000 crowns each, which they paid.

reading the *Dutch Gazette*, and the *Mercure Gallant*; he has read *Bergerac*, *Du Marets*, *Leſcluche*, and ſome collections of poetry; he attends the ladies to the public walks, and is religiouſly punctual in his viſits; he will do the ſame to-morrow which he has done to-day, and did yeſterday. Thus he lives, and in this manner will he die.

There is a man*, ſay you, whom I have ſeen, and, though I have forgot where, I remember his face perfectly well. So do many others; but in this I will aſſiſt your memory. Was it at the Thuilleries, the park, or in a box at the playhouſe? was it at church, at a ball, or at Rambouillet? or, rather, can you tell where you have not ſeen him? where is he not to be met with! At an execution, or firework, he appears in a balcony; if there is a public entry, you ſee him on a ſcaffold; if the King receives an ambaſſador, he follows the proceſſion, aſſiſts at the audience, then thruſts himſelf into the ranks at the return; his preſence would be thought as eſſential at the renewing and ſwearing the alliances with the Swiſs Cantons as that of the Lord Chancellor or Plenipotentiaries; he is at every hunting match; at every review you ſee him on horſeback amongſt the officers; he is very fond of military ſights; he has been as far as Fort Bernardi to make a campaign. Chanley underſtands marches, Jacquier proviſions, Du Metz the artillery; but

* The late Prince of Mecklenburg.

this gentleman contents himſelf with ſeeing, and is by profeſſion a Spectator; he neither does nor knows any thing that a man ought to do and know; but he boaſts he has ſeen every thing that is to be ſeen, and now does not grudge to die. But what a loſs will that be to the Town? Who then will inform us that the Park-gates are ſhut, and that there is no walking there? who will acquaint us when there is a concert, or legerdemain performances? who will inform us of the condition of the Theatres? who will tell us who ſuch an alderman is by his arms and liveries? who will acquaint us that Scapin bears the *Flower-de-luce?* who will pronounce, with a more diſdainful emphaſis, the names and titles of ſome new-ennobled citizen, or be better furniſhed with ballads and lampoons? who will then lend the ladies *the Amorous Journals*, and *the Annals of Gallantry?* who will ſing at table a whole dialogue of an opera, or the rants of Orlando at an aſſembly? To conclude, ſince there is in the City, as well as elſewhere, ſo great a number of ſilly, lazy, and fantaſtical folks, who will ſo exactly ſuit every one of them as he did?

Theramenes was rich, and had merit; he is now an heir, and, conſequently, is much richer, and has a great deal more merit; the women court him for a gallant, and their daughters for a huſband; he goes from houſe to houſe to make the mothers hope that his intentions are for marriage. Is he ſat down? they retire to give their daughters full liberty

to charm, and Theramenes to make his declarations. Here he oppoſes the buſhy-wig'd magiſtrate; there eclipſes knights and gentlemen, who would fain diſlodge ſuch a rival. A gay, briſk, witty young fellow could not be more paſſionately deſired, nor better received; they ſnatch him out of one another's hands, and hardly have the leiſure to vouchſafe a ſmile to any other perſon who is upon a viſit at the ſame time. How many gallants is he like to defeat? how many hopeful matches to ruin? what will become of all the ſmitten heireſſes who dreſs at him? He is not only the terror of the huſbands, but the dread of all ſuch as deſire to be ſo, and to whom marriage is the only reſource for their broken fortunes. A man ſo happy, and ſo full of money, ought to be baniſhed from a well-governed City; and the ladies ſhould be forbidden, under ſome ignominious penalty, to treat him better than if he were a perſon who had nothing but merit to recommend him.

Paris is ever for imitating the Court, but falls ſhort in many things: the courtiers, eſpecially the ladies, treat a man of merit, and without any thing but merit, with ſuch a cheerful frankneſs, and engaging affability: what family he is of, whether he has an equipage, poſt, or eſtate, they don't ſo much as aſk; they find him at Court, that is enough to intitle him to their civilities: as they live in the midſt of pomp and affluence, they love to deſcend and recreate themſelves with wit and philoſophy.

Is there any thing like this in the City dames? does not their heart dance at the noiſe of a coach at the door? what pride glares in their eyes when they ſee a chair ſet down an embroidered viſitant? when is a man of merit ſeen at their tables?

The fooliſhneſs of ſome City women, in their wretched imitation of thoſe of the Court, is more diſagreeable than the awkwardneſs of ordinary women, and the coarſeneſs of villagers; ſince it is a mixture of both theſe and affectation.

What a deep fetch is it to make rich preſents in courtſhip which coſt nothing, and after marriage are to be returned in kind!

A moſt diſcreet and praiſe-worthy practice truly, to celebrate your nuptials to the value of one third of your wife's portion! to begin with deliberately impoveriſhing yourſelves by a multiplicity of ſuperfluous things, then take from the main ſtock to pay the cabinetmaker, chinaman, and upholſterer!

Again, what a delicate and judicious cuſtom is it which, in compliance with ſome antique ceremony, not more prudent than modeſt, expoſes the new-married bride* on a bed as on

* According to an immemorial cuſtom at Paris, the brides receive viſits, during the firſt three days after marriage, ſitting on a bed, dreſſed up as fine as poſſible, and attended by ſome of their female intimates, where they are in a manner made a public ſhow of, and the arch viſitants ſtriving to put them out of countenance by double entendres, conundrums, ſmutty queſtions, and ſuch ribaldry.

a Theatre, where ſhe ſits a ſpectacle for the whole Town, friends or foes, to view her in this poſture for ſome days! Is there any thing wanting to make this cuſtom ſeem enormous and incredible, but to have read it in ſome relation from Mingrelia?

What a troubleſome and idle way of living is it for perſons to be ſolicitous to meet and fret at a diſappointment, yet, when met, to have nothing but trifles to ſay to each other, and trifles which both parties were previouſly acquainted with, and of no manner of importance to either? to enter into a chamber purely to go out of it, and to go out after dinner only to come home at night, highly ſatisfied after a jaunt of ſome hours, with ſeeing three or four porters, a woman whom we do not know, and another for whom we do not care? Whoever will rightly conſider the value of his time, and its irreparable loſs, muſt mourn bitterly over ſuch momentous errors.

In cities, people are brought up in a total ignorance of, and blameable indifference for, country affairs; they can ſcarce diſtinguiſh flax from hemp, wheat from rye, and neither of them from barley: eating, drinking, and dreſſing, are their qualifications; paſtures, copſes, after-graſs, inning harveſt, are Gothic words there. If to ſome of them you talk of weights, ſcales, meaſures, intereſt, and books of rates; to others of appeals, petitions, decrees, and injunctions, they will prick up their ears. They pretend to know the World, and, though it is

more ſafe and commendable, are ignorant of Nature, her beginnings, growths, gifts, and bounties. This ignorance is frequently voluntary, and founded on the conceit they have of their own callings and profeſſions; there is not a pettifogger who, in his ſooty ſtudy, with his noddle full of wicked quibbles and deſtructive chicane, does not prefer himſelf to the valuable huſbandman, who praiſes GOD, cultivates the earth, ſows in ſeaſon, and gathers his rich harveſt; and if at any time the wretch hears talk of the firſt men, or the Patriarchs, of their rural lives, their order and ſecurity, he wonders how there could be any living without attorneys, counſellors, judges, and ſolicitors; whilſt thoſe of another caſt think they muſt be queer mortals without billiards, operas, cards, balls, coffeehouſes, and ordinaries.

The Roman emperors never triumphed ſo commodiouſly, ſo ſplendidly, nor ſo ſheltered from the wind, rain, dirt, duſt, and ſun, as the citizens of Paris, when they rattle in their coaches from one end of the Town to the other. Alas! how fallen from, ſhall I ſay, or how raiſed above, their anceſtors? They, good men! never exchanged neceſſaries for ſuperfluities, nor preferred ſhow to ſubſtance; their houſes were never illuminated with wax lights, which were only to be ſeen on the altar, or at the Louvre; they could warm themſelves by a little fire; they never roſe from a bad dinner to get into a coach; but convinced that men had legs given them to walk, they uſed them,

In dry weather they kept themſelves clean, in wet they did not mind dirtying their ſhoes and ſtockings, croſſing a ſtreet or ſquare with the alacrity of a ſportſman trudging over the plowed grounds, or a ſoldier marching into the trenches. They had not then invented how to harneſs two men, and put them to a chair; then magiſtrates themſelves walked to the courts of juſtice, and with as good a grace as Auguſtus to the Capitol. The pewter in thoſe days ſhone in their ſhelves and in their cupboards, the braſs and iron in their chimneys, whilſt the ſilver and gold lay ſafe in their coffers. Women were then waited on by women; they had ſuch even for their kitchen-ſervices. The fine names of *Governor* and *Governeſs* were not unknown to our forefathers, for they knew to whom the children of kings and great princes were confided; but they ſhared the ſervice of domeſtics towards their children, and were content to be themſelves their immediate tutors. Every thing they did agreed with their circumſtances; their expences were proportioned to their income; their liveries, their houſehold goods, their equipages, their tables, their city and country houſes, were all meaſured by their revenues and conditions: they had, however, ſuch external diſtinctions, that the wife of an attorney was eaſily diſtinguiſhable from that of a judge, and a tradeſman or a valet from a gentleman: leſs ſtudious to ſpend or enlarge their patrimony than to keep it, they left it entire to their

heirs, and paſſed from a moderate life to a peaceable death: then was there no complaint of hard times; there is no living! money never was ſo ſcarce! They had leſs than we have, and yet they had enough: richer by their economy and moderation than by their offices or eſtates. To conclude, in former days they obſerved this maxim, that what is ſplendour, decency, and magnificence, in people of quality, in private men is profuſion, impertinence, and oſtentation.

OF THE COURT.

IT is, in one ſenſe, the moſt honourable reproach we can caſt on a man, to ſay he does not underſtand the Court; there is ſcarce a virtue which is not implied in that character.

An expert courtier is maſter of his geſtures, his eyes, his muſcles, and whole countenance; he is profound and impenetrable; he ſeems to overlook ill turns, ſmiles on his enemies, lays a conſtraint on his diſpoſition, diſguiſes his paſſions, and both acts and ſpeaks againſt his opinion: all this quinteſſence of refinement is no more than one vice called *falſehood*, and is, after all, ſometimes of no more ſervice to the fortune of a courtier than openneſs, ſincerity, and virtue.

The Court is like certain changeable colours, which vary according to the lights they are expoſed in; he who can define thoſe colours may define the Court.

To quit the Court for a minute is departing from it: the courtier who ſaw it in the morning muſt ſee it at night, to know it again the next day; or that he may be known himſelf there.

A man muſt be content to be little at Court; and let him be never ſo vain, it is impoſſible to prevent it; but his comfort is, it is the univerſal lot, and the great ones themſelves are but little when there.

The country is the place in which the Court, as in its point of view, appears glorious and admirable; if we approach it, its beauties diminiſh, like thoſe of a fine piece of perſpective viewed too near.

It is with difficulty that we are brought to loiter our lives away in an antichamber, a court-yard, or on a ſtaircaſe.

The Court does not give content, far from it; it hinders a man from finding any elſewhere.

It is fit a man of probity and ſpirit ſhould have a taſte of the Court; but he will diſcover, at his firſt entrance, that he is in a new world, hitherto wholly unknown to him, where politeneſs and vice equally reign, and where good and evil may be turned to uſe.

The Court is like a marble ſtructure, I mean, it may be finely poliſhed, but is very hard.

Some go to Court only to come back again, and at their return to be taken notice of by the nobility of the county, or the biſhop of the dioceſe.

The embroiderer and confectioner would be

ſuperfluous, they would have no vent for their delicacies and finery, were we modeſt and temperate: Courts would be deſerts, and kings unattended, if we were void of vanity and intereſt. Men are willing to be ſlaves in one place to lord it in another. It ſeems as if a proud imperious air was there given by wholeſale to the great ones, for them to retail in their provinces. They do exactly what is done with regard to them; they are apes of majeſty.

Some courtiers never make a more frightful appearance than in the prince's preſence; their features alter, their looks flag, and they are every way contemptible; the more proud and haughty they are, the more ridiculous the change in them; whilſt the humane, the modeſt lord, maintains his habitual carriage, there being nothing in him to reform.

The air of the Court is contagious, it is caught at Verſailles, as the Norman accent is at Rouen and Falaiſe; we find it amongſt the harbingers, the clerks, and confectioners: a man with very little wit may become a complete proficient in it: one of an elevated genius and ſolid worth does not eſteem this ſort of accompliſhment worthy of his time and attention; he contracts it imperceptibly, and never thinks of leaving it off.

N....., in a great flutter coming to the preſence-chamber, clears his way, grates at the door, almoſt knocks, tells his name; after ſome time he is admitted, but it is with the crowd.

Courts are haunted by a ſet of bold intru-

ders, of a forward carriage, who introduce themſelves, and pretending to a ſuperlative capacity in what they profeſs, are believed on their own words. In the mean while they make their advantage of the public error, or the love of novelty; they break through the crowd, reach the ear of the prince, with whom the courtier ſees them talking, whilſt he thinks himſelf happy but to be ſeen. In this, however, they make the great ones eaſy, that as they are ſuffered without conſequence, ſo they are diſmiſſed in the ſame manner; at once both rich and diſgraced; and thoſe who but ſo lately were deceived by them are ready to be deceived by others.

Some, at their entrance into a room, ſalute with careleſſneſs; they wriggle their ſhoulders, and bridle like women; they aſk you a queſtion, and look another way; their voice declares that they think themſelves above every one in their company; they ſtop, and the company gathers about them; they have all the diſcourſe, and are the arbitrary preſidents of the circle. This apiſh ſtatelineſs laſts till, at the unexpected appearance of ſome great man, they wiſely lower their creſt, and ſhrink into their natural inſignificancy, which alſo ſits eaſieſt upon them.

Courts cannot ſubſiſt without a ſort of creatures who can flatter *, are complaiſant, inſinuating, devoted to the ladies, whoſe pleaſures

* Monſieur de Langlée, and others.

they manage, ſtudy their weakneſſes, and ſooth their paſſions; they whiſper obſcenities to them, ſpeak of their huſbands and lovers in very ſignificant terms, gueſs at their diſquietudes, their ailings, and fix their lyings-in; they make all modes and faſhions, refine upon luxury and extravagance, and teach that ductile ſex to conſume immenſe ſums in clothes, furnitures, and equipages; they wear nothing themſelves but of the richeſt taſte, and their hotels are either new or elegantly repaired; they eat delicately, and from reflection; there is no voluptuouſneſs but they are experienced in; they owe their fortune to themſelves, and they keep it with the ſame addreſs they raiſed it; faſtuous and aſpiring, they ſcorn their former equals, they reject their friendly advances, and are above vouchſafing them common civility; they ſpeak where every one elſe is ſilent, bolt in with effrontery, and thruſt themſelves into places where quality dare not intrude. Some, after long ſervices, who can ſhow glorious ſcars, or are in diſtinguiſhed employments, have not ſuch an air of confidence, ſuch a forward behaviour. To theſe men even the ears of princes are open; they are partakers in their pleaſures and entertainments; they never ſtir out of the Louvre or Verſaillies, where they behave as if at home, or amongſt their own domeſtics, and are ſure to be the firſt which preſent themſelves to a novice at court: they embrace, and are embraced; they laugh, and rattle, invent ſtories; are facetious, rich, but of no importance.

Would not one believe that Cimon and Clitander are charged with all the concerns of the State, and that they only are accountable for them? One has at leaſt the management of the land-affairs, and the other of the marine. Whoever ſhall pretend to repreſent them, muſt expreſs buſtle, inquietude, curioſity, and exagitation, and paint Hurry itſelf. We never ſee them ſitting, ſtanding, nor walking; they are always running; they aſk queſtions running, ſpeak running, and never ſtay for an anſwer; they never go to, or come from, any place, but are continually on the ramble; ſtop them not in their precipitate wanderings; never enquire any thing of them, or give them time to breathe and remember that they have nothing to do, that they may ſtay with you, and even follow you wherever you pleaſe to lead them. They do not, like Jupiter's ſatellites, preſs upon, and ſurround, their prince, but go before him, and give notice of his coming; they ruſh through the crowd of courtiers; their profeſſion is to ſee and be ſeen, and they never go to bed without having moſt induſtriouſly acquitted themſelves of an employment ſo ſerious, and ſo beneficial to the commonwealth: they are, in ſhort, acquainted with the circumſtances of all petty affairs, and know juſt every thing at Court which is not worth knowing; they have all the neceſſary qualifications for a mean advancement; they are very alert and quick-ſighted about any thing which looks like advantage, a little enterpriſing, verſatile, yet inconſiderate.

In a word, they are tied to the chariot of Fortune, but are never likely to fit in it.

A courtier with a name beneath his quality * ought to hide it under a better; but if it is one that he dares own, he ought then to insinuate that his name is the most illustrious, and his house the most ancient, of all others; he ought to be descended from the princes of Lorrain, the Rohans, the Chatillons, the Montmorencies, and, if possible, from the princes of the blood; to talk of nothing but cardinals, dukes, and prime ministers; to introduce his ancestors by father and mother's side into all discourses, as royal standard-bearers, or chiefs in the crusadoes; to have his hall adorned with genealogies, escutcheons, antique blasonry, and the pictures of kindred heroes; to value himself on their castles, set out with turrets and battlements; to be always speaking of his race, his branch, his name, and his arms; to say of him, *He is no gentleman*; of one another, *She is no gentlewoman*; or, if he is told that Hyacinthus has had the great prize in the lottery, to ask if he is a gentleman. If some persons laugh at these impertinencies, let them laugh on; if others comment upon these pretensions, they are welcome; let him stand to this, let him but continually assert his proximity to the royal family, and, in time, it will gain credit.

'Tis a simple thing to own the least alloy of

* The Duke de Buillon, (Broth) the hall of whose seat at Sedan is full of the ostentatious decorations here mentioned.

common blood at Court, where the pretence to gentility is univerſal.

At Court they go to bed, and riſe up, only for intereſt; it is that which employs inceſſantly their mornings and evenings, their nights and days; it is for that they think, act, ſpeak, or are ſilent; this is the mobile of their aſſiduity, ſuppleneſs, familiarity, eſteem, indifference, or contempt. Whatever progreſs any of them ſeems to make towards virtue and moderation, the firſt glittering temptation ſeduces them, and the avaricious and ambitious are not more violent, more inſatiable, in their deſires. Can they ſtand ſtill when every thing is in motion, when the torrent compels? can they forbear running whither all run? beſides, is not ſucceſs at Court the ſtandard by which talents are eſtimated? and he who fails of promotion is judged not to deſerve it. This ſentence is without appeal. What is then to be done? ſhall a man quit the Court without having got any advantage by it? or ſhall he continue there without favour or reward? This queſtion, I confeſs, is ſo delicate and abſtruſe, that an infinite number of courtiers have grown old between Yes or No, and have at laſt died in ſuſpenſe.

There is nothing at Court ſo contemptible as a man who can contribute nothing to our fortunes; I wonder ſuch a perſon dares appear there.

He who ſeeing another formerly his equal in rank and proſpect, and who made his firſt appearance at Court at the ſame time with him-

ſelf, but now far outſtripped, concludes this to be a ſolid proof of his ſuperior merit, and which warrants him to think better of himſelf than of a diſtanced concurrent, ſurely forgets what he formerly thought of himſelf, and thoſe who obtained a more ſpeedy advancement.

It is too much to expect from a friend who is advanced to great favour, that he ſhould own his former acquaintance.

If he who is in favour improves it before it is too late, if he makes uſe of the propitious gale, if he has his eye upon any vacancies, poſts, abbeys, and does but aſk and obtain, and is ſtored with grants and reverſions, beſides a preſent penſion, you then cry out againſt his covetouſneſs and ambition; you ſay that he, his friends, or creatures, monopolize all; and that, by his prevalent intereſt, beſides his own immenſe riches, he has made the fortunes of many more. But what ſhould he have done in his poſt? If I were to judge of your diſpoſition by your invective, he has done no more than you yourſelf; you would have accumulated, you would have preferred, you would have enriched, your retainers.

We blame thoſe who have made uſe of opportunities put in their hands to raiſe large fortunes, becauſe we deſpair, by the meanneſs of our ſituation, to be ever in circumſtances which will expoſe us to ſuch a reproach; if we are like to ſucceed them, we ſhould in prudence think they have done leſs injury than we imagined, and be more cautious in cenſuring

them, for fear of condemning ourſelves beforehand.

We muſt never exaggerate things, nor charge the Court with crimes from which they are clear; the greateſt injury done there to merit is their neglect of it; neither do they always deſpiſe it; when they diſcern it, they ſtrive to forget it: it is indeed at Court where nothing, or very little, is done for thoſe whom they cannot at the ſame time but greatly eſteem.

If amongſt all the inſtruments a man uſes in the ſtructure of his fortune at Court, ſome of them do not fail would be a prodigy indeed. One of my friends, who promiſed to ſpeak for me, ſays not a word; another ſpeaks too faintly; a third miſtakes my intereſt and his own intentions, and does me more harm than good. The one wants good will; the other ſagacity; all would not take pleaſure enough in ſeeing me happy to exert themſelves towards making me ſo. Every one remembers what his own preferment coſt him, and the helps that cleared his way to it. We ſhould not be averſe to acknowledge the ſervices we have received from others, by a ready benevolence to our dependants, if our chief and only care, even after our fortunes are made, was not ſtill to think of ourſelves.

Courtiers never employ their wit, addreſs, or policy, to ſerve their friends; but only to find out evaſions, pretences, or what they are pleaſed to call Impoſſibilities; and thus think themſelves acquitted from all the duties of friendſhip, and, perhaps, of gratitude.

No courtier will undertake to ſpeak firſt in your favour, but every one offers to ſecond him who will; becauſe, judging of others by themſelves, they think that no body will break the ice, and that therefore they ſhall never be called upon: a ſoft and polite way of refuſing aſſiſtance to thoſe who ſtand in need of it.

How many men almoſt ſtifle you with their careſſes in private, and pretend to love and eſteem you, and yet are out of countenance when they meet you in public? at the levee or maſs they look another way, and do all they can to avoid you. Few are thoſe courtiers who, from a greatneſs of ſoul, or a juſt ſenſe of their dignity, dare to honour a man of merit when obſcure and depreſſed.

I ſee a man obſeded and followed, but he is in office: I ſee another whom every body courts, but he is in favour: one is embraced and careſſed even by perſons of the firſt rank, but he is rich: another is gazed on and pointed at, but he is learned and eloquent: I perceive one whom no body omits ſaluting, but he is a knave. Where is the man who, without any other title than a good and honeſt man, meets with more than common cold civility?

When a man is advanced to a new poſt *, we break in upon him with an inundation of congratulations: the Court and chapel, the ſtaircaſe and the hall, the gallery and drawing-

* The Duke of Luxembourg, on his being made Generaliſſimo.

room, ring with his eulogiums; and oppoſite paſſions agree in their picture of the riſing Sun; Envy and Jealouſy ſpeak like Adulation; every one is carried away by the torrent to ſay what they think, and ſometimes what they do not think, and often to commend a man of whom they have no knowledge. Has he wit, merit, or valour; he is in an inſtant a genius of the firſt order, a hero, a demi-god; he is ſo extravagantly flattered in the pictures made of him, that he loſes by a compariſon; it is impoſſible for him to be what Baſeneſs and Complaiſance would make him; he bluſhes at his own reputation: but does any ſtorm threaten the eminence on which he ſtands, the world runs into another opinion, and exceeds no leſs in its cenſures. The very machines which lifted him ſo high by applauſe and encomiums, are ready to precipitate him into the extremeſt contempt: I mean, none decry him with more contumely than they who were moſt eager in their praiſes of him when in the meridian of grandeur.

It may be ſaid, with reaſon, of an eminent and critical poſt, that it is got with more eaſe than it is maintained.

We ſee a great many fall from a high fortune by the ſame defects which raiſed them.

At Court there are two ways of diſmiſſing or diſcharging ſervants and dependants; to be angry with them, or make them ſo angry with us, that they leave us of their own accord.

Courtiers ſpeak well of a man for two reaſons: the firſt, that he may know they have

commended him; and the ſecond, that he may do them the ſame favour.

It is as dangerous at Court to make any advances, as it is irkſome to forbear them.

I am told ſo many ill things of a man, and I ſee ſo few in him, that I begin to ſuſpect he has a real but troubleſome merit, as being likely to eclipſe that of others.

You are an honeſt man, and without making it your buſineſs either to pleaſe or diſpleaſe the favourites, you are devotedly loyal to your maſter, and ſtrictly attentive to your duty: then you are a loſt man.

None are impudent by choice, but by conſtitution; it is a vice, but natural; he who is not born ſo is modeſt, and cannot eaſily paſs from this amiable extremity to the other. It would be for his advantage to learn this leſſon, *Dare and ſucceed.* An awkward imitation will not ſerve the turn, he will be quickly baffled. Without real native effrontery there is no doing any thing at Court.

We ſeek, we buſtle, we intrigue, we agitate ourſelves; we petition, are refuſed; we petition again, and obtain; but, ſay we, without having ever aſked for it, or ſo much as thought of it, and even when we had a quite different thing in view. This is an obſolete ſtyle, a ſilly lie, which now-a-days deceives no body.

A man puts in for an eminent ſtation, prepares his engines, takes right meaſures, and is juſt upon ſucceeding; ſome are to move, and others ſecond: the match is laid, and the mine

ready to be ſprung, when the candidate ſuddenly withdraws from Court. Who could ſuſpect that Artemon * ever aimed at ſo fine a poſt? yet he is ordered from his ſeat to enter upon his office. A Court artifice, a fetch now ſo thread-bare, that if I would impoſe upon the world, and maſk my ambition, I would always be about my prince, where, unnoticed amidſt the crowd of ſolicitants, I might receive from his own hands the object of my purſuits.

Men are not willing we ſhould pry into their proſpects, or find out their particular ſcope, becauſe, if they fail, they fancy a repulſe expoſes them to ignominy; and if they ſucceed, they perſuade themſelves it is greater glory to be thought worthy by the giver, than to ſhow they thought themſelves worthy by their pretenſions and intrigues; they would have their dignity heightened by an appearance of modeſty and diſintereſtedneſs.

Which is the greateſt ſhame, to be refuſed a poſt we deſerve, or to be put into one we do not deſerve?

Difficult as it is to obtain a place at Court, it is much more ſo to be qualified for one.

It is better to be aſked by what means did you obtain ſuch a poſt? than, why was it refuſed you?

We ſee, even to this day, that people ſtand

* The Marquis de Vardes, after being recalled from a twenty years' exile, made a ſtrong party to be Governor to the Duke of Burgundy, and it was his death only which prevented it.

for a place in the City; they brigue for a ſeat in the Academy; they did formerly the like to obtain the conſulſhip; why then ſhould a man be aſhamed to employ his early years to render himſelf capable of eminent employments, and then offer himſelf, without corruption, cabal, or any oblique artifices, but with a confidence becoming his patriotiſm and capacity?

I never ſee a courtier to whom a prince has given a rich government, a fine poſt, or a large penſion, who, either through vanity or a feigned diſintereſtedneſs, does not proteſt that he is leſs pleaſed with the gift than the manner in which it was given. What is certain in this is, that he ſays ſo.

To give awkwardly is churliſhneſs. The moſt difficult part is to give, then why not add a ſmile? There are, however, many * who refuſe more handſomely than others give; and ſome who make us aſk ſo long, give ſo coldly, and clog their grants with ſuch diſagreeable conditions, that the greateſt favour would be to excuſe us from receiving any.

Some courtiers are ſo greedy †, that they put in for any lucrative ſtation; governments, offices, benefices, nothing comes amiſs to them.

* The different behaviour of the Cardinal Richelieu and Mazarine; the former often refuſing without diſpleaſing, the latter giving without obliging. The like is ſaid of Charles I. King of England, and his facetious ſon Charles II.

† The latter M. de Villeroy, who was both Archbiſhop and Governor of Lions. It alſo fits many others, and not in France only.

Theſe Jacks of all Trades fit themſelves for the moſt incompatible favours; they are amphibious, living by the church and ſword, and labour to add the law to their affluence. Do you aſk what theſe men do at Court? they receive, and envy every one to whom any thing is given.

A thouſand people wear out their days at Court in careſſing and congratulating thoſe who receive favours, and die without having any beſtowed on themſelves.

Menophilus borrows his manners from one profeſſion *, and his habit from another; he goes maſked all the year, though bare-faced; he appears at Court, in the City, and elſewhere, always under a certain name, and the ſame diſguiſe. He is found out, and known by his countenance.

There is what is called the Highway to poſts and honours, and there is a croſs and bye-way, which is much the ſhorteſt.

We run to ſee the wretched criminals, we gaze at them, the ſtreets where they paſs are crowded, we fling open our windows merely to obſerve the looks and behaviour of a condemned man who is going to die; ſenſeleſs, inhuman curioſity! Were we wiſe, the places of execution would be avoided; and to be preſent at ſuch ſpectacles would be held infamous. If you are ſo very curious, exerciſe your curioſity on a noble ſubject. Behold the happy man, contemplate him in the day of his advancement

* Father la Chaiſe, a Jeſuit, and the King's Confeſſor.

to a new ſtation, when he is receiving congratulations; read in his eyes, through an affected compoſure and feigned modeſty, his inward pride and latent exultation; obſerve what a ſmile the accompliſhments of his deſires ſpreads over his countenance, mind the glow of magnificent ideas; how at laſt his impatient joy burſts forth; how he bends beneath the weight of his own happineſs; his reſervedneſs towards ſuch as are not now his equals; he vouchſafes no anſwer; he turns away his head, and ſeems not to ſee them; the embraces and careſſes of the great ones, with whom he now ſtands upon a level, begin to grow nauſeous; he has loſt all remembrance of himſelf, his brain is turned. You would be happy, and you want favours; how many things are you then to guard againſt?

When a man is once got into a place*, it is not decency or virtue which regulate his behaviour towards others; his quality and ſtation are his rule of conduct; and what are their dictates? forgetfulneſs, pride, arrogance, cruelty, and ingratitude.

Theonas having been an abbot thirty years, grew weary of continuing ſo long in one ſtation: others leſs impatiently ſolicit the purple, than he to wear a gold croſs upon his breaſt; and becauſe the four great holydays in which the king uſually diſpoſes of eccleſiaſtical dignities made no alteration in his fortune, he railed at the times, arraigned the adminiſtra-

* M. de Pontchartrain.

tion, and formed very direful conjectures; convinced, as he imagined, in his heart, that merit is uſeleſs, if not prejudicial, to a man who would riſe at Court, he was reſolved to renounce the prelacy. When ſome body comes to acquaint him that he was named to a biſhoprick, raviſhed at this unexpected news, You ſhall ſee, ſays he to his friend, I ſhall not ſtick here, I ſhall ſoon be an archbiſhop.

There muſt be knaves at Court; there are junctures when the moſt virtuous miniſters muſt uſe ſuch tools; but to know when to ſet them at work is as nice a point as when to lay proper checks upon them. Honour, virtue, and conſcience, are always honourable, but frequently uſeleſs. What would you, at ſome emergencies, do with an honeſt man?

The youth of a prince is the making of many courtiers.

Timantes*, ſtill the ſame, and poſſeſſed of all that merit which at firſt got him reputation and rewards, lowered in the opinion of our courtiers; they were weary of complimenting him, ſaluted him coldly, forbore ſmiling on him, no longer accoſted him, nor embraced him, nor took him in a corner to talk myſteriouſly of ſome trifle; he was become a mere

* M. de Pompone, diſgraced ſince the treaty of Nimeguen, and removed from his poſt of Secretary of State, to which he was afterwards reſtored; or, the Duke of Luxembourg, who, after having been diſgraced upon a falſe ſuſpicion of being concerned in a wicked uſe of poiſons, was afterwards reſtored to greater favour. He had all the military qualities. France loſt him in 1694.

cipher among them, and nothing leſs than that penſion, or that new place with which he is lately ſo deſervedly honoured, could have revived his virtues, almoſt dead in their memories, and awakened the former ideas of them. Now the courtiers treat him as at firſt, and even better.

How many friends*, how many relations, to a new miniſter ſtart up in one night! Some value themſelves on their former acquaintance, their being fellow-collegians or neighbours; others ranſack their genealogy by father and mother's ſide, and, ſome way or other, every one will be related to him. They ſay preſently, "He is my friend, I am very glad at his "promotion; I ought to take part in it, he "is no diſtant relation of mine." Giddy men! ſervile votaries of Fortune! venal courtiers! did you talk thus eight days ago? Is he, ſince, become a more virtuous man, or more worthy of his ſovereign's choice? or, was this circumſtance wanting to know him better?

* Upon M. de Pelletier's being nominated Comptroller-general. the Marſhal de Villeroi went about, ſaying, Nothing could give me a greater pleaſure; I am overjoyed at it, he being my relation; which was not true. This Marſhal ſucceeded M. de Luxembourg in the command of the army. In 1695, tho' with an army of 100,000, he ſuffered King William to take Namur, without offering a blow for its relief; in 1702 he was taken priſoner in Cremona by Prince Eugene, who was, however, forced to quit the place, and chiefly by the deſperate attacks of the Iriſh; in 1706 he was totally defeated at Ramillies by the Duke of Marlborough. After all theſe miſcarriages, he died Preſident of the Council.

What buoys me up againſt the little ſlights I ſometimes incur from my betters and my equals is, that I ſay to myſelf, Theſe men do not deſpiſe me, but my fortune; and they are not ſo much in the wrong, for indeed it is a very ſmall one. They would, I am perſuaded, adore me were I a miniſter.

What's this? am I ſuddenly to be advanced? and are theſe gentlemen in the ſecret, that, with ſuch a polite courteouſneſs, they prevent my compliments, and ſalute me firſt?

He who ſaid, I dined yeſterday at Tibur *, or, I ſup there to-night, and repeated it very often; who brought in the name of Plancus † on all occaſions, and ſays, *Plancus aſked me—I told Plancus;* underſtanding that Plancus has been ſnatched away by a ſudden death, holds up his hands. People in the piazzas gather about him; he accuſes the deceaſed; rails at his conduct; reviles his adminiſtration; denies him a knowledge of what the public, whoſe favourite he never was, owned him to be maſter in; will not allow him a ſtrong memory; refuſe him the well-deſerved character of a ſober, laborious perſon, and will not do him the honour to believe that, of all the enemies of the empire, there was any one Plancus's enemy.

To a man of merit I believe it is an additional entertainment to ſee the ſame place at a public ſhow, or an aſſembly, which was re-

* Meudon.

† M. de Louvois, who died ſuddenly, 1691.

fuſed him, given before his face to one who has not eyes to ſee, nor ears to hear, nor ſenſe to judge; who has nothing to recommend him but his gaudy liveries, which now he is above wearing.

Theodotus*, with a grave habit, has a riſible countenance, not unlike that of ſome comic actor, and to which his voice, his ſtep, his carriage, his poſture, are adapted. He is cunning, fawning, and ſo ridiculouſly myſterious, that he comes up to you, and whiſpers you in the ear, "It is fine weather; it is a pure warm "thaw." If he has not the great qualifications, he has all the little ones, and even thoſe which only become a boarding-ſchool. Imagine the intenſeneſs of a child in building a caſtle with cards, or catching a butterfly; ſuch is Theodotus, buſied about the moſt errant trifles: however, he applies himſelf with an attachment becoming the moſt momentous affairs, or objects really deſirable; he buſtles about and ſucceeds; then takes breath, and repoſes himſelf, as indeed he ſhould, for it has put him to no little trouble. Some are beſotted with the favour of great men, they think on them all day, and dream of them all night; are always trotting up and down ſtairs in a miniſter's apartment, and in and out of his antichamber; they have nothing to ſay to him, whatever they pretend; they ſpeak to him once or twice, and with this they are highly pleaſed;

* The Abbot de Choiſy.

ſound them, and you find the bottom pride, preſumption, and ignorance; ſpeak to them, they make no anſwer; they know you not, their eyes are dazzled, and their brains turned; their relations ſhould take care of them, and lock them up, leſt, their folly in time growing to a frenzy, they become a nuiſance. Theodotus is all gentleneſs; he paſſionately gaſps after favour; his paſſion, like himſelf, is placid, and he pays his vows in ſecret as a ſacred myſtery; he is ever on the watch to diſcover who makes any progreſs in the royal favour; to theſe he offers his ſervice, ſacrifices merit, alliances, friendſhip, engagements, and gratitude; if the place of Caſſini were vacant, and the porter or poſtilion of a favourite ſhould put in for it, he would aſſiſt him in his pretenſions, and judge him worthy of the place, would think him capable of an acquaintance with the celeſtial bodies, of obſerving parhelions, or calculating paralaxes. Would you know whether Theodotus be an author or a plagiary, an original or a copyiſt, I muſt give you his works, and bid you read and judge; but whether he is a devotee or a courtier who can decide from this picture? I can, with more aſſurance, proclaim what his ſtars deſign for him: Hear, O Theodotus, I have calculated your nativity, your advancement will be very ſudden and ſplendid; ſo give over lucubrations, print no more, the public begs for quarter, and heartily wiſhes you other employment.

There is a country * where the joys are conſpicuous but falſe, and the griefs hidden but real. Who would imagine that the raptures at the opera, the claps and applauſes at Moliere's comedies, and Harlequin's farces; the feaſts, hunting-matches, balls, and entertainments, which we hear of, covered ſo many inquietudes, ſo many cares and projects, ſo many hopes and fears, ſo many ardent paſſions, and corroding concerns?

The Court life is a ſerious, melancholy game, and requires application; a man muſt arrange his pieces, and point his batteries, have a deſign, purſue it, thwart his adverſaries, ſometimes ſtrike a bold ſtroke, and ſometimes act as by caprice; yet after all his meaſures and contrivances he may be defeated; and when he is in a fair way to ſucceed, one more ſkilful or more lucky gets the game.

The wheels, the ſprings, the movements, of a watch are hid, nothing appears but the hand, which, inſenſibly circulating, finiſhes its courſe; a true image of the courtier, who frequently going a great way about, returns at laſt to the ſame point from whence he ſet out.

Two-thirds of my life are already elapſed, why then ſhould I perplex myſelf ſo much for the remainder? The moſt ſplendid fortune cannot deſerve the torment I put myſelf to, the meanneſſes into which I ſlip, the mortifications and the affronts which are incident

* The Court.

to the purſuit. Thirty years will deſtroy thoſe giants of power that now tower beyond our ſight. I who am ſo little a thing, and they from whom I expect all my greatneſs, muſt in a ſhort time diſappear. The beſt of all good things, if ſuch there be in this world, is tranquillity and receſs, free from want, and remote from dependence. M . . . . was of this opinion in his diſgrace, and forgot it at the firſt ray of proſperity.

A nobleman who reſides in his own county lives free, but without intereſt: if he lives at Court he will not want intereſt, but is a ſlave; ſo one makes amends for the other.

Xantippus*, buried in the country, under an old roof, in an old bed, dreamed one night that he ſaw his prince, ſpoke to him, and that he felt an exceeding joy: at his waking he was melancholy at the diſappointment: he told his dream, adding, What chimeras a man has in his ſleep! Xantippus ſome time after went to Court, ſaw his prince, and ſpoke to him; then his dream was more than accompliſhed, he became a favourite.

No body is more a ſlave than an aſſiduous courtier, unleſs the courtier who is more aſſiduous.

* M. Bontems, Valet de Chambre to the King, and Governor of Verſailles. The Preſident of the Chamber of Accounts married his daughter, who in a ſhort time plagued him out of his ſenſes. The preſent Duke d' Elbeuff and ſhe intrigued together; but upon his making away with all her jewels to ſupport his profuſion, her paſſion cooled, and ſhe left him.

A purchaſed ſlave has but one maſter; an ambitious man muſt be a ſlave to all who may conduce to his aggrandiſemnt

A thouſand men, who are ſcarce known, crowd every day to be ſeen by their prince, who cannot ſee a thouſand at a time; and if to-day he ſees only thoſe he ſaw yeſterday and will ſee to morrow how many muſt be unhappy?

Of all the herd who dangle after great men, and crowd their antichamber, a few honour them in their hearts; more are ſent thither by ambition or intereſt; but the motive of moſt is an empty vanity, a whimſical impatience to make themſelves taken notice of.

Some families, by the laws of the world, or of what we call *Decency*, ought to be irreconcileable; they are now good friends, and whom religion could not bring to lay aſide ancient feuds, intereſt, without much ado, has cloſely linked.

I have heard of a country * where the old men are gallant, polite, and civil; the young, on the contrary, heady, wild, without either morals or manners. The love of women is over with them at the age when, in other countries, youth begins to feel it; theſe prefer feaſts, revels, and ridiculous amours, before them: amongſt this people he is ſober who is never drunk with any thing but wine; the exceſſive uſe of it has rendered it flat and inſipid to them; they endeavour by brandy and other

* Verſailles.

ſtrong liquors to quicken their taſte, already extinguiſhed and want nothing to complete their debauchees but to ſwallow *aquafortis*. The women of that country accelerate the decay of their beauty by their artifices to preſerve it: they paint their cheeks, eyebrows, and ſhoulders, which are expoſed, as are their breaſts, arms, and ears, as if they were afraid to hide thoſe places which they eſteem ſeducing, and never think they ſhow enough of themſelves. The phyſiognomies of the people of that country are not natural, but diſguiſed and ſhrowded with a heap of ſtrange hair, which they prefer before their own; this is worked into a covering for their heads, and hangs down half way their bodies, and alters the whole countenance, ſo that the man is not known by his natural face. This nation has, beſides, their God and their King. The grandees go every day at a certain hour to a temple they call *a Church:* at the upper end of that temple ſtands an altar conſecrated to their God, where the prieſt celebrates ſome myſteries, which they call *holy, venerable,* and *tremendous.* The great men ſtand in a ſemicircle at the foot of the altar, with their back to the prieſt and the venerable myſteries, and their faces towards their King, who is ſeen upon a throne kneeling, and to whom they ſeem to direct the deſires of their hearts, and all their devotion. However, in this cuſtom there is to be remarked a ſort of gradual ſubordination; the people adoring their prince, and their prince adoring GOD. The inhabitants of this country

call it .... It is about forty-eight degrees northern latitude, and more than eleven hundred leagues by ſea from the Iroquois and Hurons.

Whoever will conſider that the preſence of a king makes the whole happineſs of a courtier, whoſe ſupreme ſatisfaction is to ſee and be ſeen by him, in ſome meaſure comprehends how the ſight of GOD may make the glory and felicity of the ſaints.

Great lords obſerve a reverential regard to the prince; it is their own concern, having alſo their dependants. The petty courtiers are more relax in ceremony, and aſſume a ſort of familiarity, and live like men who have no examples to ſhow to any one.

What is there of our life which is wanting to youth? capacity and knowledge are its portion, or, at leaſt, if they do not know as much as is poſſible, they are as poſitive and headſtrong as if they did.

Weak men! a grandee ſays of your friend Timagenes, that he is a blockhead, in which he is miſtaken. I do not require you to reply that he is a man of wit; only dare to think that he is not a blockhead.

He ſays, too, that Iphicrates is a coward; you have ſeen his gallantry. Be eaſy; I do not inſiſt upon your relating it, provided that after what you have heard this great man ſay of him you will not forget what you was an eye-witneſs of.

Very few know how to ſpeak to their prince; this is the quinteſſence of the courtier's addreſs.

A word eſcapes, which through the prince's ear ſometimes lodges in his heart; there is no recalling; every art of blandiſhment to explain or ſoften it only engraves it deeper, and rankles the wound. If ourſelves only are hurt by our dicacity, though the misfortune is not very common, the remedy is at hand, which is to amend by our fault, and reſignedly endure the puniſhment; but if another be the victim, what ſhame! what remorſe! Is there a better rule againſt ſuch danger than to talk of others to our ſovereign, of their perſons, actions, families, manners, or conduct, with the ſame reſerve, precaution, and advantage, as of ourſelves?

I would ſay a jeſter is a moſt wretched character, if it had not been ſaid before: they who injure the reputation or fortune of another for the ſake of jeſt, deſerve to be ſtigmatized with an infamous puniſhment; this has not been ſaid before, and I dare ſay ſo.

There are a multitude of ready-coined phraſes which we lay up as in a magazine, uſing them as we have occaſion to congratulate one another: though they are often ſpoke without affection, and accordingly heard without acknowledgment, yet we muſt not omit them, being, at leaſt, the imagery of the beſt thing in the world, which is friendſhip: and ſince men cannot depend on one another for reality, they ſeem to have agreed that its appearances ſhould be current.

With five or ſix terms of art, and nothing elſe, we ſet up for connoiſſeurs in muſic, paint-

ing, architecture, and entertainments; we fancy we have more pleasure than others in hearing, seeing, or eating; we impose on such as are like us, and deceive ourselves.

The Court never wants a futile species*, with whom fashion, politeness, and fortune, serve instead of sense, and supply the place of solid merit; they know how to come in and go out of a room; they are never gravelled or dashed in conversation, for they never embark in it; their taciturnity pleases, as it gives others room to speak, and makes them pass for men of thought and importance; a few monosyllables is all that comes from them; a look and a smile are their common answers; their understandings, if I may venture the expression, are two inches deep; if you fathom them, you will soon come to mud and gravel.

There are some on whom favour lights as if fortuitously †; they are the first whom it surprises, and even to wonder and confusion; they recollect themselves at last, and find their stars have done nothing for them beyond their merit; and, as if stupidity and fortune were two things incompatible, or that it were impossible to be at once a happy man and a fool, they fancy they have wit, they raise their crest, and, bloated with conceit, speak on all occasions, and without any regard to the assembly: I might add, they become at last formidable, and

* The late M. Bontems, or the Marquis de Dangeau.
† The Count d' Aubigni.

diſguſt every one with their dulneſs and ignorance. This is at leaſt certain, they diſhonour all who had any ſhare in their advancement.

What ſhall we call thoſe who are only cunning in the opinion of fools? I know men of parts rank them with thoſe whom they can ſell.

He is thorough-paced in cunning, who makes others believe that he is no conjurer.

Cunning is none of the beſt nor worſt qualities, it floats between virtue and vice; there is ſcarce any exigence where it may not, and, perhaps, ought to be, ſupplied by prudence.

Cunning leads to knavery; it is but a ſtep from one to the other, and that very ſlippery; lieing only makes the difference; add that to cunning, and it is knavery.

Amongſt ſuch as, out of cunning, hear all and talk little, be ſure to talk leſs; or, if you muſt talk, ſay little.

Every body would be thought to have a ſhare of cunning, as if it went hand in hand with ſenſe. Pitiable miſtake! who has his eyes open, but has ſeen ſurpriſing inſtances of ſubtilty where the truly valuable talents have been wanting? For my part, many perſons of judgment and knowledge of the world have I ſeen duped by others much their inferiors in real prudence.

You have a juſt and important affair depending on the conſent of two perſons. Says one of them, I give you my hand for it, if ſuch a one will agree to it; he agrees to it, and deſires only to be certified of the intentions of the other;

In the mean time nothing comes of it, months and years roll on to no purpoſe; I am in a maze, ſay you, it is an impenetrable myſtery to me; all that is to be done is, that they ſhould meet together and diſcourſe about it. I tell you, friend, I ſee through it, it is no myſtery to me, they have met and diſcourſed about it.

He who ſolicits for others has the confidence of one that demands juſtice; and he who ſpeaks for himſelf is under all the confuſion and timidity of him that implores mercy.

The courtier, who is not continually upon his guard againſt the ſnares laid to make him ridiculous, will, with all his ſagacity, be amazed to find himſelf bubbled by his inferiors.

In life there are many circumſtances where truth and ſimplicity turn to the beſt account, and honeſty proves the beſt policy.

If you are in favour, all you do is well, you commit no fault, and every ſtep leads to the end in view: otherwiſe all is faulty, nothing avails, and whatever path you take, it leads you out of the way.

Senſe is requiſite to be a perſon of intrigue and cabal, yet a man may have ſo much as to be above them, and, deſpiſing artifice, ſtrikes out ways both to a more exalted fortune and a more brilliant reputation.

Fear not, Ariſtides *, with your comprehenſive judgment, your univerſal learning, your experience, probity, and accompliſhed merit,

* M. de Pompone, or the Cardinal d'Eſtrées.

that you ſhall fall into diſgrace at Court, or ever loſe the favour of the great men whilſt they ſtand in need of you.

Let a favourite watch his deportment; for if he makes me wait in his antichamber not ſo long as uſual, if his looks are friendly, his forehead leſs clouded, if he hears me with more indulgence, and ſees me back a little further than formerly, I ſhall ſuſpect he is upon the decline, and ſhall ſoon find my conjecture was right.

Man has very little inward ability or diſpoſition to good, ſince croſſes, diſgraces, and mortifications, are neceſſary to make him humane, ſociable, and what he ſhould be.

Caſt an eye on many perſons at Court, their diſcourſes and their whole conduct ſhow that they think neither of their grandfathers or grandchildren. The preſent is what they are for, and that they do not enjoy, but abuſe.

Straton * is born under two planets equally

* The Duke de Lauſun, who, from being the King's favourite, was diſgraced and confined at Vignerol, where he remained ten years: being releaſed, Mademoiſelle de Montpenſier, a miſtreſs of Lewis XIV. took ſuch a liking to him, that ſhe procured him 30,000 livres a-year out of the Languedoc impoſts. Afterwards, upon a rupture betwixt them, he was forbid the Court. He was created a Duke, and had the Blue Ribbon by the intereſt of Anne of Modena, Queen of England. Being nephew to the Marſhal de Grammont, this lord invited him again to Paris, and entertained him in his houſe, of which kindneſs he vilely took advantage to debauch his daughter. It was on account of the King's revealing this intrigue, to which Lauſun had made him privy, that he voluntarily threw up the royal favour, and with a heat which broke out into ſtrange expreſſions, which

unhappy and happy; his life is a romance, but without veriſimilitude. Adventures he has had none, but good and bad dreams in abundance, or, I may ſay rather, no dreams come up to his life. No body has been more obliged to Deſtiny than himſelf; he is acquainted with the mean and both extremes; he has made a figure, has been in diſtreſs, and has led a common life; he has gone through all viciſſitudes. He has made himſelf valued for the virtues which, he aſſured us very ſeriouſly, were in him. He has ſaid in his own praiſe, *I have wit, I have courage*; and every one has ſaid after him, *He has wit, he has courage.* In both fortunes he experienced the temper of courtiers, who poſſibly have ſaid of him more good, and more ill, than he ever deſerved. The agreeable, the lovely, the wonderful, the rare, and the heroic, have been the terms employed in his *eulogium*; and the quite contrary have been uſed to vilify him. An heterogeneous confuſed character, an enigma, a queſtion hitherto undecided.

Favour raiſes a man above his equals, and diſgrace throws him below them.

the King generouſly excuſed, and owned himſelf guilty of a breach of confidence. However, he was ſent to the Baſtile for diſreſpect, but only during twenty-four hours, when he was reſtored to favour, which he afterwards utterly forfeited, by the renewal of his intrigue with Mademoiſelle de Montpenſier. He afterwards attended King James into Ireland, where he was one of the firſt who left the field at the battle of the Boyne; accordingly his infamy is perpetuated in the Engliſh medals ſtruck on account of that victory.

He who, in good time, firmly renounces a great name, a great authority, or a great fortune, delivers himſelf at once from a hoſt of troubles, from many reſtleſs nights, and, what is ſtill better, often from many crimes.

The world will be the ſame a hundred years hence as it is now; there will be the ſame theatre and decorations, though not the ſame actors. All who rejoiced at a favour, or reſented a denial, are vaniſhed; others are on the ſtage, acting the ſame parts in the play; their *exeunt* is at hand; and they who are not yet, one day will be; until the diſſolution of the theatre, actors will be coming on and going off. What reliance is there on an actor of a play!

Whoever has ſeen the Court has ſeen the moſt magnificent, the moſt ſplendid, moſt alluring, part of the world; he that, after ſeeing the Court, can heartily deſpiſe it, has the world at his feet.

A ſound mind gets at Court a true taſte of ſolitude and retirement.

OF THE GREAT.

THE commonalty are ſo blindly prepoſſeſſed in favour of the Great, ſo naturally taken with their behaviour and looks, their voice and manners, that, would they take it into their heads to be good, this prepoſſeſſion would grow to idolatry.

If you are born vicious, O Theagenes *, I pity you: if you are become ſo by weak compliance with ſome whoſe intereſt it is that you ſhould be debauched, who have conſpired to corrupt you, and boaſt already of their ſucceſs, excuſe me if I deſpiſe you: but if you are wiſe, temperate, modeſt, civil, generous, grateful, induſtrious; and, beſides, of a rank that ought to ſet rather than take examples, and to make rules rather than receive them; agree with thoſe ſort of people to give into their vices, rants, and follies, after the reſpect they owe you has prevailed upon them to imitate your virtues. It is an odd, but an uſeful irony, very proper to ſecure your morals, defeat their projects, and determine them to go on in their way, and leave you to your's.

Great men have, in one thing, a moſt valuable advantage over others; their wines, their dainties, riches, dogs, horſes, equipages, fools, and flatterers, are no part of it; but I envy them the happineſs of having in their ſervice their equals, and ſometimes their ſuperiors, in virtue and capacity.

The Great delight in opening glades in foreſts, in raiſing terraces, gilding their ceilings, in waterworks and greenhouſes; but to reſtore content to a depreſſed mind, to make the afflicted exult, to prevent diſtreſs, and to remove anxiety, does not come under their curioſity.

One aſks, if in comparing the different con-

The Grand Prior.

ditions of men, their ſufferings and advantages, we cannot obſerve ſuch a mixture and aſſortment of good and evil as ſeems to ſet them on an equality, or at leaſt makes one as deſirable as the other? The rich may put the queſtion, but the deciſion muſt be left to the indigent.

There is, however, a kind of charm inherent in each different condition till taken off by miſery; the Great pleaſe themſelves in exceſs, their inferiors in moderation; thoſe delight in lording and commanding, theſe take a pleaſure, and even a pride, in ſerving and obeying: the Great are ſurrounded, ſaluted, and reſpected; the Little ſurround, ſalute, and cringe, and both with equal ſatisfaction.

Good words coſt the Great ſo little, and their quality is ſuch an indiſputable diſpenſation from keeping the moſt ſolemn promiſes, that it is modeſty in the nobility to be ſo ſparing of them as they generally are.

Such a one, ſays a Great man, is grown old, and has ruined himſelf with attendance on me, what muſt be done for him? A younger and more forward competitor deprives him of his hopes, and ſteps into the poſt which was refuſed to this unfortunate man, on no other account than that he too well deſerved it.

I do not know how it is, ſay you, with an air of indignation; Philantus has merit, wit, diligence, and patience; is induſtrious, ſincere and faithful to his maſter, yet is he not valued, he cannot pleaſe, he is not at all liked. Ex-

plain yourſelf; do you blame Philantus, or the Great man whom he ſerves?

It is frequently more advantageous to drop attendance on Great men than to complain of them.

Who can give me any reaſon why ſome get the prize in a lottery, or obtain the favour of the Great?

The Great are ſo happy, that, in the whole courſe of their lives, they never are ſenſible of the loſs of their beſt ſervants, or perſons famous in their ſeveral capacities, by whom they have been entertained and inſtructed. Flatterers are preſently ready with ſome latent fault of theſe valuable perſons, and charge them with flaws from which they pretend their ſucceſſors are entirely free; they aſſure them, that with all the ſkill, capacity, and knowledge, of the former, they have none of their defects; and this is the language which comforts princes in the loſs of the moſt excellent ſervants, and makes them ſatisfied with their unworthy ſucceſſors.

The Great ſlight the men of wit, who have nothing but wit; the men of wit deſpiſe the Great, who have nothing but greatneſs: the good man pities them both, if with greatneſs or wit they have not virtue.

When, on the one ſide, I ſee ſome confident, buſy, intriguing, petulant, dangerous and ſcandalous perſons at the table, and often in the familiarity of the Great, and, on the other, conſider with what difficulty a man of merit

can get to the ſpeech of them, I do not always conclude that the wicked are tolerated out of intereſt, or good men looked on as uſeleſs, but I find it better to confirm myſelf in this thought, that grandeur and diſcernment are two different things, and the love of virtue and virtuous men a third.

Lucilius ſpends his life in rendering himſelf ſupportable to a few of the Great, and chuſes this before being reduced to live familiarly with his equals.

It is a rule to keep company with our betters; but this rule is not without reſtrictions, becauſe it often requires no common talents to practiſe it to a good account.

What an incurable delirium is that of Theophilus *! it has hung on him theſe thirty years, and now he is paſt recovery. He was, is, and will always be, for dictating to the Great; death only can extinguiſh this thirſt of Rule, which is ever aſſuming an arbitrary aſcendency over his betters. Is it in him a zeal for his neighbour, a cuſtom, or an exceſſive conceit of himſelf? He gets admittance every where, no houſe of note eſcapes him; the antichamber is no place for him, he penetrates to the cloſet, and the ſolicitants muſt wait to be ſeen, or have audience, till he has finiſhed his tedious repreſentations. He intrudes himſelf into all families, concerns himſelf in their misfortunes and advantages, offers himſelf to them on all

* The Biſhop of Autun.

occaſions, and appears ſo zealous that he muſt be admitted. The care of ten thouſand ſouls, for which he is accountable, as much as for his own, is not enough to employ his time, and ſatisfy his ambition of directing; there are others of a higher rank, and more conſideration, for whom he is not reſponſible, but of whom he officiouſly takes charge: he looks out, enquires, and watches for any gratifications of his intriguing humour, and his itch of managing the ſpiritual and temporal concerns of others: a Great man * has ſcarce ſet foot on ſhore but he is about him, whiſpers to him, is heard to ſay, *I govern him*, before one would think he could entertain ſuch an extravagant preſumption.

A coldneſs, diſcourteſy, or neglect, from our betters, makes us hate them; but a ſalute or a ſmile ſoon reconciles us.

There are ſome proud men whom the elevation of their rivals humbles and mortifies, and this croſs ſometimes inclines them even to be affable; but time, which moderates all things, revives all their former haughtineſs.

The contempt of the Great for the commonalty renders them ſo indifferent to their flatteries or praiſes, that they are no fewel to their vanity: ſo princes, praiſed and flattered without meaſure by the whole group of courtiers, would be more elate if they had a better opinion of ſuch encomiaſts.

* King James II.

The Great believe themſelves to be the only complete perſons, and will hardly allow judgment, ability, or delicacy, in any of a meaner rank, arrogating to themſelves thoſe endowments as conſequential to birth. Preſumptuous conceit! ridiculous prejudices! Are the beſt ſchemes, the beſt diſcourſes, the beſt writings, and, ſay, the beſt actions, are they always of their growth? they have large eſtates, and a long train of anceſtors; this muſt not be diſputed with them.

Have you wit, quality, capacity, taſte, and diſcernment*? Shall I believe Prejudice and Flattery, which ſo boldly proclaim your merit? No; I ſuſpect and reject them. I will not be dazzled with the lofty air of Sufficiency and Dignity, which looks down with contempt on all that is ſaid, wrote, or done, which makes you ſuch a niggard of applauſe, that it is impoſſible to draw the leaſt approbation from you; from whence I naturally infer, that you are a favourite, rich, and of great intereſt. How ſhall we deſcribe you, Telephon? We cannot approach you but as we do fire, to a certain diſtance; and to diſcover what you are, to make a rational judgment of you, we ought to lay you open, to handle you, to confront you with your equals. Your confidant, your moſt peculiar friend, for whom you quit Socrates and Ariſtides, with whom you laugh, and who laughs louder than yourſelf, Davus,

* The Marſhal de la Feuillade.

in ſhort, I know thoroughly; and by this I am not at a loſs what to make of yourſelf.

There are ſome who, did they know their inferiors and themſelves, they would be aſhamed to be above them.

If there are but few excellent orators, are there many that underſtand them? If good writers are ſcarce, where are they who can read? We are always complaining of the paucity of perſons qualified to counſel kings, and aſſiſt them in the adminiſtration of affairs; but if theſe able and intelligent perſonages appear in the world, if they unweariedly devote their talents to the public welfare, are they beloved, eſteemed, rewarded, as they deſerve? are they commended for what they plan and do for their country? They live, that is all, and it is thought ſufficient; they are cenſured if they miſcarry, and envied if they ſucceed. Let us then blame the commonalty, whom indeed it would be unjuſt and ridiculous to juſtify: the Great, knowing their diſcontent and jealouſy to be inevitable by the moſt praiſe-worthy conduct, make ſo light of their opinions, that it is even a rule in politics to neglect them as erroneous or inſignificant.

The common people hate each other for the injuries they reciprocally do each other; the Great are execrated by them for the ill they do, and the good they do not; they think them chargeable with all their hardſhips, poverty, and misfortunes.

The Great think it too much condeſcenſion

in them to have the ſame GOD and religion as the people: no wonder, then, that they are above the names of *Peter*, *John*, *James*, and ſuch mechanical appellations. Let us avoid, ſay they, all manner of conformity with the multitude; let us affect, on the contrary, all poſſible diſtinctions, to ſet us at the greateſt diſtance from them; the vulgar are welcome to the twelve Apoſtles, their diſciples, and the martyrs, (fit patrons for ſuch creatures), much good may do them with their annual rejoicing on a ſaint's day, which each celebrates as his feſtival; but for us *, let us introduce the glorious names of Paganiſm, and baptize our children by thoſe of *Hannibal*, *Cæſar*, and *Pompey*, they were great men indeed; by that of *Lucretia*, ſhe was an illuſtrious Roman lady; or by thoſe heroic ones of *Rinaldo*, *Rugerio*, *Oliviero*, and *Tancred*, they were Paladins, and romances cannot ſhow more wonderful heroes; by thoſe of *Hector*, *Achilles*, or *Hercules*, all demi-gods; even by thoſe of *Phœbus* and *Diana*; and what ſhould hinder us from calling ourſelves, *Jupiter*, *Mercury*, *Venus*, or *Adonis*?

While the Great † neglect to know any thing, not only of the intereſts of princes and public affairs, but of their own private concerns; while they are ignorant of the economy and improvement of a family, and value themſelves

* This is aimed at ſome perſons of figure, called by ſuch names as *Cæſar de Vendome*, *Annibal d'Eſtres*, *Hercules de Rohan*, *Achilles de Harlay*, *Phœbus de Foil*, *Diana de Chaſtigniers*.

† The young nobility.

on this ignorance, and are impoveriſhed and ruined by their ſervants; while they are content to be bubbles to their ſtewards, to be ſtupified in ſenſuality; while they ſit idly at Thais's or Phryne's, talking of dogs and horſes, telling how many ſtages there are between Paris and Beſançon, or Philipſburg. Some citizens inſtruct themſelves in what relates to their country, ſtudy the art of government, become learned and politic, and are converſant in the ſtrength and weakneſs of a ſtate, think of advancing and placing themſelves, are placed and advanced, riſe to power, and eaſe their prince of part of the public care; the lords who diſdained them now reverence them, and think themſelves happy if they can be accepted for their ſons-in-law.

If I compare the two moſt oppoſite conditions of men together, I mean the Great with the Commonalty, the latter appear cheerful if they have but neceſſaries, and the former poor and fretful amidſt ſuperfluities. A mean man can do no harm; a great man will do no good, and is capable of doing great miſchief: one employs himſelf only about things profitable; the other on what is pernicious. Here ruſticity and freedom ingenuouſly diſcover themſelves; there a malign and corrupt diſpoſition is varniſhed over with a mien of politeneſs. If the vulgar have no wit, the Great have no ſoul: thoſe have a good bottom and no outſide; theſe are all outſide, a deluſory ſuperficies. Were I to chuſe which I would be, without heſitation it ſhould be a plebeian.

The Great at Court, with all their myſteries and diſguiſes to palm a deceitful appearance on the world, cannot hide their malice, their ſerpentine inclination to laugh at another's expenſe, and to render ridiculous what is really eſteemable. This humour is diſcoverable in them at firſt ſight, and admirable without doubt it is to deceive inexperience, or make a fool of one who was no better before; but it totally deprives them of the elegant pleaſure they might receive by a man of wit, who knows how to aſſume a thouſand agreeable and diverting characters, if the temper of a courtier did not make it prudent to be reſerved. He retrenches himſelf within a ſettled gravity, and does it ſo well, that the railers, as ill diſpoſed as they are, can find no handle for deriſion.

Eaſe, affluence, and luxuriant proſperity, make princes laugh at a dwarf, a monkey, an idiot, or a wretched tale; men under difficulties never laugh but on a proper occaſion.

A great man loves Champagne, and hates la Brie: he fuddles himſelf with better wine than a meaner man; and this is often the greateſt difference betwixt a lord and a footman.

It ſeems, at firſt view, that the pleaſures of princes muſt be always ſeaſoned with the ſecret one of injuring other people; but it is not ſo: princes are like other men, they mind themſelves, indulge their taſte, paſſions, and conveniencies, as it is natural.

One would think it was the cardinal rule of placemen and directors to throw in the way of

thoſe who depend on them for the care of their affairs all the obſtacles they might apprehend.

I cannot imagine in what a great man is happier than others, if it is not that he has it often in his power to do good; and when ſuch an opportunity offers, it ſeems to me that by all means he ought to embrace it: if it is in favour of an honeſt man, he ſhould be afraid to let it ſlip; if it is no more than his right, the patron ought to prevent ſolicitation, and not be ſeen before he is to be thanked; and if it is an eaſy thing, he ſhould not ſet any value upon it: if he refuſes it him, I pity them both.

Some are born inacceſſible, they have an innate ferocity, yet theſe are the very men on whom others of abſolute neceſſity depend: they are in a perpetual motion, throwing themſelves into an endleſs diverſity of geſticulations. I have a good mind to ſay they are like paper ſerpents, all noiſe and fire; not to be approached till at laſt they fall, and then only become tractable when they are extinguiſhed, and conſequently fit for nothing.

The porter, the *valet de chambre*, the footman, if they have no more ſenſe than belongs to their condition, do no longer eſtimate themſelves by the meanneſs of their extraction, but the elevation and fortune of thoſe whom they ſerve, and indiſcriminately think all that enter at their gate, or go up their ſtaircaſe, below themſelves and their maſters; ſo true it is that we are doomed to ſuffer, both from the Great, and from every thing which belongs to them.

A man in a poſt ought to love his prince, his wife, his children, and, next to them, the men of ſenſe and letters; he ought to cheriſh them, and never to want them both for a rational entertainment and utility; he cannot overpay, I will not ſay with penſions or benefits, but with condeſcenſion and familiarity, the unknown ſervices they do him. What little tales do not they diſſipate? how many ſtories do they, by their addreſs, expoſe as the fiction of Malice? cannot they juſtify miſcarriages by good intentions, and demonſtrate the good tendency of a deſign, and the juſtneſs of meaſures, by the proſperous iſſue? and, in oppoſition to the cenſures of Envy, to good enterpriſes apply better motives? give a favourable turn to bad appearances? palliate defects, and exhibit only wiſdom and patriotiſm, and theſe in the moſt ſtriking light? ſpread, on a thouſand occaſions, particulars which redound to their honour, and make a jeſt of any thing intimated to their prejudice? I know it is a maxim with Great men to let people ſpeak, whilſt themſelves continue to act as they think fit; but I know alſo that it happens not ſeldom that this contempt of the public ſpeeches of the people has put them out of a capacity of acting as they thought fit.

To be ſenſible of merit, and, when known, to countenance it, are two great ſteps to be quickly taken one after another, but of which few are capable.

You are rich and noble, have great intereſt

at Court; this is not enough: make yourſelf worthy of my eſteem, that I may be ſorry to loſe your favour, or that I never could obtain it.

You ſay of a great man, or perſon in a high ſtation, he is very obliging, benevolent, and delights in doing good offices; and you confirm this by a long tale of what he has done in an affair wherein he knew you were concerned. I underſtand you; you are in credit, you are well known to the miniſters of ſtate, you are well with the Great. What elſe, Sir, would you have me underſtand by it?

A perſon tells you, "I think myſelf ill uſed "by ſuch a one; he is proud ſince his ad- "vancement, he diſdains me; he will not "know me." You anſwer, "I have no reaſon "to complain of him; on the contrary, I "muſt commend him; he ſeems to me to be "very civil." I believe I underſtand you too, Sir. You would acquaint us that a man in place has a regard for you, that in the anti-chamber he ſelects you out of a thouſand conſiderable perſons, from whom he turns aſide, to avoid the inconvenience of ſaluting or granting them a ſmile.

We praiſe the Great, to ſhow we are intimate with them, rarely out of eſteem or gratitude; we know not often thoſe we praiſe; vanity and levity ſometimes prevail over reſentment; we are diſpleaſed with them, and yet praiſe them.

If it is always dangerous to be concerned in a ſuſpicious affair, much more is it ſo when you are an accomplice with the Great; they

will infallibly get clear, and leave you in the lurch to pay double, for yourſelf and them.

A prince, with all his immenſe revenues, has not enough to requite a baſe compliance, if he conſiders what it coſts the inſtrument he employs; nor too much power to puniſh him, if he meaſures his vengeance by the injury done him by ſuch a blind ſubſerviency.

The nobility expoſe their lives for the ſafety of the ſtate, and the glory of their ſovereign; the magiſtrate diſcharges his prince from the fatigues attending the adminiſtration of juſtice; both of them are reſpectable functions, eminently uſeful: men are not capable of any thing more noble; then why and whence the men of the robe and ſword fetch pretences for their reciprocal contempt of each other is beyond my comprehenſion.

If it be true that the Great do more in hazarding their lives, when ſurrounded with plenty, gaiety, pleaſure, and power, than the private man, who ventures only a life deſtined to labour and penury; it muſt alſo be confeſſed that they have a proportionate compenſation; glory, and immortal reputation. The common ſoldier has no thoughts of raiſing a name: he dies unnoticed in the crowd; he lived, indeed, after the ſame rate, but ſtill he lived; and this is one of the chief cauſes of the want of courage in low and ſervile conditions. On the contrary, they whoſe birth diſtinguiſhes them from the people, and expoſes them conſpicuouſly to their cenſure and praiſe, gloriouſly

exert themſelves, and riſe even above their diſpoſition, if they were not naturally inclined to virtue; and this elevation of heart and mind, which they derive from their anceſtors, is the bravery ſo univerſal to the nobility, and, perhaps, nobility itſelf.

Preſs me into the ſervice as a common ſoldier, I am Therſites: put me at the head of an army, for which I am anſwerable to all Europe, I am Achilles.

Princes, without ſcience or rules, make a judgment by compariſon; born and brought up in the very centre of the beſt things, to theſe they compare what they read, ſee, or hear. Whatever does not come very near Lully, Racine, and le Brun, they cannot reliſh.

To talk to young princes of nothing elſe but attention to their rank is a moſt needleſs precaution, while the whole Court reckon it their duty, and the eſſential of their politeneſs, to reſpect them; ſo that they are leſs liable to be ignorant of the regard due to their birth, than to confound perſons, and treat all ſorts of titles, ranks, and conditions, upon a level. They have an innate haughtineſs, which breaks out on all occaſions; and to them the moſt neceſſary leſſon is how to ſuppreſs it, and to procure a real love and reſpect by courteſy, liberality, goodneſs, honour, and diſcernment.

It is downright hypocriſy in a man of a certain degree *, not immediately to take the rank due to him, and which every body is ready to

* M. de Harlay, Chief Preſident.

give up; it is no ſelf-denial in him to be modeſt, to mingle with the multitude that would open to make way for him, to take the loweſt ſeat at a public meeting, that every one may ſee him there, and ſtrive to ſet him higher. Modeſty in men of ordinary condition is more trying; if they come into a crowd, they are juſtled and elbowed; if they chuſe an incommodious ſeat, there they may remain.

Ariſtarchus* hies to the market-place, preceded by an herald and trumpeter: the trumpeter ſounds, and the mob gathers. "Hear, O "ye people," ſays the herald." Silence, ſilence, "be attentive. This very Ariſtarchus, whom "you ſee before you, is to do a good action to-"morrow." I would ſay now, with more ſimplicity, and without any figure, ſuch a one does well; would he do better? then let me not know that he does good, or at leaſt not ſuſpect that he deſigned all the town ſhould ring with it.

The beſt actions are clouded by the manner of doing them; which ſometimes leaves even a ſuſpicion of the purity of intention. Whoever protects or commends virtue for the ſake of virtue, or who condemns and blames vice as vice, acts without artifice, ſingularity, pride, or affectation; he neither reproves dogmatically and ſententiouſly, nor ſharply nor ſatirically; he never makes his admonitions a ſcene to di-

* The ſame, who, when a legacy of 25,000 livres was brought him at his ſeat, he immediately drove away to Fontainbleau, where the Court then was, and, before one of the King's notaries, applied the money to charitable uſes.

vert the public, but ſhows a good example, and thus in all the beauty of candour acquits himſelf of his duty. He bears no part in the ladies' viſits; he does not help out the newſmonger, nor gives the droll matter for a pleaſant tale. The good he does is, indeed, a little leſs known, but good he does, and he looks no further.

The Great, ſurely, cannot like the firſt ages of the world; they make entirely againſt them; to ſee that the reſt of the world are all diſtant relations muſt be extremely galling to them. Mankind compoſe together but one family; all the difference is, we are more or leſs related.

Theognis * is very ſpruce in his dreſs, and goes abroad tricked up like a lady; while he is at his glaſs, he ſettles his eyes and adjuſts his countenance, that every one may meet the unmeaning ſmiles and humble looks which he had before practiſed. When he is in the Hall, he turns to the right where the crowd is, or to the left where there is no body; he ſalutes thoſe who are there, and thoſe who are not; he embraces the firſt man in his way, runs his head into his boſom, and then aſks his name. A perſon wanting his intereſt in an eaſy affair waits on him, and begs it. Theognis ſeems to hear him favourably, and to be raviſhed that he can be ſerviceable to him; but when the other comes to the point, and lays open his caſe, he tells him that he cannot concern himſelf in it, and that if he were in his ſtation he would be ſen-

* M. de Harlay, Archbiſhop of Paris, who died ſuddenly at one of his country palaces.

ſible of the motive. The diſappointed client goes out, waited on, careſſed, complimented, and almoſt content with ſuch a ceremonious denial.

He muſt have a very bad opinion of men, and yet know them well, to believe he can impoſe on them with feigned careſſes, and long and barren promiſes.

Pamphilus * does not converſe with the people he meets in the Hall, or at the public walks, but, by his gravity and voice, ſeems to be admitting them into his preſence, giving them audience, then diſmiſſing them. He has a parcel of terms, at once civil and haughty, a courteous imperiouſneſs, without any diſtinction, a falſe dignity, which debaſes him, and gives his friends no little uneaſineſs.

Pamphilus is full of his own merit, and keeps himſelf always in view, with ſucceſſive ideas of his grandeur, alliances, employments, and quality; he collects them all together when he is for appearing in his meridian glory; then it is, *my Order*, *my Blue Ribbon*, which he diſplays or hides with equal oſtentation. In ſhort, Pamphilus would be great; he believes he is ſo; he is not, no further than mimicry is. If at any time he ſmiles on an inferior, or a wit, he chuſes his time ſo well, that he is never catched in ſuch a diſgraceful familiarity; were he ſurpriſed in any condeſcenſion to a perſon who is not rich, or powerful, or a Prime Miniſter's friend, relation, or domeſtic, he bluſhes up to the ears; he is void of commiſeration, inexorably ſevere

* The Marquis de Dangeau.

to him who has not made his fortune. One day he ſees you in the drawing-room, and ſhuns you; the next, if he finds you in a leſs public place, or, though public, if in the company of men of rank, he confidently comes up to you, and ſays, "Yeſterday you would not look at "me;" then leaves you bluntly to accoſt a lord: and ſometimes, if he finds you with them, he will carry them away, and leave you to yourſelf. Meet him at another time, he will not ſtop; you muſt run after him, and talk ſo loud as to expoſe yourſelf to all within hearing. Thus the Pamphiluſes are in life as on a ſtage, a ſpecies nurtured in falſehood, who hate nothing more than to be natural; frivolous actors of a comedy.

We can never ſay enough of the Pamphiluſes; they are ſervile and timorous before princes and their miniſters, proud and overbearing to ſuch as have nothing but virtue to recommend them; dumb and confounded before the learned; loquacious, forward, and poſitive, before the ignorant. They talk of war to a lawyer, of politics to a banker, of hiſtory to women; among the doctors they are poets, and among poets mathematicians; they do not trouble themſelves with maxims, and leſs with principles; they live at random, puſhed and driven on by the gale of favour, and the impulſe of pleaſure; they have no ſentiments properly their own, borrowing them as they want them; and he to whom they apply themſelves is neither wiſe, learned, nor virtuous, but a man of faſhion.

We have a fruitleſs jealouſy, and an impotent hatred, againſt the men in power, which, ſo far from revenging us on their ſplendour and elevation, aggravate our natural miſery with the galling load of another's happineſs. What is to be done againſt this malignant contagion, this inveterate diſeaſe of the ſelf-tormenting ſoul? Let us be contented with little, and, if poſſible, with leſs; let us learn, on a proper occaſion, to put up with loſſes; the receipt is infallible, and I reſolve to try it. By this means I ſpare myſelf the trouble of civiliſing a doorkeeper, and mollifying a clerk; of being puſhed back from a gate by innumerable crowds of clients and courtiers, of whom a Miniſter's * houſe empties itſelf ſeveral times a-day; of repining in an antichamber, and ſtammering out a juſt requeſt, and ſweating with fear of a denial; of bearing with his ſtatelineſs, his grin, and laconiſms: now I neither envy nor hate him any more; he begs nothing of me, nor I of him; we are equal, unleſs perhaps he is never quiet, and I am continually ſo.

If the Great have frequent opportunities to do us good, they have ſeldom the will; and if they would injure us, it is not always in their power: thus the worſhip we pay them is often ill grounded, if hope or fear are the only motives. A man may live a long while without depending on them in the leaſt, or being indebted to them for his good, or their being the

* M. de Louvois.

inſtruments of his bad, fortune. We ought to honour them, as they are great and we little; ſince there are others leſs than ourſelves who honour us.

The ſame paſſions, the ſame weakneſſes, the ſame meanneſſes, the ſame freaks, the ſame piques in families, quarrels among relations, the ſame envies and antipathies, prevail at Court and in the City. You find every where daughters-in-law, mothers-in-law, huſbands and wives, divorces, ruptures, and complaints; every where different humours, heats, partialities, falſe reports, and ſcandals. An obſervant eye eaſily ſees the *canaille* of St Dennis' ſtreet, that monſtrous place! at Verſailles or Fontainbleau. Here they imagine to hate with more haughtineſs, and perhaps with more decorum; they deſtroy one another with more politeneſs and addreſs; their diſputes are more eloquent, and they ſcold with more compoſure and purity; they do not injure the phraſeology of the language, they only offend men, or blaſt their reputations; if the exterior of vice here is ſpecious, at the bottom it is the ſame as among the deſpiſed vulgar; the ſame baſeneſs, rancour, and turpitude. Theſe men, ſo preeminent by their birth, rank, or dignity; theſe profound and ſagacious headpieces; theſe women, ſo witty and polite, are no other than the vulgar, though the vulgar is what they all execrate.

The word *Vulgar* includes multitudes; it is a comprehenſive expreſſion, and we may be ſur-

priſed to ſee whom it contains, and how far it extends. Vulgar, in oppoſition to the Great, ſignifies the Mob and Commonalty; but, as oppoſed to wiſe, able, and virtuous men, vulgar includes as well the Great as the Little.

The Great are governed by ſenſation; vacant ſouls, on whom every thing immediately makes a ſtrong impreſſion; when any thing happens, at firſt they talk of it too much, ſoon after they talk of it leſs, and then not at all, nor ever will; deſign, conduct, event, all are forgot: expect not from them amendment, reflection, gratitude, or reward.

We are carried to two oppoſite extremes with reſpect to certain perſons: ſatires, after they are dead, fly about among the ſpiteful people, while the flattering pulpits echo with their praiſe. Sometimes they deſerve neither libels nor funeral orations, and ſometimes both.

The leſs we talk of the Great and powerful the better; what good we ſay of them is often flattery: it is dangerous to ſpeak ill of them while living; it is baſe to inſult over them when dead.

OF THE SOVEREIGN, OR CONSTITUTION.

WHEN we have run through all forms of government, without partiality to that we were born under, we are at a loſs with which to ſide; they are all a compound of good and evil: it is therefore moſt reaſonable and ſafe to value

that of our own country above all others, and to ſubmit to it.

There is no occaſion for ſkill and talents in the exerciſe of tyranny, the politics of which, conſiſting only in bloodſhed, are plain and conciſe. To murder every one who thwarts our ambition is the capital maxim; and where is the difficulty of this to one naturally ſanguinary? This is indeed the moſt barbarous and deteſtable way to ſupport or aggrandize ourſelves.

It is a ſure and ancient maxim in politics, that to humour the people in enervating themſelves with expenſive pleaſures and feaſts, ſhows and luxury, pomp and delicacy, to alienate them from what is ſolid and praiſe-worthy, and contrive baits for their depraved fancies, is to make the greateſt advances to a deſpotic power.

Under an arbitrary Government, intereſt, honour, and the ſervice of the prince, ſupply the place of love to our country.

To innovate or introduce any alterations in a ſtate, the time is rather to be conſidered than the action itſelf; there are ſome conjunctures when nothing is to be attempted on the people, and there are others when every thing may with ſure ſucceſs. To-day you may ſubvert all the rights, franchiſes, and privileges, of a town; but to-morrow you muſt not ſo much as think of altering the ſigns of their houſes.

In public commotions we cannot conceive how they ſhould ever be appeaſed; nor in quiet times imagine as little whence diſturbances ſhould ariſe.

A Government connives at ſome evils, as preventative of greater. Others there are which, though originally an abuſe and ill cuſtom, are leſs pernicious in their conſequences than would be a juſter law, or a more reaſonable cuſtom. There is a ſort of evil curable by novelty and change, which of itſelf often proves a very dangerous one. Other evils there are hid as it were under ground, like ordure in a common ſewer; theſe, if raked into, exhale poiſon and infamy: and it is often a queſtion among the wiſeſt men which is preferable, the knowledge, or the ignorance of them The State ſometimes tolerates one great evil to keep out millions of leſs miſchiefs and inconveniencies, which, by the ſuppreſſion of that evil, would be inevitable, and even without remedy. Some there are which, though hurtful to particular perſons, tend to the good of the public, though the public is nothing elſe than all theſe particular perſons: ſo there are perſonal evils which turn to an aggrandizement of a family; alſo there are others which afflict, ruin, and diſhonour, families, but conduce to the preſervation and advantage of the ſtate or government. Some there are which ſubvert governments, and erect others upon their ruins; and inſtances are not wanting in hiſtory, that vaſt empires have been utterly extirpated and deſtroyed merely to diverſify and bring a change on the face of the univerſe.

That Ergaſtus is rich, that he has a good pack of hounds, that he is the inventor of a

great many new faſhions, and a regulator of equipages; that he wantons in ſuperfluities: what is all this to the ſtate? Is a particular intereſt to be conſidered when the public is in queſtion? It is ſome comfort to a loyal people, under onerous impoſts, to know that it is for the ſervice and grandeur of their prince, and to enrich him alone they cheerfully bear theſe inconveniencies; as to Ergaſtus, they do not think themſelves at all obliged to contribute to his fortune.

War pleads its antiquity from all ages; it has always clogged the world with widows and orphans, drained families of heirs, and deſtroyed brothers in the ſame battle. Young Soyecour! how do I mourn thy fall, the loſs of thy virtue and modeſty, of thy ripening genius, ſagacious, lofty, and ſocial! I muſt bewail that untimely death which removed thee to thy magnanimous brother, and ſnatched thee from a Court where thou hadſt only time to ſhow thyſelf. Oh misfortune ever deplorable, and yet common! for men in all ages have agreed to deſtroy, plunder, and butcher one another for a tract of land, or a parcel of houſes, or an empty punctilio, which to accompliſh with the greater certainty and diſpatch they have invented curious rules and engines of deſtruction, which they call *the Art of War*; the practice of which is rewarded with the higheſt honours, and moſt ſplendid reputation; thus every age improves in the art of deſolation. The injuſtice of the firſt men was

the primary occaſion of wars, an origin ſuitable to ſuch a monſtrous practice, and hence alſo tyranny; for could they have been content with their own, and not violated their neighbour's, property, the world would have enjoyed an uninterrupted repoſe and liberty.

They who ſit peaceably by their own fires *, interchange viſits with their friends, and enjoy themſelves in a ſecure part of the Town, at a diſtance from all danger of their lives or eſtates, are the men that generally breathe fire and ſword with moſt ardour, talking continually of wars, pillages, conflagrations, and maſſacres; they are quite out of patience at two armies being in the field and not meeting; or, if in ſight, that they do not engage; or if they engage, that the fight was not more bloody, and that there were only ten thouſand men killed upon the ſpot. Theſe are ſometimes ſo far infatuated, that they would riſque their deareſt concerns, their repoſe and ſafety, out of a paſſionate love of change, and extravagant reliſh of novelty; nay, ſome of them, in their frenzy, would be content to ſee the enemy at the very gates of the City, barricadoes thrown up, and chains drawn acroſs the ſtreets, for the ſatisfaction of hearing and telling news.

The timorous Demophilus † here, on my right hand, is in an agony, and cries, All is loſt; we are on the brink of ruin; how can

* The Newſmongers.

† The Abbot St Helene, who was diſſatisfied with the miniſtry.

we reſiſt ſo ſtrong and ſo general a confederacy? which way can we, I dare not ſay overcome, but make head againſt ſo many and ſuch powerful enemies? all Hiſtory does not afford one inſtance. A hero, an Achilles, muſt give way: beſides, adds he, we have been guilty of many groſs errors in our management; I am ſure of it, I have been a ſoldier myſelf, I know what battles are, and have improved very much by reading. Then he falls to crying up Olivier le Daim and Jacques Cœur: they were men after my own heart, ſays he; they were miniſters indeed. He retails his news, which is ſure to be the moſt diſadvantageous and melancholy that can be forged. Now a party is fallen into the enemy's ambuſcade, and are cut in pieces; preſently ſome of our troops ſhut up in a caſtle ſurrender at diſcretion, and are all put to the ſword. Should you tell him this report is falſe, or wants confirmation, it is all true, he replies; and beſides, ſuch a general is killed; and though you truly aſſure him that he is but ſlightly wounded, he deplores his death, pities the widow and children, and bemoans his own loſs; *He has loſt a good friend, and a hearty patron.* He tells you the German horſe are invincible, turns pale if you but name the Imperial cuiraſſiers. If we attack that place, continues he, we ſhall be obliged to raiſe the ſiege; either we ſhall ſtand on the defenſive without coming to an action, or if we do, we ſhall certainly have the worſt of it; and if we are beaten, then, he cries, the enemy

will be at our frontiers; from thence Demophilus brings them preſently into the heart of the kingdom. He fancies the bells ring an alarm, he is in pain for his eſtate, his cry is, Whither ſhall I remove my money, my effects, and family? ſhall I eſcape to the Swiſs Cantons or Venice?

But the ſanguine Baſilides*, on my left, raiſes an army of 300,000 men in a minute, he will not abate you a ſingle troop: he has a liſt of the ſquadrons, battalions, generals, and officers, not omitting the artillery and baggage. He aſſigns all theſe forces their departments; ſome he ſends into Germany, others into Flanders, reſerves a certain number for the Alps, a leſſer for the Pyrennées, and tranſports the reſt beyond ſea: he knows their marches, he can tell what they are to do, and what they will do; you would think he had the King's ear, or were the miniſter's confidant. If the enemies are beaten, and loſe about ten thouſand men, he poſitively avers it was thirty, and exactly thirty; for his numbers are always as fixed and certain as if he had the beſt intelligence. Tell him in the morning we have loſt a paltry village, he not only ſends to excuſe himſelf to the gueſts he has invited to dinner, but faſts; and if he ſups, it is without any appetite. If we beſiege a place naturally ſtrong, regularly fortified, and well ſtored with ammunition and proviſion, beſides a good gar-

* The Sieur de Moulinet.

riſon, commanded by a conſummate general; he tells you the town has its weak parts, wants powder, and the governor experience; and that there is an end of it after eight days open trenches. At another time he runs himſelf out of breath, and being recovered a little, he opens, Here's news! They are beaten, totally routed, demoliſhed; the general and chief officers, at leaſt great part of them, are killed. There's a ſlaughter! Fortune favours the bold, and the game is our own: then he ſits down, and reſts after this extraordinary news, which, unluckily, is attended with this circumſtance, that there has not been any battle. He aſſures us further, that ſuch a prince*, dreading our arms, has quitted the confederacy, and a ſecond is inclined to follow ſuch a prudent example; he believes firmly, with the populace, that the third is dead, and names you the place of his interment; and even, when the whole Town is undeceived, will perſiſt to lay wagers on it. He has unqueſtionable intelligence that Teckley is very ſucceſsful againſt the Emperor, that the Grand Seignior is making formidable preparations, will not hear of a peace, and that the vizier will once more ſit down before Vienna; he is in an ecſtaſy, he claps his hands for joy, perſuaded that all is fact. The triple alliance is a Cerberus with him, and the enemies only ſo many monſters to be knocked

* The Duke of Savoy; the King of Spain; the King of England; for which public rejoicings were made at Paris.

on the head: he talks of nothing but laurels, triumphs, and trophies; his expreſſions, in common talk, are no leſs than *Our auguſt Hero, our mighty Potentate, our invincible Monarch.* He is above ſuch a cold mean-ſpirited way of talking as "The King has a great "many enemies, they are powerful, they are "united and exaſperated; he has overcome "them, and, I hope, will always overcome "them." This ſtyle, too bold and deciſive for Demophilus, with Baſilides wants ſpirit and loyalty; his head is full of loftier thoughts; he is planning inſcriptions, triumphal arches and pyramids to adorn the capital againſt the conqueror's public entry; and as ſoon as he hears that the armies are in ſight of each other, or a town is inveſted, he orders his robes to be aired againſt the *Te Deum.*

An affair which is to be diſcuſſed and adjuſted by the plenipotentiaries of crowned heads and republics, whom it has drawn together, muſt needs be of uncommon intricacy, if the concluding of it requires a longer time than the ſettling of the preliminaries, nay, even than only the regulation of precedency, rank, and other ſuch weighty ceremonies.

A public miniſter, or a plenipotentiary, is a Cameleon, a Proteus; ſometimes like a cunning gameſter he ſhows no motion or temper, as well to perplex the conjectures and attention of others, as to prevent any ſecret eſcaping through his own paſſion or weakneſs; he is always ready to put on the diſguiſe moſt ne-

ceſſary to his deſigns, and very artfully appears what it is his intereſt to be thought. So when he deſigns to diſſemble that his maſter is very formidable, or very low, he is reſerved and inflexible, to awe any large demands; or eaſy and complaiſant, ſo as to encourage aſking, that he may turn the tables upon his adverſaries. At other times either he is myſterious and ſubtile, to conceal a truth in the very intimation of it, becauſe it concerns him that it ſhould come from him, but not be credited; or elſe he is free and open, that whenever he ſhall have occaſion to diſſemble what muſt be kept ſecret, it may be thought that he has diſcovered whatever he knows. He talks fluently at random, to excite others to talk, or hinder their ſaying what he does not deſire to hear, or acquainting him with what he ſhould not know. He runs into indifferent things, which alter or deſtroy each other, to leave his hearers at a loſs betwixt confidence and diſtruſt; or he is ſedate and ſilent to engage others to talk: he hears a long while that he may afterwards talk with weight and ſuperiority, that he may promiſe or threaten to the purpoſe. Sometimes he ſpeaks firſt, that by diſcovering the oppoſitions and contradictions, intrigues and cabals, of foreign miniſters, in their anſwers to the propoſitions he has advanced, he may invalidate them in his reply; at another conference he ſtays till the laſt, that he may be ſure not to loſe his labour: he can then give a ſparring blow, having critically obſerved every

thing that may be ſerviceable to his maſter or his allies. When he knows what he may aſk, and what obtain, he knows how to be clear and explicit, but is much more verſed in innuendoes, equivocations, giving them the turn beſt adapted to his negotiation. He aſks little, becauſe he will not grant much, or his demands are large, that he may be ſure of a little. At firſt he moves for ſmall things, which afterwards, he pretends, ſhould not make part of the account, or exclude more ſubſtantial articles. He avoids gaining an important point at firſt, if it is like to hinder him of ſeveral which, though in themſelves of leſs value, yet united exceed the other. His demands are extravagant, with deſign to be denied, that he may be furniſhed with a plauſible excuſe for rejecting the equitable claims of the oppoſite party. He ſets forth their enormity, urges the reaſons why he cannot hearken to them, and warmly endeavours to diſable thoſe which they allege for their denial. He is equally eager to magnify the trifles he offers, as to undervalue what they are willing to grant. He feigns extraordinary proffers, which beget a diſtruſt, and oblige them to reject what indeed, if accepted, would not be performed: this alſo ſerves to colour his exorbitant demands, and to load his antagoniſts with the blame of his refuſal. He grants more than they can aſk, to get more than he is to give. He ſhows himſelf very backward to trivial conceſſions, to obviate any demands of more importance. If he is perſuaded to part with

any thing, it is on ſuch conditions that the advantages of it are balanced to him. He directly or indirectly eſpouſes the intereſt of an ally, if he finds it at the ſame time conducive to advance his own pretenſions. He talks of nothing but peace and alliances, the public good and tranquillity; in all which he means only his maſter's intereſt. Sometimes he reconciles claſhing parties, at other times he divides thoſe he found united; he intimidates the powerful, and encourages the weak; he draws ſeveral weaker ſtates into a league againſt a more powerful one, under the pretence of an equilibre; he joins with the former to turn the ſcale, but his aſſiſtance is always a dear contract. He knows how to work on thoſe with whom he treats, he delicately enſnares them with the alluring baits of private advantage, of riches and honours, in return for a little eaſineſs, which will not in the leaſt vary from their inſtructions, nor contradict the intentions of their principals. And that he may not be thought impregnable on this ſide, he betrays ſome ſmall leaning towards his own fortune: by this he diſcovers their moſt latent views, their deſigns, diſpoſitions, and dependencies, which he turns to his own advantage with the ſame dexterity which helped him to the diſcovery. If he is a loſer in any article he is very clamorous, if he is not he is yet louder, and puts the injured on their juſtification and defence. All his meaſures are concerted, his ſteps are pointed out, and his moſt minute

advances preſcribed by his Court; yet, in the moſt difficult points, and moſt conteſted articles, he behaves as if all was voluntary, and the acquieſcence flowed from himſelf. It may be, he is ſorry to tell the aſſembly, that he dares not engage that the propoſals will be approved, and that his maſter will not diſown his proceedings. By his emiſſaries he ſpreads falſe reports concerning the general ſubject of his inſtructions, having, beſides, ſome particular orders; theſe he never produces but at extremities, for which they are calculated. All his intrigues are of a ſolid and ſubſtantial tendency, for which he willingly throws up imaginary points of honour. He has a great deal of ſelf-government; he is inured to reſolution and patience; he fatigues and diſcourages others, but is himſelf indefatigable. He anticipates all delays and reproaches, jealouſies and ſuſpicions, difficulties and obſtacles, fully perſuaded that time, and a right uſe of events, will bring things and tempers juſt where he would have them. He pretends a ſecret intereſt for breaking off his negotiation, when he paſſionately deſires its continuance; but, on the contrary, when he has orders to uſe his laſt endeavours for diſſolving it, he thinks the beſt way to effect it is to preſs its continuance, and inſiſt on a quicker diſpatch. After ſome ſignal event, he affects pride or facility, as beſt ſerves his turn; and if he was ſo perſpicacious as to foreſee it, he temporiſes as it affects the ſtate which he ſerves, and models himſelf by emergencies. He takes

his meaſures from time, place, and occaſion, his own ſtrength or weakneſs, the genius of the nations with which he treats, and the particular tempers and talents of their miniſters. All his maxims and deſigns, all his *fineſſe*, tend only to prevent being deceived, and to deceive others.

The humour of the French nation requires gravity in their Sovereign.

It is one of the misfortunes of a prince to be overburthened with ſecrets, the communication of them being dangerous; and ſuperlatively happy is he who is found a faithful confidante*, to whom he may ſafely unboſom himſelf.

A prince wants only the pleaſure of private life to complete his happineſs; a loſs that nothing can compenſate but the fidelity of his ſelect friends, and the applauſe of rejoicing ſubjects.

A monarch who deſervedly fills a throne, finds it extremely pleaſant to lay aſide his grandeur, to quit the theatre, throw away the buſkins, and act a more familiar part with a confidant.

Nothing conduces more to the honour of a prince than the modeſty of his favourite.

No ties of friendſhip or conſanguinity affect a favourite; he is without relation or connection. Amidſt kindred and relations he ſtands detached and ſeparate from all.

Certainly a favourite, who is not loſt to

* Madame de Maintenon.

delicacy and virtue, muſt be often vexed and confuſed at the glaring adulations, the groveling attentions, and impertinent reſpects, of his ſolicitants, playing about him like, but not with the fidelity of, ſpaniels; and, no doubt, he laughs heartily at them in private, to make himſelf amends for the trouble they put him to in public.

Ye who are in high poſts*, ye public miniſters or favourites, give me leave to adviſe you. Intruſt not the care of your memory with your progeny, expect not they will preſerve the luſtre of your auguſt names †: titles take wing, the prince's favour is tranſient; honours leave their poſſeſſors, riches diſperſe themſelves, and merit degenerates. It is true, you have children worthy yourſelves, and capable of maintaining the character you leave them; but can you promiſe to yourſelf this happineſs in your grandchildren? will you not believe me? Deign to caſt your eyes, for once, on ſome men, at whom your contempt immediately riſes! they are deſcended from the very men (great as you are) whom you ſucceed. Be virtuous and affable; and if you aſk what more is neceſſary, I roundly tell you, Virtue and humanity inſure a laſting and amiable fame, and are independent on your poſterity; by theſe your name will be in fragrancy whilſt the monarchy

* Cardinal d'Amboiſe, Prime Miniſter to Lewis XII. and Cardinal Richlieu, the much more celebrated Miniſter of Lewis XIII.

† The heirs of Richlieu and Mazarine.

endures; and when future generations ſhall walk over the ruins of your ſtrongeſt caſtles and nobleſt edifices, the idea of your worth will ſtill charm their minds, they will grudge no price to collect medals and portraits of you: This, they will ſay, is the effigies of a man that dared to ſpeak to his prince with equal truth, force, and freedom, and was more afraid of injuring than diſpleaſing him *: He allowed him to be a generous and benign prince, the father of his country, and to ſay, *My good City, my good People.* The other perſon † you ſee painted there with a bold countenance, an auſtere and majeſtic air, riſes in reputation every year; the greateſt politicians cannot come in competition with him: his capital ſcheme was to eſtabliſh the authority of the prince, and the ſafety of the people, by humbling the nobility; from this, neither the oppoſitions of combined parties, conſpiracies, treaſons, the danger of death, nor his own infirmities, were able to divert him; he accompliſhed it, and yet had time enough to enter upon a more noble and arduous enterpriſe, ſince purſued and completed by one of our beſt and greateſt princes, Lewis XIV. that is, the extirpation of Hereſy.

The moſt plauſible and the leaſt ſuſpected ſnare ‡ that ever was laid for great men by their

* Cardinal d'Amboiſe. † Richlieu.

‡ The late M. Colbert, in adviſing the King to the diſcharge of the fund on the Town-houſe of Paris, whereby many families were ruined.

ſervants, or for kings by their miniſters, has been the advice to liquidate their debts, and enrich themſelves. An admirable maxim, a counſel worth a treaſure, a mine of gold, a Peru, at leaſt to thoſe who have hitherto had the addreſs to inſtill it into their maſters.

Happy, indeed, is that nation whoſe prince chuſes the very ſame perſons for his confidants and miniſters whom the people themſelves would have choſen had the choice been in their power *.

The knowledge of the detail of affairs †, and a diligent attention to the more minute concerns of the commonwealth, are eſſential to a good adminiſtration, tho' too much neglected by kings and their miniſters in theſe latter ages: it is a knowledge greatly to be deſired in the prince that is ignorant of it, and highly to be applauded in him who has made it his ſtudy. In effect, what does it ſignify to the eaſe and tranquillity of the ſubjects, that their prince extends the bounds of his empire into the territories of his enemies? that their ſovereignties are reduced to provinces of his kingdom? that he takes fortreſſes, and gains battles? that the beſt fortified camps afford no ſecurity againſt him? that the neighbouring nations aſk aid of one another, and enter into leagues to defend themſelves and oppoſe his career? that their confederacies are vain? that he is continually advancing, and ſtill victorious? that their laſt

* M. de Pompone. † The King.

hopes are fruſtrated by the recovery of ſuch a vigorous health and conſtitution in the monarch, as ſecure him the pleaſure of ſeeing the young princes his grandchildren maintain and inhance his glory? of ſeeing them head armies to victory and conqueſt, and command old and experienced officers rather by their military talents and merit than by the privilege of their royal birth? of ſeeing them tread in the ſteps of their victorious father, imitating his mildneſs, clemency, juſtice, vigilance, and magnanimity? what ſignifies it to me, in a word, that my ſovereign is ſucceſsful? that the prudent management of his miniſters, nay, that his perſonal merits, exalt him to the higheſt pitch of glory? that my country is powerful, that it is the terror of all the neighbouring nations? what ſhall I, or any of my fellow-ſubjects, be the better for all theſe vaunted atchievements? or what real joy could they give me if I laboured under the diſmal burthen of poverty and oppreſſion? if, while I was ſecured from the incurſions of the enemy, I was expoſed within the walls of our cities to the barbarity of an aſſaſſin? if rapine and violence were by night leſs to be feared in the wildeſt deſerts than at mid-day in our ſtreets? if wiſdom, cleanlineſs, and order, had not rendered our cities ſo delightful, and had not added to plenty the quiet and ſafe enjoyment of the pleaſures of friendly intercourſe? or, if, being weak and defenceleſs, I was incroached upon by every neighbouring great man? if there was

not proviſion made to protect me againſt his injuſtice? if I had not at hand ſo many maſters, and thoſe eminent maſters, to breed up my children in arts and ſciences, by which they may one day make ſome figure in life? if the improvement of trade did not furniſh me with decent cloathing, and wholeſome food, at a reaſonable rate? if, to conclude, the care of my Sovereign had not given me as much reaſon to be as well contented with my fortune, as his extraordinary virtues muſt needs make him with his own?

Eight or ten thouſand men are to a prince like money; with their lives he buys a town or victory; but if he is ſparing of them, if he can obtain either at a cheaper rate, he is like a merchant who is ſenſible of the value of money.

All goes well in that bleſſed monarchy where the intereſts of the Sovereign and ſubjects are incorporated.

To ſay a king is *the father of his people*, is no more an encomium to him than to call him by his name, or to define what he is.

There is a ſort of commerce, or reciprocation of duties, betwixt the Sovereign and his ſubjects; which are moſt obligatory, or moſt difficult, I will not determine; nor is it indeed eaſy to judge between the ſtrict ties to reverence, aſſiſtance, ſervice, obedience, and dependence, on the one ſide, and the indiſpenſible obligations to goodneſs, juſtice, and protection, on the other. To ſay the prince is the ſupreme diſpoſer of the lives of the people, is only tell-

ing us that the vices of mankind have entailed on them a natural uncontroulable ſubjection to juſtice and the laws, of which the king is the depoſitary and executioner: to add, that he is abſolute maſter of his ſubjects' goods, without regard, reaſon, reply, complaint, or proceſs, is a language of flattery, the illuſory ſuggeſtion of a wanton favourite, who will ſay otherwiſe when death looks him in the face.

When on a fine evening you ſee a numerous flock of ſheep diſperſed over a down, quietly grazing on its fragrant products, or in a meadow nibbling the ſhort and tender graſs which has eſcaped the ſcythe, the diligent and careful ſhepherd, you obſerve, is always amongſt them, has a careful eye over them, that none may ſtray out of his ſight; he guides them, he follows them, he changes their paſture: if they wander, he gathers them together; if the wolf approaches, he prepares to beat him off with his dog; he cheriſhes and protects them; the ſun at its riſing finds him in the field, which he left at its ſetting; What care! what watchfulneſs and ſlavery is this! which condition appears the moſt free and deſirable, that of the ſheep or of the ſhepherd? was the flock made for the ſhepherd, or the ſhepherd for the ſheep? This is the genuine image of a good prince and his people.

A faſtuous and proud monarch is like a ſhepherd adorned with gold and jewels, a gold crook in his hand, a collar of gold about his dog's neck, and a ſilken ſtring to lead him.

What is his flock the better for all theſe trinkets? will they improve the paſture, or fright away the wolf?

How happy the ſtation which every minute furniſhes opportunities of doing good to thouſands! how dangerous that which every moment expoſes to the injuring of millions!

If men are not ſuſceptible of a more natural, more pleaſing and ſublime felicity, than a conſciouſneſs that they are beloved and eſteemed; and if kings are men, can they purchaſe the hearts of their people at too dear a rate?

There are very few general or certain rules of governing well; they depend on times and conjuncture, and then on the prudence and deſigns of the governors; ſo that perfect government is the maſterpiece of the human intellect; and, perhaps, it would be unattainable, if ſubjects did not concur, and that conſiderably, by an habitual ſubmiſſion and active obedience.

They who, under a truly great monarch, are poſſeſſed of the poſts of eminence, have very eaſy places, and officiate without any trouble: every thing flows from the fountain; the authority and genius of the prince plans their rout, and ſmooths all difficulties, and proſpers every thing beyond their expectation. They have only the merit of ſubalterns.

If the care of a ſingle family be ſo burthenſome, if a man has enough to do to anſwer for himſelf, what a weight, what a load, is the charge of a whole realm? Is the Sovereign recompenſed for all his fatigues and cares by the

proſtrations of courtiers, or the imaginary pleaſures of deſpotiſm? When I think on the painful and hazardous paths he is forced to tread to arrive at a public tranquillity; when I reflect on the extremities he is frequently obliged to, as of abſolute neceſſity, to compaſs a good end; that he is accountable to GOD himſelf for the welfare, if not the morality, of his people; that good and evil are in his hands, and that ignorance is no excuſe for maladminiſtration; I cannot forbear putting this queſtion to myſelf, Would you reign? ought a man, but meanly happy in a private condition, quit it for a throne? muſt it not be inſupportable to be born a monarch *?

How many endowments, how many gifts of Heaven, are neceſſary to form a prince? An illuſtrious birth, an auguſt and commanding air, a preſence anſwerable to the curioſity of the people, who are all eager to ſee the King, and awing the courtiers into continual reſpect. His temper muſt be perfectly even; he muſt be very averſe to ill-natured raillery, or at leaſt ſo prudent as to refrain from it; he muſt neither threaten, reproach, nor give way to his paſſions, yet he muſt be obeyed; his humour muſt be complacent and engaging: his heart ſo ſincere and open, that all may think they plainly ſee the bottom of it, as this tends to procure friends, creatures, and allies; yet muſt he be ſecret, cloſe, and impenetrable, in his motives and

* Lewis XIV.

deſigns: and he muſt be very grave and ſerious in public: in council, or in anſwers to ambaſſadors, his expreſſions muſt be conciſe, proper, and perſpicuous, and the ſentiment full of dignity: he muſt chuſe fit objects for his favours, and confer them with a grace which doubles the benefit: great muſt be his diſcernment and knowledge of mankind, to penetrate into the minds, qualifications, and tempers, for a fit diſtribution of places and employments, and the choice of generals and miniſters: he muſt have ſuch a quick perſpicacity and deciſive judgment in affairs, as immediately points out the beſt expedients, and the probable iſſues, of every meaſure; his equity muſt be ſo unbiaſſed as to declare againſt himſelf in favour of his ſubjects, allies, and even of enemies: ſuch a comprehenſive memory as continually preſents to him the names, faces, petitions, and wants, of his ſubjects; a vaſt capacity, not only including foreign affairs, commerce, ſtate-maxims, political deſigns, new conqueſts, and the defence of them, but alſo domeſtic concerns; to ſurvey the particular wants of the realm, to baniſh a falſe, inſidious, antimonarchical ſect; to aboliſh all impious and ſavage cuſtoms; to reform the abuſes of laws and uſages, for ſuch may have crept into them; to make his cities rich and eaſy by wiſe polity, and celebrated and magnificent by ſumptuous edifices; to puniſh ſcandalous vices ſeverely; to advance the honour of religion and virtue by his authority and example; to protect the church and cler-

gy, their rights and immunities; to govern with the tenderneſs of a father, always intent on the eaſe of his ſubjects; to be tender of impoſts, as breeding poverty, which is productive of diſcontent or puſillanimity: he muſt be maſter of every military talent; he muſt be vigilant, active, and hardy; he muſt be able to command numerous armies in perſon, and be ſedate and compoſed in the midſt of danger: his ſupreme aim ought to be the ſafety and honour of his kingdom, which he muſt always prefer to his own life: his power muſt be abſolute, to leave no room for ſubordinate ſolicitations, to ſuppreſs private intrigues and cabals, to bring the nobility (in ſome parts petty tyrants) and the commonalty on the ſame level of a general ſubjection; an extenſive genius, to ſee every thing with his own eye, and to act inſtantly by himſelf, ſo that his generals are but his lieutenants, and his miniſters but his miniſters; a foreſight to know when to declare war, and a ſagacity when to give battle, and make the beſt uſe of a victory: to know when to make peace, and when to break it, alſo to force his enemies to conclude the war according to his and their intereſts; to ſet bounds to a vaſt ambition, and to know how far to extend his conqueſts; to have leiſure for plays, feaſts, and ſpectacles; to cultivate arts and ſciences; to deſign and finiſh ſtupendous ſtructures, even when ſurrounded with open and ſecret enemies. To conclude, he muſt have that aſſemblage of talents, that ſuperior genius, which

renders him beloved by his ſubjects, and feared by ſtrangers; which of his court and of all his kingdom makes one family, living in the moſt happy union with one another, and unreſerved devotedneſs to the Sovereign. Theſe admirable virtues, and all of them, ſeem to be compriſed in the idea of a Sovereign. It is true, we rarely ſee them all meet in one ſubject; ſeveral of them ſpring from the ſoul and conſtitution, others depend on conjunctures and adventitious circumſtances rightly improved. I muſt tell you, that the prince who unites all theſe in a ſingle perſon very well deſerves the name of *Great*.

OF MAN.

LET us not be angry with Men when we ſee them ſtubborn, ungrateful, unjuſt, proud, lovers of themſelves, and forgetful of others; they are made ſo; it is their nature; it would be quarrelling with the ſtone for falling, or with the flame for aſcending.

In one ſenſe Men are not fickle, or only in trifles: they change their habits, language, faſhions, ceremonies, and ſometimes their taſte; but they are immutable in their depravity; are tenaciouſly adherent to what is ill, and never depart from an indifference for virtue.

Stoiciſm is a mere fancy, an imagery ſomething like Plato's republic. The Stoics feign that a Man may laugh at poverty, be inſenſible of injuries, ingratitude, or the loſs of his eſtate,

parents, and friends; look unconcernedly on death, as ſomething really indifferent, which ought not to make him merry or melancholy; may maſter pleaſure or pain; may undergo the torments of fire or ſword without the leaſt ſigh or tear; and this phantom of virtue, this ideal firmneſs, they are pleaſed to ſtyle the wiſe Man. They have left Mankind in poſſeſſion of all their natural defects, not one vice or foible have they expoſed in its proper light. Inſtead of painting Vice in its frightful and ridiculous forms, to inſpire an avoidance of it, they have forged an idea of perfection and heroiſm of which Men are not capable, and exhorted them to viſionary impoſſibilities. Thus this wiſe Man that is to be, or will never be but in imagination, finds himſelf naturally above all ills and events; the moſt excruciating fit of the gout, or colic, cannot extort from him the leaſt complaint; he would ſtand ſerene and undaunted amidſt the wreck of matter and the cruſh of worlds; he is ſuperior to all events, whilſt the mere Man, agitated by every ſilly paſſion, cries, deſpairs, and throws himſelf into diſtraction for the loſs of a puppy, or the breaking a baſon of china.

Reſtleſſneſs of mind, inequality of humour, inconſtancy of heart, inſtability of conduct, are all vices of the ſoul, but different; and, analogous as they appear, are not always found in one ſubject.

It is difficult to decide whether irreſolution makes a Man more unfortunate than contemp-

tible, or even whether it is always more pernicious to take a wrong ſtep than to take none.

The variable Man is the epitome of many; he multiplies himſelf as often as he changes his taſte and manners; he is not this minute what he was the laſt, and will not be the next what he is now; he ſucceeds himſelf. Aſk not of what party he is, but what are his parties; nor of what humour he is, but how many ſorts of humour he has. Are you not miſtaken? is it Eutichrates whom you met? how cold he is to-day! Yeſterday he ſought you out, and careſſed you, ſo as to raiſe a jealouſy among his friends; ſurely he does not remember you? tell him your name.

Menalcas* comes down ſtairs, opens the door, ſhuts it again; he perceives that his nightcap is ſtill on; and examining himſelf a little better, finds but one half of his face ſhaved, his ſword on his right ſide, his ſtockings hanging about his heels, and his ſhirt out of

* The late M. de Brancas, Chamberlain to the Queen-mother, and brother to the Duke de Villars. Several diverting incogitancies are related of him. The adventure of the wig, mentioned here, happened to him at the Queen's. He is alſo ſaid ſo far to have forgot his marriage with Madam Garſier, daughter to the noted contractor, that on his coming home, as uſual, in the evening, he began to ſtorm that his valets de chambre were out of the way, till he was told that they were gone with his night-dreſs to his bride's, which reminded him of the morning ceremony. The Author has omitted, that one day leading the Queen, he had a mind to make water, and was going about it, till, upon burſts of laughter from the Queen and her ladies, he recollected himſelf.

his breeches. If he walks into the ſtreet, he feels ſomething ſtrike him on the face, or ſtomach; he cannot imagine what it is, till opening his eyes, and looking, he finds himſelf before the ſhaft of a cart, or behind a plank on a carpenter's ſhoulders. He has been ſeen to run againſt a blind man, puſh him backwards, and fall over him. Sometimes he has met a prince full-but, and with much ado recollected himſelf to ſqueeze up againſt a wall to make room for him. He runmages, miſlays, and puts himſelf into a heat, calls his ſervants, and ſtorms at them; nothing is in its place; never were ſuch a careleſs crew: he aſks for his gloves, which he has on his hands; like the woman who aſked for her maſk when ſhe had it on her face. He enters the drawing-room, and paſſing under a ſconce, his perriwig hitches, and is left hanging; the courtiers ſtare and laugh; Menalcas ſtares too, joins in the laugh, and looks about for the poor mortified baldpate who has loſt his wig. In his walks he takes it into his head that he is out of his way, is in a fret, ſtands ſtill, and aſks ſuch as paſs by where he is; they tell him in the very ſtreet where he lives: he enters his own houſe, runs out in haſte, fancying himſelf miſtaken. He comes out of the palace, and finding a coach at the ſteps, takes it to be his own, throws himſelf into it; the coachman whips on, thinking all the while he is driving his maſter home; Menalcas leaps out, croſſes the court-yard, trips up ſtairs, runs into the apartments, where

he ſits down and repoſes himſelf as at his own houſe; the maſter of the houſe coming in, he riſes up to receive him, treats him very ceremoniouſly, prays him to ſit, and believes he is paying the civilities he uſes to his viſitants: he talks, muſes, and talks again; the maſter of the houſe is tired and aſtoniſhed, and Menalcas as much as he; he will not ſay what he thinks, but ſuppoſes the other to be ſome very impertinent and idle perſon, who will at laſt think fit to draw: he bears with this odd ſcene, yet it may be night before Menalcas finds himſelf in a wrong place. At another time, viſiting a lady, and imagining that ſhe is viſiting him, he ſits down in her elbow-chair, without any thoughts of quitting it; the lady ſeems to him ſomething long in her viſits, he expects every moment when ſhe will riſe, and leave him at liberty; but he growing hungry, and night coming on, he deſires her to ſup with him, at which ſhe burſts into a laughter that brings him to himſelf. He marries in the morning, forgets it, and lyes abroad on his wedding-night: ſome time after his wife dies in his arms; he aſſiſts at her funeral with a becoming concern, and the next day, when the ſervants come to acquaint him that dinner is on the table, he aſks if his wife be ready, and if they have given her notice? This is he who, coming into a church, and taking a blind man at the door for a pillar, and his diſh for the holy water pot, dips in his hand and croſſes his forehead, when on a ſudden he

hears the pillar ſpeak, and beg his alms: he walks towards the quire, where, fancying to ſee a deſk, he throws himſelf on his knees, the machine bends, puſhes him, and ſtrives to cry out; Menalcas is ſurpriſed to find himſelf kneeling on the legs of a very little man, reſting on his belly, his two arms over his ſhoulders, and his joined hands taking him by the noſe, and ſtopping his mouth; then he retires confuſed, and, kneeling elſewhere, takes out of his pocket a prayer-book, as he thinks, but it is only a ſlipper which he had inadvertently pocketed; he is hardly got out of the church but a footman runs after him, pulls him by the ſleeve, and aſks him with a laugh, if he has not got my Lord's ſlipper? Menalcas produces his, tells him, *This is all the ſlippers I have about me:* however, upon ſearching, he finds the ſlipper of ..... whom he had been viſiting; for Menalcas letting one of his gloves fall, inſtead of it took up one of his Lordſhip's ſlippers, and went away. Whilſt he was playing at backgammon he called for a glaſs of lemonade; the caſt was his, and having the box in one hand, and the glaſs in the other, being very thirſty, he gulps down the dice, and almoſt the box, whilſt the liquor is impetuouſly thrown on the tables, and half drowns his antagoniſt. Once, on the water, being aſked the hour, he pulled out his watch, but ſoon forgetting both the hour and the watch, throws it into the river. He writes a long letter, ſands the paper, and then throws the ſand into the inkhorn: he

writes a ſecond, makes up both, and miſtakes the ſuperſcription: one of them is ſent to a duke, who, upon opening it, reads, "Mr *Oliver*, "I charge you, do not fail to ſend me my "quarter's rent, due at Lady-day, as ſoon as "poſſible," *&c.* His tenant opens the other, and finds in it, "My *Lord*, I receive, with the "utmoſt ſubmiſſion, the orders which your "Grace was pleaſed," *&c.* He writes another at night, and after ſealing it, puts out the light, yet is ſurpriſed to be, on a ſudden, in the dark, and is at a loſs to conceive how it happened. Coming down the Louvre ſtairs, he met another coming up; Oh! ſays Menalcas, *the very man I looked for*; takes him by the hand, hauls him along with him from court to court, from ſaloon to ſaloon; then looking more narrowly at the man he was thus dragging after him, wonders who it ſhould be, has nothing to ſay to him, lets him go, and turns another way. He often aſks a queſtion, and is almoſt out of ſight before it is poſſible to anſwer. Another time, if you fall in his way, "He is raviſhed "to meet you, he juſt came from your houſe, "where he would have diſcourſed you about "a certain affair;" then looking on your fingers, "That's a fine ruby; is it a balaſs?" then leaves you, and continues his ramble: this is the important affair he was ſo earneſt to diſcourſe you about. If he is in company he begins a ſtory, which he forgets to end; he laughs to himſelf at ſomething which ſtruck into his mind, and makes anſwer to his own

thoughts; he hums a tune, whiſtles, overſets his chair, ſends forth a pitiful whine, and gapes, conceiting himſelf to be alone. When he is at a feaſt, his plate ſoon has a heap of bread; his neighbours indeed want it, as alſo the knives and forks, which he does not ſuffer to be long in their hands. There are a ſort of large ſpoons lately introduced at table for the conveniency of helping every body with diſpatch; he takes one of them up brimful, and puts it to his mouth, then cannot ſufficiently wonder to ſee the ſoup all over his clothes and linen, which he thought had been in his belly. He forgets to drink at dinner; or if he remembers it, thinking there is too much wine filled for him, he flings half of it in his neighbour's face, drinks the reſt with a great deal of compoſure, and cannot comprehend why he ſhould be laughed at for throwing away the wine he was not willing to drink. Being carried to the Chartreux, where is ſhown a cloiſter painted by an excellent hand; the Religious, who explain the pieces to him, expatiate on the miraculous life of St Bruno, and the adventure of the devout canon. Menalcas, whoſe thoughts are all the while roving far from the cloiſter returns again, when at laſt he bluntly aſks the good father if it is the canon or St Bruno who is damned. Being once with a young widow, he talked to her of her deceaſed huſband, and aſked the cauſe of his death: the poor woman, in whom this diſcourſe naturally renewed her recent wounds, wept; and,

amidſt tears and ſobs, acquainted him with all the particulars of her huſband's diſtemper, from the night the fever took him to his laſt agonies. Madam, ſays Menalcas, who had heard her relation very attentively, *Had you never another but him?* Another time he bids dinner to be haſtened, riſes before the deſert, and abruptly takes leave of the company; yet you are ſure that day to ſee him in all the noted places of the city, that excepted where the appointment was about the affair which made him hurry away; to that, without ſtaying till his horſes were put to, he would trudge a-foot. You may frequently hear him rattle, and be in a paſſion at one of his domeſtics for being out of the way; Where is he? ſays he: what can he be doing? what is become of him? when I want him, he is never to be found: this minute will I diſcharge him. While he is ſpeaking, the ſervant comes in: he aſks him in a fury whence he came? he anſwers, From the place whither he ſent him; and gives him a faithful account of his errand. You are very often miſtaken in him, and take him for what he is not; for ſtupid, becauſe he underſtands little, and ſpeaks leſs; for an idiot, becauſe he talks to himſelf, and is ſubject to involuntary grimaces and geſticulations with his head; for proud and diſcourteous, becauſe, when you ſalute him, he may paſs by without taking notice of your reſpect; for an inconſiderate Man, becauſe he talks of bankruptcies in a family, a near relation of which lyes under that ſcan-

dal; of executions and ſcaffolds before a perſon whoſe father was beheaded; of mean extraction before Revenue-farmers, whoſe riches will not make them paſs for firſt-rate quality. He even brings a baſtard into his family, under the pretence of being his valet; and though he would have his wife and children know nothing of ſuch a matter, he cannot forbear calling him his ſon every hour in the day. He reſolves to marry his ſon to a tradeſman's daughter, yet he is continually boaſting of his houſe and anceſtors, and ſays, that the Menalcaſes never match below themſelves. In ſhort, he ſeems as if he were not preſent, nor heard what the company diſcourſed of, when he himſelf is the ſubject of their converſation: he thinks and talks of a ſudden, but what he ſays is ſeldom the thing he thinks on; ſo that there is as little coherence as propriety in any thing he ſays: he ſays Yes, commonly, inſtead of No; and when he ſays No, you muſt ſuppoſe he would ſay Yes: when he anſwers you, perhaps his eyes may be fixed on your's, but it does not follow that he ſees you; he minds neither you, nor any one elſe, nor any thing in the world. All that you can draw from him in his moſt communicative hours are ſome ſuch words as theſe: "Yes indeed, it is true. Good. "All the better. Sincerely, I believe ſo, cer-"tainly: Ah! Oh Heaven!" and ſome other miſplaced interjections, or a conciſe imprecation or two. He never is among thoſe with whom he appears to be; he calls his footman very

ſeriouſly *Sir*, and his friend *Robin*. He ſays *your Reverence* *, to a prince of the blood, and *your Highneſs* to a Jeſuit. When he is at maſs, if the prieſt ſneezes, he cries out aloud, *God bleſs you*. If in company with a judge of a grave diſpoſition, and venerable by his age, character, and dignity, who aſks him if ſuch a tranſaction was ſo? Menalcas replies with a bow and a grin, Yes, Madam. As he came up once from the country, his footmen plotted to rob him, and ſucceeded; they jumped down from behind the coach, preſented the end of a flambeau to his breaſt, demanded his purſe, which he delivered. Being come home, he told the adventure to his friends, who aſking the circumſtances, he referred them to his ſervants: *Enquire of my men*, ſaid he, *they were there*.

* The Abbé de Maucroy, Chaplain to Mademoiſelle de Montpenſier, remarkably ſubject to inadvertencies. Being ſent by that lady to Father la Chaiſe, he ſtyled him Royal Highneſs; and when he reported the Jeſuit's anſwer, your Reverence was continually upon his tongue. Another time he put on his prieſtly veſtments, and was juſt going to begin maſs, forgetting he had that morning taken a purge and broth; of which, however, his ſervant, whoſe ideas were more contracted, reminded him in time. Once he was perſuaded within himſelf that the prior of his abbey, who had juſt left him, had purloined his ſpectacles, which he wanted to read a letter, but which, after a long ſearch, were found upon his noſe. He has been heard more than once to begin veſpers with *Ite, miſſa eſt*; and for the ſame living he has given three different preſentations, which afterwards he has warmly denied, as charging him with an abſurd prevarication; and the ſight of the three inſtruments, with his own ſignature, could hardly bring him to an acknowledgment.

Incivility is not a vice of the ſoul, but the effect of ſeveral vices; of vanity, ignorance of duty, lazineſs, ſtupidity, diſtraction, contempt of others, and jealouſy: though it be only relative to the exterior, yet it is the more odious, being always manifeſt and open to the ill conſtructions of others; however, it is more or leſs offenſive according to its cauſe, whether a malignant vice, or an unmeaning foible.

If we ſay of a choleric, captious, unſteady, quarrelſome, melancholy, capricious perſon, it is his humour, this is not to excuſe him, whatever we fancy; but owning, contrary to our meaning, that ſuch great vices admit of no remedy.

What we call Humour is a thing too much neglected among Men; they ſhould underſtand it is not enough to be ſubſtantially good, they ſhould appear to be ſo, if they have any inclination to be ſociable, to be qualified for friendſhip and intercourſe; that is, if they would be men. We do not require that malicious ſouls ſhould be flexible and complaiſant; in theſe qualities they are never wanting; they are the bait to enſnare the ſimple, and the main ſpring in their machinations: but we wiſh that Men of probity and hearty benevolence would be converſable, *debonnaire*, and civil, that there may no longer be any ſhadow of cauſe to ſay that the wicked are miſchievous, and the good moroſe.

The generality of Men from anger proceed to injuries; others act quite oppoſitely; for

having firſt injured their neighbour, they afterwards grow angry: our ſurpriſe at ſuch a ſtrange procedure is ſuch as to ſuperſede reſentment.

Men are remiſs and cold to embrace all opportunities wherein they could promote each other's ſatisfaction. When a perſon takes an employment on him, it ſeems as if his deſign was to have it in his power to oblige, but to do no ſuch thing; nothing comes more readily from us than a denial; we never grant till after long reflection.

Premeditate, weigh, examine what you may expect from mankind in general, and from many of them in particular, and then, according to the reſult, ſtep into the world.

If poverty is the mother of crimes, want of ſenſe is the father.

A Man of ſenſe can hardly be a thorough knave; a clear and penetrating genius leads to order, truth, and virtue: it is want of ſenſe and penetration that begets obſtinacy in evil as in error. To correct a blockhead by ſatire is loſt labour; it may deſcribe him to others, but he himſelf will not know his own picture; it is like railing to a deaf man. It would be well for the pleaſure of Men of wit and honour, and for public vengeance, if a rogue had ſome ſenſation, and felt a torture when he is corrected.

I would rather want common ſenſe than probity; let me rather be accounted an idiot than a cheat. Knavery and good nature will not impregnate, knavery being a compound of malice and fallacy.

There are ſome vices with which no body but our own ſelves are chargeable: born with us, we carefully foſtered them till they grew to habit; there are others adſcititious, which we contract by our callings, company, or events in life, of which our birth had not the leaſt taint. Men are ſometimes born with eaſy diſpoſitions, hilarity, complaiſance, and obſequiouſneſs; but the unworthy treatment they meet from thoſe they live with, or on whom they depend, gives a turn to their deportment, and even to their nature; they grow melancholy, ſtubborn, and peeviſh; humours with which they were before unacquainted; their diſpoſition is reverſed, and they are themſelves aſtoniſhed at the unhappy alteration.

Some aſk why the whole bulk of mankind do not compoſe but one nation, and agree to ſpeak the ſame language, uſe the ſame cuſtoms, and live under the ſame laws, the ſame form of government, and the ſame religion? For my part, ſeeing the contrariety of their inclinations, taſte, and ſentiments, and their overweening fondneſs for them, I wonder that ſeven or eight perſons live in any tolerable quiet under the ſame roof, and am glad to ſee relative duties a counterpoiſe to perverſeneſs.

There are ſome ſtrange fathers *, who ſeem,

* The Duke de Geſvres, or M. Talon, a rich judge, who had his ſon confined in an almſhouſe for being in love with a ſurgeon's daughter, and ſhe, poor girl, ſhaved, and clapped up in a pitiful ſort of a nunnery; however, her father procured a parliament order for her releaſement.

during the whole courſe of their lives, to be preparing reaſons for their children to be very eaſy at their deaths.

Every thing is unnatural in the humours, morals, and manners of Men: one is ſour, paſſionate, covetous, ſordid, ſervile, laborious, and all for his own intereſt, who was born gay, mild, ſupine, magnificent, with a noble elevation of mind, with an abhorence of any thing baſe or indecorous: the events of life, the ſubordination into which they fall, and the gripe of Calamity, force nature, and operate ſuch great changes. Thus, in the main, ſuch a man is not to be characteriſed, being, by external things, ſo often changed, impelled, and exagitated, that he is neither what he may think he is himſelf, nor what he appears to be.

Life is ſhort, yet tedious, ſpent in wiſhes, ſchemes, and deſires; we refer to the time to come enjoyment and repoſe, often to an age when our beſt bleſſings, youth and health, have totally left us. That time comes, and ſurpriſes us ſtill buſtling in the hurry of impatient deſires. This is our caſe when a fever ſeizes us, and puts an end to our being: if we recover, it is to no better purpoſe than to deſire longer.

A Man requeſting a favour from another, ſurrenders himſelf at diſcretion; when he is ſure it cannot be denied him, he ſtands off, treats, and capitulates.

It is ſo common for Men not to be happy, and ſo eſſential to all good to be acquired with infinite trouble, that what comes with eaſe is

ſuſpected. We are unwilling to comprehend how any thing can be for our advantage which coſts us ſo little, or how we could ſo expeditiouſly reach the ends we propoſed by no other than juſt meaſures: we may think we deſerve good fortune, but ought very ſeldom to expect it with any confidence.

The Man who ſays he was not born happy, may, at leaſt, in ſome meaſure become ſo, by making a juſtifiable uſe of his more proſperous friends and relations. Envy robs him of this advantage.

Whatever I may ſomewhere have ſaid, it is, perhaps, wrong to be dejected: Men ſeem born for misfortune, pain, and poverty; few eſcape; and ſince obnoxious to all kinds of calamities, they ought to fortify themſelves againſt the ſhock.

Men are ſo extremely difficult in ſettling affairs, ſo ſharp where the leaſt intereſt is concerned, ſo captious, ſo ſuſpicious, ſo partial, ſo willing to deceive, and ſo unwilling to be deceived; apt to magnify their own, and to undervalue what belongs to others; that I proteſt I cannot conceive how or which way marriages, contracts, truces, treaties, conventions, and alliances, are brought about.

Among ſome people arrogance ſupplies the place of greatneſs; inhumanity of courage; and knavery of wit.

Cheats eaſily believe others as bad as themſelves: there is no deceiving them, nor do they long deceive.

In the ſtreets of populous cities our ears are perpetually dinned with ſuch tremendous words, as writs, executions, ſeizures, affidavits, bonds, coſts, and charges. What is the meaning of it? is there no ſhadow of equity left in the world? is it full of people who have the effrontery to ſue for what is not due to them? or of others who, with equal flagitiouſneſs, refuſe the payment of their juſt debts?

Law inſtruments are a ſcandal to humanity: what a ſhame is it that Men cannot keep their words without being forced to it!

If you ſuppreſs the exorbitant love of pleaſure and money, idle curioſity, iniquitous purſuits and wanton mirth, what a ſtillneſs would there be in the greateſt cities! the neceſſaries of life do not occaſion, at moſt, a third part of the hurry.

Nothing helps a Man more to bear quietly the injuries he receives from parents and friends than a reflection on the vices of humanity; and how painful is it for Men to be conſtant, generous, and faithful, or to love any thing better than their own intereſts? Knowing their natures and propenſities, he does not require them to penetrate ſolid bodies, to fly up into the air, or to be equitable: if diſpleaſed with mankind in general, for having no greater reſpect for virtue, he excuſes particulars, higher motives engage him even to love them; but his moſt ſedulous ſtudy is never to want the like indulgence.

There are certain goods which we moſt

paſſionately deſire, the very idea of them throws us into an ecſtaſy; if we happen to obtain them, we are leſs ſenſible of them than we thought we ſhould be, and are leſs taken up in the enjoyment of them than in the purſuit after what we now imagine greater.

Some evils are ſo hideous to our love of eaſe, pleaſure, and reſpect, that we turn our thoughts from them with a kind of dread, the very proſpect of them makes us ſhudder; but if they chance to fall on us, we find ourſelves ſtronger than we imagined; we reſolutely grapple with Calamity, and feel it leſs grievous in reality than in our puſillanimous apprehenſions.

Sometimes a pleaſant houſe falling to us, a fine horſe, a pretty dog, a ſuit of tapeſtry, or a watch preſented to us, will alleviate a great grief, and efface the ſenſe of a ſubſtantial loſs.

I often ſuppoſe that Men were to live for ever in this world; and reflect afterwards in what the immortals could make more ado about their condition here than the preſent fleeting generation.

If life be miſerable, to live is painful; if happy, to die is terrible. They both come to the ſame thing.

There is nothing of which Men are ſo fond of, and withal ſo careleſs, as life.

The fears of old age diſturb us, yet how few attain it?

Death never happens but once, yet we feel it every moment of our lives. It is worſe to apprehend than to ſuffer.

Irene* is at a great expence conveyed to Epidaurus; ſhe viſits Æſculapius in his temple, and conſults him about all her ailings. She complains firſt that ſhe is weary and fatigued; the God anſwers, that it is occaſioned by the length of her journey: She ſays ſhe has no ſtomach to her ſupper; the oracle ſays, Eat the leſs dinner: She adds, ſhe has ſcarce a wink of ſleep all night; he preſcribes her, early riſing, and no day naps: She complains of her corpulency, and aſks how it may be abated; the oracle replies, ſhe ought to be out of bed before noon, and now and then make uſe of her legs: She declares that wine diſagrees with her; the oracle bids her drink water: that ſhe has a bad digeſtion; he tells her ſhe muſt go into a diet. My ſight, ſays Irene, begins to fail me. Uſe ſpectacles, ſays Æſculapius. I am in a decay, continues ſhe; I am not half ſo ſtrong and healthy as I have been. You grow old, ſays the God. But how, ſays ſhe, ſhall I cure this complication of infirmities? Why the ſhorteſt way is to die like your grandfather and grandmother before you. Is this all your advice, you, the famous ſon of Apollo, cries Irene! is this the mighty ſkill for which Men praiſe and worſhip thee? where is the depth, the myſtery of all this? did not I know as much before? The God anſwers, Why did you not put it in practice then, without coming ſo far

* Madame de Monteſpan took frequent journeys to Bourbon wells for imaginary ailings, and received ſuch anſwers to her complaints.

out of your way to ſeek me, and ſhortening your days by a fatiguing journey to no purpoſe?

Let us think, when we are bemoaning the loſs of our paſt youth, which will no more return, that decrepitude is taking large ſtrides towards us; then we ſhall regret the decay of our maturer age, which we now enjoy, and do not huſband.

Inquietude, fear, and dejection, cannot retard death, yet I much queſtion whether exceſſive laughter becomes Men who are mortal.

Would you enjoy tranquillity in life, and meet death with confidence, ſquare all your behaviour by a regard to GOD and Man. Inquietude ariſes only from a diſplacency with one's ſelf, and of this the ſource is guilt.

We hope to grow old, and yet we fear old age; that is, we are willing to live, and afraid to die.

It is more for our eaſe to yield to nature, and fear death, than be engaged in continual conflicts, accumulating reaſons, working up ourſelves to reſolutions againſt it, and putting our poor minds to more trouble in combating it than any dread of it could give us.

If ſome Men died, and others did not, death would indeed be a moſt mortifying evil.

A long ſickneſs ſeems to be placed between life and death, that death itſelf may be an eaſe to thoſe who die, and to thoſe who ſurvive them.

To ſpeak like Men, death is in one thing very good; it puts an end to old age.

That death which prevents decrepitude comes more ſeaſonably than that which ends it.

Regret for miſpent time does not always induce Men to improve the remainder.

Life is a kind of ſleep, old Men ſleep longeſt; nor begin to wake but when they are to die. If then they take a retroſpect of the whole courſe of their long lives, year by year, they find frequently neither virtues nor commendable actions enough to diſtinguiſh them one from another; they confound their different ages; they ſee nothing ſufficiently remarkable by which to meaſure the time they have lived: they have had confuſed dreams, without any coherence; a jumble of diverſified imagery, but low and ſordid. Like thoſe who awake, they are ſenſible they have ſlept a long while.

There are but three general events which happen to mankind, birth, life, and death. Of their birth they are inſenſible, they ſuffer when they die, and neglect to live.

There is a time which precedes reaſon, when, like other animals, we live by inſtinct alone; of which the memory retains no veſtiges. There is a ſecond term, when reaſon diſcovers itſelf, when it is formed, and might act, if it were not hoodwinked as it were, and manacled by vices of the conſtitution, and a chain of paſſions which ſucceed one another till the third and laſt age: reaſon then being in its full force, naturally ſhould aſſert its dignity, and controul the appetites; but it is impaired and benumbed by years, ſickneſs, and pains,

and ſhattered by the diſorder of the declining machine; yet theſe years, with their ſeveral imperfections, conſtitute the life of Man.

Children are haughty, diſdainful, choleric, envious, inquiſitive, ſelfiſh, lazy, fickle, fearful, intemperate, liars, diſſemblers, laugh and cry at will; are immoderate in their joys and ſorrows on the leaſt ſubjects; will not bear any hurt, and delight in doing it: they are men long before they are one-and-twenty.

Children think not of what is paſt, nor what is to come, but enjoy the preſent time, which few of us do.

There ſeems to be but one character of childhood; the manners at that age are in all much the ſame, and it muſt be a very nice attention which perceives a difference; however, it encreaſes with reaſon, becauſe, together with it, the paſſions and vices gather ſtrength, which alone makes Men ſo unlike each other, and ſo contrary to themſelves.

Children have thoſe faculties which in old Men are extinct, imagination and memory; and which are very uſeful to them in their little ſports and amuſements; by the help of theſe they repeat what they have heard, and mimic what they ſee done; are of all trades, imitating the motions of the artiſans, or invent themſelves a thouſand ingenious diverſions; make ſumptuous feaſts and tournaments, take up their reſidence in inchanted palaces and caſtles, have rich equipages, and a train of gorgeous attendants; lead armies, give battle, and exult

in the pride of victory; talk to great perſonages and princes; are themſelves monarchs, have ſubjects, poſſeſs treaſures, which they make of leaves, boughs, ſhells, or ſand; and, what will fail them in the more intereſting ſcenes of life, they know at this age, that is, to make their fortune, and be maſters of their own happineſs.

There are no outward vices, or bodily defects, which are not perceived by children; they ſtrike them at firſt ſight, and the children expreſs them ſignificantly; fitter terms could not be choſen: but, as they become Men, they contract the ſame imperfections, which, when children, they ſo archly ridiculed.

It is the only drift of children to find out their maſters' blind ſide, and that of any to whom they muſt be ſubject; having found it, they build on it, and uſurp over them an aſcendency which they never part with; for what deprived their maſters of their ſuperiority will obſtruct the recovery of it.

Idleneſs, negligence, and inadvertency, vices ſo natural to children, diſappear as ſoon as they betake themſelves to play: they are then ardent, vigilant, exact obſervers of rule and order, never pardon the leaſt ſlip, and begin again, if out in any one thing: certain preſages, that they may hereafter neglect their duty, but will be wanting in nothing that can promote their pleaſure.

To children every thing ſeems great, gardens, houſes, furniture, Men, and beaſts: to Men the things of the world appear ſo, and,

I dare ſay for the ſame reaſon, becauſe themſelves are little.

Children begin among themſelves with a democracy, where every one is maſter; and, what is very natural, falling out among themſelves, they acquieſce in a monarchy: one of them diſtinguiſhes himſelf from the reſt, either by a greater vivacity, ſtrength, comelineſs, or dexterity in their little ſports, and knowledge of their laws: to him many ſubmit, and hence an abſolute government, but only in matters of pleaſure.

Who can doubt but that children conceive, judge, and reaſon to the purpoſe? If on ſmall things only, conſider they are children, and without much experience; if in bad terms, it is leſs their fault than that of their parents and maſters.

It depreſſes and alienates the minds of children to puniſh them for crimes they have not really committed, or even to be ſevere with them for ſlight offences: they know exactly, and better than any one, what they deſerve, and ſeldom deſerve more than what they fear; when they are chaſtiſed, they know if it is within or beyond reaſon; and immoderate puniſhments have a worſe effect on them than a total impunity.

Man lives not long enough to improve by his faults; he is committing them during the whole courſe of his life, and it is well if, at laſt, he dies with a ſenſe of them.

Nothing pleaſes, rejoices, elevates a Man

more than the ſubdual of vice, or the forbearing a fooliſh action.

Men are loth to particularize their faults; they hide them, or palliate them, or caſt them on another; this gives the *director* an advantage over the confeſſor.

The faults of blockheads are ſometimes ſo odd, and ſo difficult to foreſee, that they put wiſe Men to a ſtand, and are of uſe only to thoſe who commit them.

A ſpirit of party betrays the greateſt Men into the infamous practices of the vulgar.

Vanity and decency make us do the ſame things, and in the ſame manner, to which inclination and duty ſhould prompt us: a Man died at Paris of a fever *, which he got by ſitting up all night by his ſick wife, though he was known not to love her.

All Men in their hearts covet eſteem, but are loth any one ſhould diſcover they are willing to be eſteemed; becauſe Men would paſs for virtuous; and to aim at deriving any other advantages from virtue beſides virtue itſelf, this would juſtly be thought not virtue, but a hankering after praiſe and eſteem, a ſelfiſh vanity: Men are bloated with vanity, and of all things hate to be thought ſo.

A vain Man finds his account in ſpeaking good or evil of himſelf; a modeſt Man never talks of himſelf. We cannot better compre-

* The Prince of Conti, who caught the ſmall pox by attending the Princeſs whom he deſpiſed: he died, and ſhe recovered.

hend the ridiculouſneſs of vanity, and what a ſcandalous vice it is, than by obſerving its caution in hiding its face, and how it lurks often under the appearance of its contrary, a demure modeſty.

Falſe modeſty is the maſterpiece of vanity; ſhowing the vain Man in ſuch an illuſory light, that he appears in the reputation of the virtue, quite oppoſite to the vice which conſtitutes his real character: it is a deceit. Falſe glory is the rock of vanity; it ſeduces Men to affect eſteem by things which they indeed poſſeſs, but which are frivolous, and which for a Man to value himſelf on would be a ſcandalous error.

Men ſpeak of themſelves in ſuch a manner, that if they grant a few little faults hanging about them, ſome ſlips of conduct, theſe very faults and ſlips imply fine talents, or eminent qualities. Thus they complain of a bad memory, though entirely ſatisfied with their ſenſe and judgment; forgive, or rather are pleaſed at a reproof for incogitancy or ſingularity, imagining them the concomitants of wit; they readily acknowledge they are extremely awkward, and can do nothing with their hands but eat and dreſs, comforting themſelves in the renunciation of manual accompliſhments for the applauſe of thoſe of the mind, which every one allows them. In owning their ſupineneſs, they intimate their diſintereſtedneſs and contempt of ambition; they are not aſhamed of being ſlovenly, as an indication that they are heedleſs about inſignificancies, that they may

with more intenſeneſs attend to things ſolid and important. A ſoldier affects to ſay, it was raſhneſs or curioſity carried him into the trenches, or to ſuch a dangerous poſt, without being on duty; and adds, that the general reprimanded him for it. Thus a ſolid genius, born with thoſe comprehenſive endowments which other Men in vain endeavour to acquire; who has improved the natural force of his mind by great experience; whom the number, weight, variety, difficulty, and importance of affairs employ without embarraſſment; who, by his foreſight and penetration, makes himſelf maſter of all events; who, very far from conſulting the maxims and reflections written on government and politics, is, perhaps, one of thoſe ſublime ſouls born to be a model to others, and by whoſe example thoſe maxims are verified or refuted; who is diverted by the great things he does, from the pleaſant and agreeable things he might read, and to whom there can be no inſtruction more ſolid, no entertainment more ſenſible, than a recollection of his own life and actions: a Man thus formed may eaſily, and without any blemiſh to his character, ſay that he knows nothing of books, and never reads.

Men would ſometimes hide their imperfections, or leſſen the opinion we have of them, by a voluntary confeſſion. I am no ſcholar, ſays an arrant blockhead that knows nothing. I am old, ſays a man above threeſcore: and another, I am not rich, when he is wretchedly poor.

There is either no ſuch thing as modeſty, or it is confounded with ſomething quite heterogeneous. If we take it from an interior ſentiment, which debaſes a Man in his own eyes, this is a ſupernatural virtue, and we call it Humility. Man naturally thinks conceitedly and haughtily of himſelf, and of himſelf only; modeſty only tends to qualify this diſpoſition; it is an external virtue, which governs our eyes, carriage, words, voice, and directs a Man to act with others to outward appearance as if he was very far from deſpiſing them.

There is a very numerous tribe who are far gone in making a compariſon of themſelves with others, and always deciding in favour of their own pre-eminence, behave accordingly.

You ſay Men muſt be modeſt; that is the wiſh of all well-bred perſons; it will be ſo, if you will but take care that ſuch modeſty be not trampled upon, and that the pliant be not cruſhed.

Again, the cry is, People ſhould be modeſt in their dreſs; Men of merit deſire nothing more; but the world are for ornament; we comply with them; ſuperfluity takes with them, we are not wanting in it. Some value others only for fine linen, or rich clothes, and we are content to purchaſe eſteem even on theſe terms. There are ſome places where a gentleman muſt appear, and where admittance is annexed to lace or embroidery, or a commanding mark of dignity.

Vanity, and the high value we ſet on our-

ſelves, manifeſt a ſurmiſe that others carry it with an intentional haughtineſs towards us, which is ſometimes true, and often falſe: a modeſt Man is not troubled with theſe diſquietudes.

As we ought to forbid ourſelves the extravagant vanity of imagining that others view us with pleaſure and eſteem, that our talents and excellencies are the topics of their converſations, ſo we ſhould maintain that rational confidence in ourſelves as not to fancy, when any whiſper, it is to our diſadvantage, and that every laugh is levelled at us.

How is this! Alſippus ſaluted me to-day, and with a ſmile threw himſelf almoſt out of the coach to take notice of me! I am not rich, and, what is worſe, was a-foot; according to the preſent modes of life he ſhould not have ſeen me. Oh! now I have hit on it, it was that I might ſee him in the ſame coach with the Duke of——.

Men are ſo full of themſelves, that ſelf is the univerſal motive; every thing ſavours of it; they love to be ſeen, to be ſhown, to be ſaluted, even by ſuch as do not know them; if they omit it, they are concluded to be inſolent coxcombs. Would they have people conjure to find out who we are?

We never ſeek happineſs within ourſelves, but in the opinion of Men, whom we know to be flatterers, unjuſt, envious, capricious, and prepoſſeſſed. Strange infatuation!

One would think Men could not laugh but

at what is really laughable: there are ſome people who laugh as well at what is not ſo, as at what is. If you are a fool and inconſiderate, and ſome impertinence eſcapes you, they laugh at you: if you are wiſe, and nothing but what is pertinent comes from you, and with all propriety of phraſe, ſtill theſe merry folks will have their laugh at you.

They who, by artifice or violence, deprive us of our ſubſtance, or of our honour, by calumnies, ſhow effectually that they bear us no good will; but their injuries are not a ſure argument that they have loſt all manner of eſteem for us; accordingly we are not hardened againſt forgiveneſs, which may in time ſettle in a cordial reconciliation. Ridicule, on the contrary, is of all injuries the leaſt pardonable; it is the language of Contempt, has the very emphaſis of it; it attacks a Man in his innermoſt intrenchment, the good opinion he has of himſelf; it aims at making him ridiculous in his own eyes; and thus convincing him that the perſon who ridicules him is in the very worſt diſpoſition towards him, inflames him to irreconcileableneſs.

It is monſtrous to conſider how pleaſed we are, how we triumph in rallying, expoſing, and decrying others, and yet how furious and enraged when we ourſelves are rallied, expoſed, and decried.

Health and riches, excluding all ſenſation of wretchedneſs, are apt to beget a want of humanity towards our ſuffering fellow-crea-

tures; and they who are burthened with their own miſeries are known to feel moſt tenderly thoſe of others.

In refined ſouls, feaſts, ſights, and muſic, have ſo ſtrange an operation, that they become more tenderly affected with the misfortunes of their relations and acquaintances.

A great ſoul is above injury, detraction, or raillery; and would be invulnerable, were it not open to compaſſion.

At the ſight of certain miſeries, there is a kind of ſhame in being happy.

Men have a very quick perception of their accompliſhments, but are as dull in diſcovering their defects: they are never ignorant of their fine eye-brows and handſome nails, but ſcarce know that they have loſt an eye *, and will never be perſuaded that they want underſtanding.

Argira pulls off her glove to ſhow her white hand, and never forgets to let her little ſhoe be ſeen, that ſhe may be ſuppoſed to have a ſmall foot: ſhe laughs equally at things pleaſant or ſerious, to ſhow her fine ſet of teeth; if ſhe diſcovers her ears, it is becauſe they are ſmall and pretty; and if ſhe does not dance, it is becauſe ſhe is not well ſatisfied with her ſhape, which indeed is not of the ſugar-loaf kind; ſhe knows perfectly well all her ſeveral intereſts,

* The Chevalier de Soiſſons, a natural ſon of the Count de Soiſſons, killed at the battle of Sedan in 1641, who had but one eye.

one thing only excepted, ſhe is perpetually talking, and has ſcarce common ſenſe.

The virtues of the heart are of ſmall account, whilſt the endowments of the mind, and the accompliſhments of the body, are idolized. He who ſays coldly of himſelf, and without any thoughts of exceeding modeſty, that he is good, conſtant, faithful, ſincere, juſt, and grateful, dares not ſay he is witty, or ſagacious, that he has fine teeth, or a ſoft ſkin; that would be vanity with a witneſs.

It is true, there are two virtues which Men peculiarly admire, bravery and liberality; becauſe there are two things which they very much value, and of which theſe virtues make no great account, life and money; accordingly no body boaſts of himſelf that he is brave or liberal.

Who ſays of himſelf, and eſpecially without reaſon, that he is beautiful, liberal, or magnanimous. Men have ſet too great a value on thoſe qualifications; ſo they are contented with thinking themſelves ſuch.

Whatever ſimilarity appears between jealouſy and emulation, there is no leſs difference than between vice and virtue.

The objects of jealouſy and emulation are the ſame, that is, the proſperity or merit of another, with this difference, the laſt is a voluntary ſentiment, bold and ſincere, which animates the ſoul to the imitation of great examples, ſo far as often to excel what it admired; the former, on the other hand, is a com-

pulſive motion, and a forced acknowledgment of ſuperior merit, which yet often denies or degrades the virtues of the ſubjects wherein they exiſt; or if it confeſs them, refuſes the praiſe, and envies the reward; a barren paſſion, which leaves a Man in the ſame ſtate it found him, fills him with high ideas of himſelf, and renders him cold and ſullen with reſpect to the excellencies of others, which makes him aſtoniſhed to ſee any other qualifications in the world than his own, or other Men with the ſame in which he prides himſelf: a ſhameful vice, ſwelling naturally into vanity and preſumption; and does not ſo much perſuade him who is infected with it that he has more ſenſe and merit than others, as that he alone has ſenſe and merit.

Emulation and jealouſy are always found in perſons of the ſame art, the ſame talents and conditions. The meaneſt artificers are moſt ſubject to jealouſy; they who profeſs the liberal arts, or the *Belles Lettres*, as painters, muſicians, orators, poets, and authors, ought not to be capable of any thing but emulation.

Jealouſy is never free from ſome ſort of envy, and theſe two paſſions are often taken one for the other. On the contrary, envy may ſometimes be without any mixture of jealouſy, as when it is excited by conditions infinitely above our own, an overgrown fortune, the royal favour, or the ſecretaryſhip.

Envy and hatred are ever united, ſtrengthening each other againſt the ſame ſubject, and are

not diſtinguiſhable but in this, that one aims at the perſon, the other faſtens on the condition and character.

A Man of ſenſe is not jealous of a chaſſer who has curiouſly finiſhed a fine piece of plate, or of a ſtatuary for his exquiſite figure; he is ſure there are in theſe arts rules and methods without his verge; tools whoſe uſes, names, and forms, he does not know; and he ſatisfies himſelf with not being maſter of a trade to which he has not ſerved an apprenticeſhip: he may be, on the contrary, ſuſceptible of envy, and even of jealouſy, againſt thoſe who are at the helm, as if judgment and good ſenſe, of which he has an equal portion with them, were the only inſtruments requiſite to a ſucceſsful adminiſtration of public affairs, foreign and domeſtic, without any adſcititious helps of rules, forms, and experience.

We meet with few utterly dull and ſtupid ſouls; the ſublime and tranſcendent are ſtill fewer; the generality of mankind ſtand between theſe two extremes: the interval is filled with multitudes of ordinary geniuſes, but all very uſeful, and the ornaments and ſupports of the commonwealth: theſe produce the agreeable and profitable; theſe are converſant in commerce, finances, war, navigation, arts, trades, intrigue, ſociety, and converſation.

All the ſenſe in the world is uſeleſs to him that has none; without views himſelf, he cannot be improved by thoſe of another.

To feel the want of reaſon is next to having

it; an idiot is not capable of this ſenſation. The beſt thing next to wit is a conſcioufneſs that it is not in us: without wit, a Man might then know how to behave himſelf ſo as not to appear to be a fool or a coxcomb.

A Man who has no great ſhare of ſenſe is compoſed, and all of a piece; he never laughs, banters, or trifles, equally incapable of riſing to great things, as of entertaining himſelf with the leſſer; he can hardly bring himſelf to toy with his children.

Every one ſays of a coxcomb, that he is a coxcomb; no body dares tell him ſo to his face; he dies without knowing it, and no body is revenged on him for all his impertinencies.

What a ſtrange diſſonance is there between the heart and mind! Philoſophers live wickedly with all their maxims; and politicians, full of ſchemes and reflections, cannot govern themſelves.

Wit wears like other things; ſciences are its aliment; they both nouriſh and conſume it.

Ordinary Men are ſometimes, I may ſay, incommoded with many uſeleſs virtues, having no occaſion to exert them.

We meet with ſome Men * who gracefully ſupport the weight of favour, whoſe greatneſs ſits eaſy on them, and who, from the eminence of power, can look down without giddineſs. On the contrary, they on whom Fortune, without choice or diſcernment, has precipitately

* Count Lauzun.

ſhowered its bleſſings, behave inſolently and extravagantly; their eyes, their carriage, their ſtalk, their voice, and difficulty of acceſs, declare a long while the ſelf-admiration, the exultation, and unexpected grandeur, with which they are intoxicated: they become in the end ſo wild that their fall only can tame them.

A ſtout robuſt fellow, on a pair of broad ſhoulders, carries heavy burdens with a good grace, and with one hand at liberty, while a dwarf would be cruſhed with half of it. Thus eminent ſtations make great Men yet more great, and little ones leſs.

Some Men gain by being extraordinary; they ſkud along with full ſail in a ſea where others are ſhipwrecked; are ſucceſſively promoted, by ways quite oppoſite to the general rules for obtaining preferment; they reap from their irregularity and folly all the advantages of a conſummate wiſdom. Men devoted to other Men, to kings whom they have idolized as their laſt aſylum, the refuge of their deſpair, and whom they do not ſerve but divert; theſe Men of merit and capacity are uſeful to kings*, as always ready with puns and jeſts, which ſupply the deficiency, and obtain the reward, of valuable actions: by being comical they become important, and an artful buffoonery raiſes them to reſpectable employments: at length they are unexpectedly hurried into a futurity,

* The Duke de la Feuillade, to whoſe eminent fortune his ludicrous wit and voluntary gaſconades greatly contributed.

which they neither hoped nor feared; all that remains of them here is the example of their fortune, which to imitate would be dangerous.

One would expect from ſome perſons, who were once capable of a noble heroic action *, that, without being exhauſted by a ſingle performance, however arduous, they ſhould, at leaſt, be as rational and diſcreet in their after-behaviour as commonly Men are; that they ſhould be above any meanneſs which may diſparage their former reputation; that by mingling leſs with the people, they ſhould not give them an opportunity to view them at too near a diſtance; by which curioſity and admiration may ſink into indifference, and, perhaps, into contempt.

It is eaſier for ſome Men† to enrich themſelves with a thouſand virtues, than to correct one ſingle defect: they are even ſo unfortunate, that this vice is often the leaſt ſuitable to their condition, and conſequently draws the more ſatire on them; it obſcures the ſplendour of their great qualities, and deprives them of a complete reputation; a more extenſive acquaintance with literature is not required of them, nor that they ſhould be more rigid to maintain order or diſcipline, or be more aſſiduous to their duty, more zealous for the public

* James II. of England, who, when Duke of York, behaved very gallantly by ſea and land; but the crown made a wretched alteration in him.

† M. Harlay, Archbiſhop of Paris.

good, more ſolemn in their deportment; we would only deſire them to be leſs amorous.

Some Men, in the courſe of their lives, come to differ ſo much from themſelves in tempers, talents, and inclinations, that they are utterly unknowable, the very reverſe of what appeared in them in their youth. Some were pious, wiſe, and learned, who, by the indulgencies into which a too ſmiling Fortune irreſiſtibly ſeduces, are ſo no more: others ſet out in a career of pleaſures and gaiety; others give themſelves up to the moſt abandoned diſoluteneſs, whom, at laſt, misfortunes have rendered religious, juſt, and temperate. Theſe commonly prove great men, who may be relied upon; they have an experienced virtue, a probity tried by patience and adverſity; they owe their candour, economy, application, and the prodigious capacity which they ſometimes are ſeen to diſplay, to a confinement at home, and the leiſure of a ſhattered fortune.

All Men's misfortunes proceed from their averſion to being alone; hence gaming, riot, extravagance, wine, women, ignorance, railing, envy, and forgetfulneſs of GOD and themſelves.

Men are ſometimes unaccountably depreſſed and wanting to themſelves; darkneſs and ſolitude ſtartles them with hideous imaginations and viſionary terrors; the leaſt evil that in thoſe gloomy ſeaſons can befal them is a weariſomeneſs of every thing.

Lazineſs begat weariſomeneſs, and this put Men in queſt of diverſions, play, and company,

on which, however, it is a conſtant attendant; he who works hard has enough to do with himſelf otherwiſe.

The greateſt part of mankind employ their firſt years to make their laſt miſerable.

There are ſome works * which begin with A, and end at Z; good, bad, and worſt; all comes in, eſpecially nothing of a certain nature is forgot; theſe, though made up of far-fetched flights and affectation, are termed ſports of wit; and there is alſo a ſport of conduct; a thing is begun, it muſt be ended at all hazards, it would be a ſhame to deſiſt; when, perhaps, it might be better to alter the deſign, or entirely to drop it; but the very difficulty and oddneſs of the thing are the incentives to proceed: they go on, ſtimulated by a ſpirit of contradiction and vanity, Reaſon having declined being any longer of the party. This obſtinacy is found in actions apparently virtuous, and often in ſome of a religious nature.

Duty is what goes moſt againſt the grain, becauſe in doing that we do only what we are ſtrictly obliged to, and are ſeldom much praiſed for it. Praiſe of all things is the moſt powerful incitement to commendable actions, and animates us in our enterpriſes. Nicias † loves an oſtentatious charity, whereby he is made a ſuperintendant of the neceſſities of the poor, the depoſitory of their inheritance, and

* The Academy's Dictionary.

† The Curate of the hoſpital of the Invalides at Paris.

his houſe the public office for the diſtribution thereof; his gates are open to any with a blue gown and a badge. Every one ſees and talks of his charity, and who is there that could ſuſpect his honeſty beſides his creditors?

Gerontes died of mere decrepitude, and without ſigning the will that had lain by him thirty years; dying thus inteſtate, his ſubſtance is ſhared among ten or a dozen relations, tho' he had been kept alive ſo long purely by the care of his wife Aſteria, who, though young and beautiful, was always near him, comforted his old age, and at laſt cloſed his eyes. The ungrateful hunk has not left her enough to ſet her above the neceſſity of marrying another old huſband.

When people are loth to ſell their offices in their old age, or to reſign them to others, one would think them poſſeſſed of a notion that they are immortal, and hope certainly that Death has nothing to do with them; or if they believe Death may one time or other overtake them, it is a ſign they love no body but themſelves.

Fauſtus is a rake, a prodigal, a libertine, ungrateful and brutal, yet his uncle Aurelius could neither hate him, nor diſinherit him.

Frontinus, his other nephew, after twenty years known honeſty, and an aſſiduous complaiſance for this old man, could never gain his favour; accordingly his legacy is a pitiful annuity, which he muſt receive from the hands of Fauſtus, his uncle's ſole executor.

Hatred is ſo laſting and ſo obſtinate, that reconciliation on a ſick bed certainly forebodes death.

We inſinuate ourſelves into the favour of others, either by flattering the paſſions which diſorder their minds, or pitying the infirmities under which their bodies labour; theſe are the only ways whereby we can ſhow our regard for them: whence it proceeds, that the healthy and the moderate are not the moſt ductile, but hardened againſt artifice.

Softneſs and voluptuouſneſs are innate to Men, and ſtick by them till they die; it is beyond the power of happy or unhappy accidents to detach them; they are the emanations of proſperity, or uſed as ſolaces in adverſity.

The moſt unnatural ſight in the world is an old Man in love.

Few remember that they have been young, and how hard it was then to live chaſte and temperate. The firſt thing, when Men have renounced pleaſure, either out of decency, ſatiety, or neceſſity, is to condemn it in others. This ſort of reproof, however, is not free from a latent affection for their forſaken pleaſures; they would interdict to all others what they can themſelves no longer enjoy; their admonitions are the ſnarlings of Jealouſy, not the dictates of Purity.

It is not any apprehenſion that they ſhall want money one time or other*, which makes

* The Count de Guiche, and Buſſy Rabutin.

old Men niggardly; ſome of them having ſuch prodigious heaps, that thoſe fears are not ſuppoſeable in them. Beſides, how can the fear of wanting conveniencies in their latter years diſturb them, when, at the inſtigation of Avarice, they voluntarily deny themſelves of neceſſaries? neither is it a deſire to leave vaſt ſums to their children, it being againſt nature to love any body better than ourſelves; beſides, there are many miſers who have no heirs. This vice is rather the effect of age and conſtitution in old Men, to which they then as naturally give way, as they did to the juvenile impulſe of pleaſure, or to that of ambition, in their manhood. There is no need of vigour, youth, or health, to be tenacious, nor of activity to hoard up; let the money ly ſtill in the coffers, and let him deny himſelf every thing, and the buſineſs goes forward. This ſuits old Men, who, as Men, muſt have one darling paſſion or other.

There are ſome people who are meanly lodged, lie hard, wear thread-bare clothes, eat the refuſe of the market, who never appear in company, living in a ſordid privacy, who are in pain for the time preſent, paſt, and to come, whoſe lives are a perpetual pennance, who have cunningly found out the moſt irkſome way to perdition, I mean the niggardly.

Old Men pleaſe themſelves in remembering their youth; they delight in the places where they paſſed it; the perſons with whom they then began an acquaintance are dear to them; they affect certain words which they uſed when

they were young; they keep to the old manner of ſinging and dancing, boaſt of the faſhions in uſe formerly, in clothes, furniture, and equipages; they cannot bring themſelves to diſapprove of the things which ſerved their paſſions, but are always calling them to mind. How can one imagine they ſhould prefer new cuſtoms, and faſhions, and contrivances, in which they have no ſhare, from which they have nothing to hope, which young men have invented, and which give them in their turn ſuch great advantages over their elders?

Too much negligence, as well as too much nicety, in dreſſing, multiplies old Men's wrinkles, and expoſes their ſenility.

An old Man is proud, moroſe, and unſociable, if he has not an uncommon ſhare of ſenſe.

An old courtier *, with veracity, good ſenſe, and a faithful memory, is an ineſtimable treaſure; he is full of tranſactions and maxims; in him one may find the hiſtory of the age, enriched with a great many curious circumſtances which we never meet with in books; from him we may learn ſuch rules for our conduct and manners, of the more weight, being founded on facts, and illuſtrated by ſtriking examples.

Young Men, by reaſon of their paſſions, which employ their thoughts with a multiplicity of ſchemes and ideas, can better bear with ſolitude than old Men.

* The late Duke de Villeroi.

Phidippus*, old as he is, ſtudies nothing more than nicety and effeminacy, and even in every particular; he eats, drinks, ſleeps, and games, by art; he ſcrupulouſly obſerves the minuteſt rules of indulgence he has preſcribed to himſelf: a miſtreſs, if his regularity allowed of a miſtreſs, could not prevail for any infringement; he is almoſt overburthened with ſuperfluities, but which cuſtom has rendered neceſſary; he does all he can to ſtrengthen the bands of life, and is ſedulous to lay out the remainder in making its loſs more grievous: was he not then before ſufficiently afraid of dying?

Gnatho† lives for no body but himſelf, and the reſt of the world are to him as if they were not in being. Taking the firſt ſeat at table is not all, he muſt have the room of two other Men; and, as if the dinner was not provided for all the company, no leſs than for him, he lays hold of every diſh, and will take a luſty taſte of them all before he fixes on any: his hands ſerve for knife and fork; he paws the meat, tears it to pieces, and picks and culls, that if the gueſts will dine, it muſt be on his leavings. Thus he lays about with a brutality enough to ſpoil the ſharpeſt ſtomachs; you ſee the gravy and the ſauce run down his beard and chin: if he takes part of a ragout out of a diſh, he ſpills it by the way on other diſhes, and on the cloth, ſo you may diſtinguiſh his plate by the track; he champs rather than eats,

* The Abbot Dance. † The Marquis de Sable.

and rolls his eyes about amidſt the craſh of his teeth: he makes every place his home, and whether at church or the play, will have as much elbow-room as if he was in his parlour. When he rides in his coach it muſt be always backwards; he ſays that ſitting forward throws him into a ſwoon. When he travels he is beforehand with the company, chuſes the beſt chamber and bed; hurries his own and other ſervants, makes uſe of every thing he lays his hands on: he kindles at the leaſt inconvenience to himſelf, pities none, knows no pains but his own, his corpulency and choler; laments no body's death, fears no body's but his own, and to reſcue himſelf would willingly conſent to the extirpation of mankind.

Clito* never had but two things to do in his life, to dine in the morning and ſup in the evening; he ſeems only born for digeſtion; his whole life is but one diſcourſe of the courſes which were ſerved up at the laſt entertainment, the variety of ſoups, the made diſhes, and the deſert, are his inexhauſtible topics; he expatiates with a ſurfeiting fluency on the ſeveral fruits and different kinds of ſweetmeats, the wines, and other delicious liquors; he is perfectly well verſed in the culinary dialect, and is ſuch an orator in epicuriſm, that he makes one long to be at a good table, provided he were not to be there: he has ſo nice a palate, that he cannot be impoſed upon in a ragout impro-

* Meſſ. d'Olonne and de Brouſin.

perly ſeaſoned, or adulterated wines. He is, in ſhort, a perſon admirable in his way, who has brought the art of good eating to the higheſt perfection, and never will his fellow be ſeen for a delicate gluttony: he is the ſupreme judge of good bits, and it would be ruſticity to like any thing which he did not approve. But he is no more; he would, at the laſt gaſp, be carried to the table; eating was the laſt act of his ſenſual life.

Ruffinus begins to turn grey, but he is healthy; his ruddy cheeks and ſparkling eyes promiſe him at leaſt twenty years more; he is eaſy, gay, jovial, and familiar; he laughs heartily at any thing, fears nothing; is not diſpleaſed with himſelf, nor any of his fireſide; he is ſatisfied with his little fortune, and even calls himſelf happy. Some time ſince his only ſon died, who was the hopes of the family, and might have been its honour; weeping he left to others, ſaying, *My only ſon is dead, it will be the death of his mother*, and was comforted. He has no paſſions, no friends nor enemies; no body moleſts him, nor he any one; every thing ſuits him; he talks to thoſe he never ſaw before with the ſame freedom and confidence as to thoſe he calls his old friends; he tells them preſently all his ſtories and conundrums; his acquaintance come up to him, and go away without his minding it; but the tale he began to one he finiſhes to another.

N . . . is leſs worn out with age than diſeaſe; the poor gentleman is but threeſcore and eight,

but, alas! he has the gout and gravel, is quite emaciated, has a ſallow complexion, yet, with all the ſymptoms of mortality, he marles his lands, and reckons that he ſhall not dung them theſe fifteen years; he plants a wood, and hopes that in leſs than twenty years it will afford him a delightful ſhade, beſides ſpecial nuts. He builds a free-ſtone houſe, ſtrengthened with iron grapples, and aſſures you, with a church-yard cough, that it will laſt for ever. Every day, without fail, a ſervant leads him among the maſons and carpenters; he ſhows his friends what he has done, and tells them what he deſigns further: he does not build for his children, for he has none; nor for his heirs, a crew of knaves and fools, as he calls them, for quarrelling with him. All this building is for himſelf, with one foot in the grave.

Antigoras has a trivial and popular phiz; it is as well known to the mob as the pariſh-beadles: in the morning he runs up and down the courts of juſtice; in the afternoon ſnudges along the ſtreets and ſquares, as if he had buſineſs in all parts. He has been a pettyfogger theſe forty years, and always nearer the end of his life than of entanglements: there has not been a litigious ſuit depending ſince he put on the gown but he has had a hand in it. He is every body's kinſman and enemy; there is ſcarce a family but has ſome quarrel with him, or he with them: he is perpetually engaged in ſtatutes of bankruptcy, or in executions. Some leiſure intervals he finds for viſits, where he

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talks of ſuits and trials, and retails falſe news: this hour he is at one end of the town, and the next at the other; and wherever he has been, is to be heard of by the lies he has left behind him. If any body has the moſt urgent occaſion to wait on a judge at his chambers, they are ſure of meeting Antigoras there, and to their misfortune; for his affairs muſt be firſt expedited, or neither they nor the judge will have any peace.

Some Men live a long life, ſpent between defending themſelves, and injuring others; at laſt they die, worn out with age, and after having cauſed as many evils as they ſuffered.

There muſt, I confeſs, be judgments, ſeiſures, priſons, and executions: but, with ſubmiſſion to Juſtice and Law, my hair ſtands an end when I cloſely conſider with what violence and rancour men act towards one another.

We meet with certain wild animals *, male and female, ſpread over the country: they are black and tanned, chained as it were to the earth, which they are always digging and turning up with an unwearied laborioufneſs; they have ſomething like an articulate voice, and when they ſtand on their feet they diſcover a human face, and indeed are Men; at night they retire into their burrows, where they live on brown bread, water, roots, and herbs: they ſpare other Men the trouble of ſowing, labouring, and reaping, for their ſuſtenance,

* Country labourers.

and deſerve, one would think, in recompenſe, not to want the bread they themſelves prepare with ſuch daily fatigue.

Don Fernando lives in the country, is lazy, ignorant, quarrelſome, knaviſh, intemperate, and impertinent, draws his ſword againſt his neighbours, and expoſes his life for nothing; he has killed Men for trifles, and muſt expect to drop himſelf one day for as little reaſon.

A country nobleman, uſeleſs to his nation, family, or himſelf, oftentimes without houſe, clothes, or the leaſt merit, tells you ten times a-day *that he is a gentleman*, deſpiſes judges and magiſtrates as upſtarts, ſpends his time among parchments and old titles, which he would not part with for the chancellor's mace.

Power, favours, genius, riches, dignity, nobility, force, induſtry, capacity, virtue, love, weakneſs, ſtupidity, poverty, impotence, villenage, and ſervitude, mingle one with another in a thouſand various manners, and compound one for the other in different ſubjects; and hence the aptitude for oppoſite employments, and a kind of balance of merit. When people know each other's ſtrength and weakneſs, they act reciprocally, as they believe it their duty; they know their equals, are conſcious of the ſuperiority ſome have over them, and theſe ſeldom overlook their own pre-eminence; gradations produce familiarity, deference, pride, and contempt: this is the reaſon which induces Men, in places of public reſort, to avoid ſome, and accoſt others; that they are proud of being

ſeen with ſome, and aſhamed of others: this is the reaſon why the perſon whom you ſo reſpectfully ſalute, with whom you are deſirous to talk, ſhuffles you off and quits you, perhaps to meet the ſame abrupt treatment; the ſame perſon who bluſhes at meeting his inferior, may raiſe a bluſh in another, and the ſlighter in one place becomes ſlighted in another; it is alſo an innate principle to repay contempt with hatred. Miſerable diſpoſition! ſince then it is certain, that what we imagine to gain on one ſide, we certainly loſe on another: ſhould not we do better, if, renouncing all manner of conceit and haughtineſs, qualities little ſuitable to human frailties, the unanimous reſolves were to treat each other with mutual ſympathy, courteouſneſs, and benevolence? by which means we ſhould at once gain two mighty advantages, never to be mortified ourſelves, and never to mortify others.

Inſtead of being frightened or aſhamed at the name of Philoſopher, every body ought to have a deep tincture of philoſophy: it becomes every one; its practice is uſeful to people of all ages, ſexes, and conditions; it comforts us under the proſperity of others, under partial preferences, diſappointments, and misfortunes, the decay of ſtrength and beauty; it ſteels us againſt poverty, age, ſickneſs, and death; againſt fools and buffoons; it will be a tranquil companion in celibacy, or alleviate the incumbrances of marriage.

Men are one hour overjoyed at little events, and overcome with grief the next for a diſap-

pointment of no greater concern; nothing is more unequal and incoherent than the ideas and emotions of moſt men's hearts and minds. Theſe viciſſitudes would be prevented by only ſetting a true value on the things of this world.

It is as difficult to find a vain Man who believes himſelf happy enough, as a modeſt Man who believes himſelf too unhappy.

When I contemplate the luſtre of majeſty, or the ſplendid ſtations of miniſters, I am always checked from thinking myſelf unhappy, by conſidering at the ſame time the fate of the plowman, the ſoldier, and maſon.

There is but one real misfortune that can befal a Man, and that is to find himſelf in a fault, or to have any thing to reproach himſelf with.

Men are generally more capable of vigorous efforts to obtain their ends than of a long perſeverance: their ſupineneſs and inconſtancy rob them of the fruits of the moſt promiſing beginnings; they are overtaken by thoſe of whom they had the ſtart, and who walk ſlowly, but hold on.

I dare affirm, that Men know better how to plan good meaſures than how to purſue them, or what is fit to ſay and do, than to do and ſay what is fit. A Man firmly determines that in ſuch an affair, which he is to negotiate, he will keep the ſecret; and afterwards, either through garrulity, or warmth of converſation, it is the firſt thing which eſcapes him.

Men are remiſs in what is their particular

duty, but they make a merit, or rather it pleaſes their vanity, to buſy themſelves about ſuch things as do not belong to them, nor ſuit with their condition and character.

When a Man puts on a heterogeneous character, there is no leſs difference between what he appears, and what he is really in himſelf, than between a vizard and a natural face.

Telephus has wit, but ten times leſs, if rightly computed, than he preſumes he has: therefore in every thing he ſays, does, meditates, and projects, he is ten times beyond his ability: thus he always exceeds the true meaſure of his parts and capacity. And this reaſoning I am ſure is juſt: he is limited as it were by a barrier, which he ought not to paſs, but he leaps over, launches out of his ſphere, and though he perceives his own weakneſs, he is ever diſcovering it, by pretending moſt to what he leaſt underſtands; attempts things above his power, and aims at what is too much for him: if he does ſomething, of what kind ſoever, to any degree of perfection, he judges of himſelf by that. The good and commendable in him is obſcured by his affecting the ſublime and marvellous; we can eaſily ſee what he is not, but we muſt gueſs at what he is. He is a Man who never weighs his ability, who knows nothing of himſelf, and who is unacquainted with his own genius, and always adopting a character which does not belong to him.

The greateſt wits have their ebbs and flows; they are ſometimes as it were exhauſted; then

let them neither write nor talk, nor aim at entertaining. Should a Man ſing when he has a cold? ſhould he not rather wait till he recovers his voice?

A blockhead is no more than an automaton, moving by its own ſprings, which turn him about always in one manner, and keep him in an equilibre; he is uniform, he never alters his poſition or movements: if you have ſeen him once, you have ſeen him as he ever was, and will be: he is at beſt but as the lowing ox, or the whiſtling blackbird; he is fixed, and obſtinate, I may ſay; he acts according to his ſpecies; what you ſee leaſt is his torpid ſoul, that is never exerciſed, but in droning on in a continual inactivity.

A blockhead never dies; or if, according to our manner of ſpeaking, he muſt once die, I may properly ſay he gets by it, and that death to him is the beginning of life; his ſoul then thinks, reaſons, infers, concludes, judges, foreſees, and does every thing it never did before; it finds itſelf releaſed from a cumbrous lump of fleſh, where it ſeemed to be buried without function, motion, or any thing becoming its dignity. It bluſhes to have been lodged in ſuch a vile body, and ſo long ſhackled in ſuch brutiſh and imperfect organs, where neceſſarily it could produce nothing but the blockhead or fool. Now it is equal to the greateſt of thoſe ſouls which animated the bodies of men moſt celebrated for their endowments. The detached ſoul of Alain is not diſtinguiſhable from

thoſe of Condé, Richlieu, Paſchal, or Malebranche.

A falſe delicacy in familiar actions, in manners or conduct, is not ſo called becauſe it is feigned, but becauſe it is exerciſed in little things, where it is utterly miſplaced. On the contrary, a falſe delicacy in taſte or temper, is only ſo when it is feigned and affected. Emilia ſcreams at the jolt of a coach, or any other accident, when ſhe is not in any fear; another turns pale at the ſight of a mouſe; a third is fond of violets, and ſwoons at a tuberoſe.

Who can promiſe himſelf to content mankind? let not the prince, though never ſo great and good, pretend to it: let him promote their pleaſures, let him truſt them with his ſecrets, admit them into thoſe places the bare ſight of which is a noble ſpectacle; let him afterwards ſhow them a thouſand other ſights to divert them, ſet his invention at work for concerts and entertainments, and allow them all the liberty they could deſire; let him aſſociate with them in their amuſements; let the great Man become affable, or the hero humane and free, all would fail. Men are tired in the end with the very things that at firſt enraptured them; they would forſake the table of the gods: Nectar would in time become inſipid; vanity and a wretched delicacy would tempt them to criticiſe on the moſt perfect things: their taſte, if we will believe them, is above all gratification; a royal expenſe would be unſucceſsful; their ungrateful malice

prompts them to do what they can to leſſen the joy which others may have in entertaining them. Theſe very people, who are commonly ſo civil and complaiſant, are liable to forget themſelves, ſometimes they are quite tranſformed, and we ſee the man even in the courtier.

Affectation in geſture, ſpeech, or manners, is frequently the product of idleneſs or indifference; whereas buſineſs, and an application to ſerious affairs, keep a Man to nature.

Men have no characters; or if they have, it is that of having none which are uniform and conſtant, by which they may at all times be known: they cannot bear to be always the ſame; a continuance in regularity or licentiouſneſs ſeems a conſtraint. If they ſometimes leave one virtue for another, as a relaxation, they oftener exchange vices on the ſame account: they have ſeveral contrary paſſions and foibles: extremes are more eaſy to them than a regular and natural conduct; enemies to mediocrity, in good as well as evil, they run into exceſſes, of which, when grown unable to ſupport, they eaſe themſelves by changing. Adraſtus was ſuch a profligate libertine, ſuch an abandoned debauchee, that he has found it eaſier to comply with the faſhionable devotion; but would find it a harder taſk to become a man of virtue.

Whence comes it that ſome who can meet the moſt trying diſaſters with compoſure, are in a flame at the leaſt inconveniency? Cer-

tainly this ſort of conduct is not virtue; for virtue is equable, and never flies out into inconſiſtencies. It is a vice then, and nothing elſe but Vanity putting on an affected fortitude at thoſe events which will make a noiſe in the world, but in all others negligent and impetuous.

We ſeldom repent talking too little, but very often talking too much; a common obſolete maxim, which every body knows, and no body practiſes.

We are vindictive to our own loſs, and give the ſtaff into our enemies' hands, when we ſay things of them which are not true, and lie to defame them.

If Men could bluſh for themſelves, how many ſins, public and private, would they ſave by it!

If ſome Men are not ſo honeſt as they might have been, the original fault is in their education.

There is in ſome an happy mediocrity of parts, it keeps them diſcreet and virtuous.

Ferulas and rods are for children, and crowns, ſceptres, furs, ſwords, maces, caps, and hoods, for Men. Reaſon and juſtice, and even majeſty, without their enſigns and ornaments, would neither perſuade nor deter. Men are led by their eyes and ears more than influenced by their underſtandings.

Timon *, or the man-hater, may be inwardly auſtere, but he is outwardly civil; he acts up

* D. de Villeroi.

to his character, is never jocularly familiar; on the contrary, he treats Men with a grave politeneſs, but he takes care not to encourage any freedoms in them, as he intends no intimacies; and, like a lady in her viſits among ſtrangers, intrenches himſelf within a reſerved complaiſance.

Reaſon is allied to truth; one way only brings to it, but a thouſand lead us aſtray. The ſtudy of wiſdom is not ſo extenſive as that of fools and coxcombs: he who has ſeen none but polite and reaſonable Men, either knows not mankind, or knows them only by halves. Whatever inward difference there be in talents or morals, and in knowledge of the world, politeneſs produces the ſame appearance in all, and makes Men reſemble each other by ſome outward modes of elegancy and ceremony, which being common to all, make us believe that they have the like affinity and reſemblance in other things: he, on the contrary, who mingles with the people, or retires into the country, if he has eyes, ſtrange diſcoveries preſent themſelves: he ſees things perfectly new and unimagined; he increaſes his knowledge of mankind by continual experiences, and is amazed to ſee by how many different ways Men may be intolerable.

After having maturely conſidered mankind, and analyſed their thoughts, opinions, inclinations, and affections, and laid open the erroneouſneſs and depravity of them, we are forced

to own, that obſtinacy is more prejudicial to them than inconſtancy.

How many weak, flegmatic, futile, people are there who, without any prominent defects, come within the verge of ſatire. What variety of ridicule is diffeminated over the whole human race! yet all of little conſequence, and not to be improved into moral or prudential inſtructions. Theſe are particular vices, and not contagious, being rather perſonal than general.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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